

Q53A Quarles, Francis.

Barnabas and Boanerges. Third edition ["Boanerges & Barnabas."]
For R. Royston, 1651. 12°.

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JUDGMENT and MERCY
For afflicted Soules
by Fra: Quarles



1009
1651
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Boanerges & Barnabas

JUDGEMENT } WINE
and } Or, } and
MERCY: } OYLE

FOR
Wounded and Afflicted
SOULES.

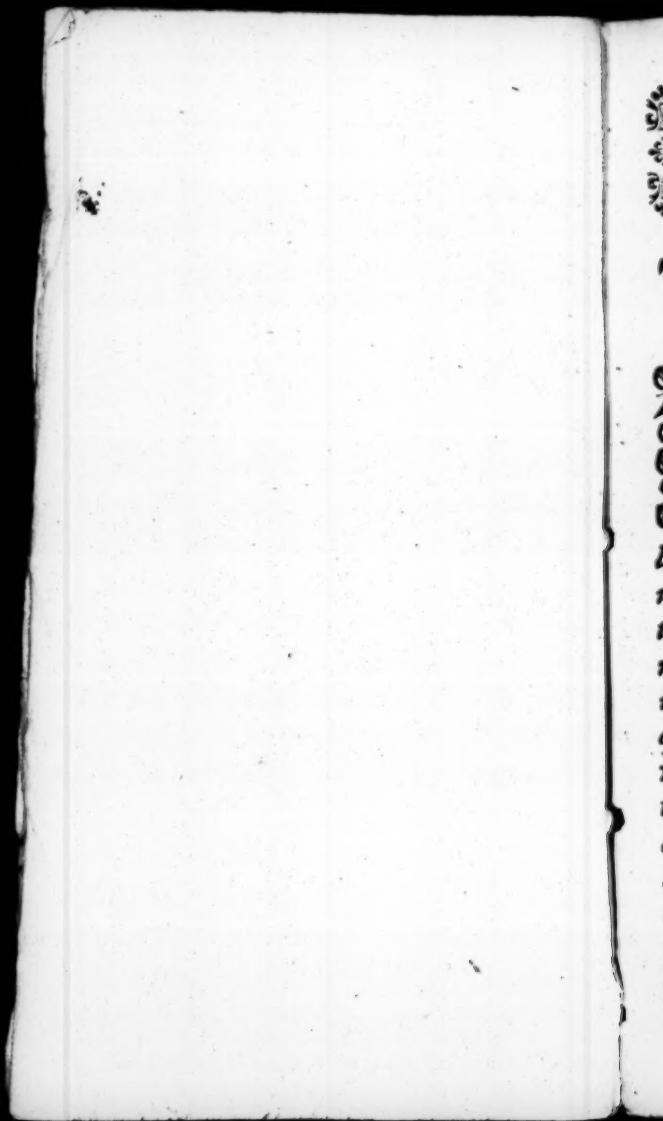
In two Parts.

BY
FRA:QUARLES.

The third Edition.

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THE PREFACE.

THe great and generall decay of Piety in this Nation, notwithstanding the plentifull means of sacred knowledge (which have been ministred unto us both by the Tongues and Pennes of the Learned, as it may justly yeeld us matter of Wonder and astonishment, so it gives us occasion of search and enquiry into the true causes thereof: which although perchance many more than I shall here lay down, or indeed am able to allege; yet those which have presented themselves to my serious consideration at this time, I shall freely represent unto thy Christian judgement, and so leave the discovery of the rest. First, then, it cannot be
A doubted

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doubted but that the long Peace and Prosperity of this Church, being such (as I conceive) cannot be parallel'd by any Nationall Church in the world, (untill these unhappy Times of civill discord and war fell in upon us by the just judgement of a sin-revenging God) have (through our own default) much occasioned this strange declining in men from the Practice of Holinesse. For it hath been found true by sorrowfull experience in all Ages of the World, that the Church of Christ hath ever beene a loser by outward temporall Peace, whereas persecutions have much improved the graces thereof. It faring with the mysticall body of Christ Iesus, as it doth with the naturall body of man, which by full feeding and too much ease growes Weake and unwieldy; When on the contrary a temperate diet with moderate stirring and labour, makes it healthy, sound, and active; or as it doth with waters which standing still gather much filth and putrifaction, whereas those that are in continuall motion are naturally
both

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both cleane and clear. So the Church hath never been more sound and strong in the Faith, more pure & holy in Life, than when strictly dieted and well breathed as it were by it's persecuting Adversaries. So prone are wee all by nature carelesly to forget God in the day of our Prosperity, and to slight Him in the way of his mercies, whom wee feare and seeke early in the way of his judgements. And however the common enemy of our salvation doth then act the Lyon worrying the little flock of Christ, or to use the Prophet Daniels words, devourerh ^{Cap. 7. 7} and breaketh in pieces, and stampeth the residue with his Feete: yet all this mischief is more than abundantly recompensed by the great advantages, which do alwayes accrue to the Church from the sufferings and patience of the Saints, both in respect of Truth, and of Holinesse, and is far lesse than that which hee worketh in calme and prosperous Times, when by his Serpentine subtilty and malice hee secretly and insensibly

A 2. insinuates

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insinuates into the People of God, the deadly Poyson of spirituall Pride, of

*Aug. Tract. de Pl.
40. Sparsus enim
sanguis justus, &
illo sanguine tanquā
seme omne per totū
mundū facta seges
surrexit Ecclesia,
&c. Sulpit. Sever.
de persecut. sub
Dioclet. et Maxim.
Quā tempestate om-
nis fere?*

*Schism, of Contempe
or Neglect of his
Word, with lasciviousnesse & wantonnesse against
Christ their spiri-
tuall husband. And
how great an in-
fluence for the
worse our long out-
ward Peace hath
had upon all orders*

*and degrees of men in this Land, and
that in respect of these, as well as of
other dangerous distempers of minde,
I need not to relate, neither indeed will
Prudence, nor the season, nor yet the
present occasion admit of such Dis-
courses;*

*The second cause hath bin the too
much laxity and Remisnesse, both of
civill and of sacred Discipline, toge-
ther with the great corruption of those
in Power and Place, whereby men
either transgresse the Lawes with
Impunity*

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Impunity, or were censured with partiality. But passing by the Civill, I shall speake a word of the Ecclesiastick Discipline ; The exercise of which and that in a strict impartiall way seemeth little inferiour in respect of the necessity, use and benefit thereof to that other part of the ministeriall Function, the dispensation of the Word, and due Administration of the holy Sacraments, for otherwise the Lord Iesus had not in so solempne a manner committed to his Apostles, and

in them to their successours,

See Jo. 20.
22, 13.

Potestatem clavium, the

power of Jurisdiction : as

Marc. 3.
14.

Well as given them aucto-

ritatem verbi, Authority

to Preach. Now sure it is, that the Ecclesiastique Power (with grieve I mention it, and with compassion, not with scorne and reproach, as too many God knowes in these times doe) was not so strongly bent against Prophaness as it might, and ought to have bin ; The causes whereof I list not now to examine. To this I may adde that

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which partly proceeded from hence, the Lives of too many Church-men falling much short of the Purity, and straitnesse of their own Doctrine, especially in that most needfull and proper point of our Christian Profession, The contempt of this present World, whereby their Honour and Reputation with the People were not a little diminished, and consequently their Doctrine had in the lesse esteeme and account with them.

The third cause hath beene the dangerous Schismes, which have for a long time beene secretly fostered in the bosome of the Church, but of late yeares violently broken forth to the dissolution of the Unity, & disturbance of the Peace thereof, and at last come to the height of malice and bitterness; The which have had this malignant influence: upon the Doctrine and Practice of all Parties that they have respectively thought the best way to joyne with Truth and with Holinesse was to separate themselves as far as they could from the opposite party, both
in

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in Opinion and in Practice ; Whence it came to passe that what sometimes was with necessity perchance, and laudably held or done by the one, hath bin nevertheless traduced as needlesse, or else blame worthy by the other, upon this uncharitable supposall, that the thing could not be good in it selfe, because proceeding from an Adversary, Whom they deemed to be bad, or at least not proceeding from a good minde, for the same reason. From whence it is that Faith and good Workes, Prayer and Preaching, Repentance and Evangelicall Holinesse (though happily in effect one) have been each of them magnified to the extenuation of the other, and all of them the lesse esteemed of by the one party, by how much the more they were extolled by the other. In like manner Prayer conceived (as they call it) hath been set up against Prayer formed, or digested into a method of words by some, and this again readvanced to the disparagement of that by others. Insomuch as many have thought good workes in no wise neces-

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sary to salvation, notwithstanding the same God which requireth Faith, commandeth the practice of good works

Se Jac. also; and this argument no
5.11. doubt as well holds in the

Gospell as in the Law; others account of mortification as an uselesse Doctrine; some have altogether decryed Repentance as a dead and legall duty; others have thought no Prayer spirituall, or proceeding from the Spirit, which is limited by a plat-forme of words; And many there be who utterly condemne the preaching or pressing of duties by the Minister in our solemn meetings, as needlesse and vaine, upon this supposition, that the performance of good duties doth necessarily and naturally follow the truth and power of Faith, as the shadow doth the Body, Heat Fire, and Light the Sun. But although this indeed be true which they suppose, at least in some sense; yet what they object from hence is in this case of no weight, and scarce worth the answering. For doth not the same Scripture which sheweth the necessary efficacy
of

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of true Faith in producing holy actions and good workes, and makes them inseparable companions in the pious soule of a justified person, neverthelesse move and exhort Believers to the practice of good duties and Workes? Faith therefore doth bring forth these as it is stirred up and quickened by the Word and Spirit of God. As it comes by hearing, so it growes by hearing, and fructifies by hearing. But this hath been the course ever, and the same will be in the Church of God, When that dulce and salubre vinculum mentium, Charity is broken, So Aug. termes i. and Faction the Mother of causelesse opposition, hath got the upper hand of Reason and of Grace.

And because I made mention of Repentance, I shall not thinke it amisse to give thee a true Relation of a passage pertinent to this Discourse, of which I was an eye and eare witness. A Minister occasionally preaching in a place where I was present, and in his Sermon earnestly pressing to the people the Doctrine of Repentance, as neces-

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sary for these calamitous Times. The Sermon was no sooner ended, but hee was presently near the Church accompanied by an ignorant (as it afterward appeared) but a very bold presumptuous Fellow, who did rather demand than entreat an account from him of the Doctrine which he then delivered. The Minister modestly told him, that he would give him the best satisfaction he could concerning any point which he had handled in the Congregation at that time, and to that purpose going with him to his House, and there finding that hee had no exception against him, but that he preached Repentance: did (as I conceive, and as far as I can judge) soundly prove unto him from severall places of the Gospell, and by diverse Reasons taken from the nature of Repentance, that the Doctrine thereof was purely Evangelicall, and such as Christ Himselfe with his Apostles taught, when they preached on the Earth. And though he was so fully convinced of this Truth that hee had nothing to reply for himselfe, against his

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his adversary, He fell to slandering and Reproaching of the Minister, calling him Baal's Priest, and uttering other Speeches which I suppose not fit here to be repeated; And what was observed by others in the Time of Divine Service, He expressed many Tokens of scoffing and derision in his gestures towards the Minister. So great prophanesse hath Schisme brought into those places, which formerly were, and now also should be frequented by us with all reverence, devotion and holinesse.

Now as Wicklife answered those, who condemned his Doctrin for heresy, that if his Doctrine were heresy, Christ Himself was an Heretick, because he taught the same: so may those pious, faithfull and painfull Ministers reply to such as call them Legall Preachers, Duty mongers, Baal's Priests for preaching the Doctrine of Repentance, and commending the Practice of holy duties to the People, that Christ Himself upon this Account must be a legall Preacher, a Duty-monger, and (what is
highest

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highest Blasphemy to imagine) no better than Baal, forasmuch as he published the same Doctrines to the world, and with Whom the Apostles must be ranked if the judgement of these men take place, every one may easily discern.

These errors and monstrous opinions concerning Repentance, good Workes, and holy duties, have (as I conceive) bin entertained with the more simple and weaker sort of people, either from grosse ignorance, and mistake of the nature of them, as they are preached by the Ministers of our Church as though they did enioyne them either in a legall way, or after the manner used by the Church of Rome; or else from a misprision and ill-grounded suspicion, that Ministers at least looke that way in pressing the practise of them; or else from the corruption of nature opposing it selfe against the power of Grace and the Rules thereof, as being too strict and strait for Flesh and Bloud, and crossing that sinfull and carnall liberty to which the World doth now generally incline. But for such seduced soules as these

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these (if they cannot be reclaimed from their errors by sound and wholesome Doctrine) we can only pray, and hope that God may in due time give them Repentance, to the acknowledging of the Truth. 2 Tim. 2.
25, 26.

And that they may recover themselves out of the snare of the Divell. And so referring thee for the further proof of what I have now spoken to that of the Apostle, Jac. 3. 14, 15, 16. I proceed to the fourth Cause.

The fourth Cause bath bin the too much intermedling of some with controversies in our Church-Assemblies, and those not Theologicall onely, but Politicall also, tending rather to the Advancement of a Party or Faction, than to the maintenance and propagation of the common Faith, whereby the hearts of men have bin rather exasperated one against another, than reconciled unto God, or framed unto godlinesse: and to this purpose others have addicted themselves to a notionall kind of teaching, and such as was with enticing words of mans wisdom rather than

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1 Cor. *than in demonstration of the*
2. 5. *Spirit, and of Power, whereby*
mens fancies have been more
pleased than their judgements con-
vinced of the Truth, or their hearts
converted to the obedience thereof.

5. *The last, though not perchance*
the least, hath bin the Want of sufficient
maintenance in many places of the
Land, whereby Able and Painesfull
Ministers could not be had, or if
procured, could not tarry long there,
without falling into extreme Poverty,
and in the meane while enduring no
small hardship through the skantnesse
of livelihood: Now what the effect of
this must be, see Hof. 4. 6.

And now it may well seem high
time for me to speake somewhat con-
cerning both the Author and this Work
of his which is now the third time
reprinted for the Publike good. Touch-
ing the Authour, I can say little, or
nothing in reference to his Person,
because he was unknowne unto me,
neither indeed need I say ought in his
commendation, seeing his most inge-
nious

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innocent and pious labours have sufficiently commended his name to the World, and will no doubt eternize his memory to Posterity. Thus much notwithstanding I shall say in respect of both, that it were much to be wished, that men of choyce Abilities in this way, wherein he excelled, would rather after his example consecrate the same unto the service of the Sanctuary, than spend them on prophane uses to gratifie the sin and vanity of the Age, as too many have done, whereby the manners of the People have beene corrupted, and a way made for the disrepute, that I may not say, scorne and derision of holy Austerity and Severity of life. For what we cannot reconne without true sorrow, many in these times have made no better use of ingenuious parts, than to get thereby a privilege to sit down in the chaire of scorers, there to deride and scoffe at Religion, and at the Professours thereof, and consequently at God Himselfe, who gave them those gifts which they thus ungratefully and shamelesly abuse

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to his dishonour ; For whom it were much better that they had lesse wit, or more Grace to use it aright, considering how sad an account they must otherwise make for this their mis-employed Talent, with which they have done much worse, than he did in the Gospel with that which was committed to his Trust, who hid it in a Napkin against his Lords returne. This is quite contrary to the practice of our Authour, who layed out his Talent wholly for the Churches benefit, and Christianiz'd (as I may so speak) his native faculty of poesy by making it subservient to the spirituall Instruction, Edification, and Consolation of his Brethren. And as in the rest of his ingenuous pieces in this kind, so especially in this you may easily discern much Candour, Equability, Perspicuity & Piety both of matter and of expression, and such as cannot but affect, and that deeply, any well-disposed heart, which is devoted unto godlinesse ; And may excellently serve for a helpe to Devotion and Religious Contemplation,

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tion, to as many. (which are doubtlesse the most) who have not attained to that height and perfection of Meditation, as to be able to draw motives of affection with other meanes of assistance from themselves, in the private Acts of Repentance and Prayer.

To which purpose the Authour hath in this first part of his Book, discovered unto Thee those vaine conceits, and fond delusions wherewith unconverted sinners deceive and flatter themselves in their beloved sinnes : Then awaketh their secure and drowsy consciences, by the Alarm of divine Judgements, such as are peculiarly denounced against those sins, or sinners, in the Word of God, whose state and condition he doth represent. By which being truly and effectually moved with sorrow and remorse for their offences, and furnished with Meditations proper for their present and private condition of Repentance, they are taught how to addresse themselves to the Throne of Grace, by suitable, and meet Prayers for Pardon and forgiveness.

But

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But because many there be, who have the same exception against this Book, which they have against all other of this nature, namely, that it doth present us with set formes of Prayer and Meditation, which (say they) are inconsistent with that liberty which the Spirit doth challenge to it selfe in our devotions (of whose more than ordinary assistance in such performances as these they hold themselves assured) I shall make bold with thy Christian Patience, to deliver my mind and judgement, and that as briefly as I can concerning the two kinds of Prayer, conceived, and framed or formed; For the which, and against them severally so much hath bin alleged, and spoken by the opposite Parties. First then, manifest it is that the Word of God is wholly silent in determining whether we should use the one or the other, and therefore we may not stick to say that it is a thing left indifferent to us, and to be decided by our own Christian Prudence and Conscience; wherefore with submission to better judgements I conceive there
may

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may be an error in both, if the one maintain a necessity of unpremeditated or conceived Prayer in the publick Congregation, or the other of set formes in private, or personall devotions : The Which I suppose upon serious and impartiall examination of the point, very few will do.

Now they who contend for conceived Prayers, as necessary to be used by us, allege against the other, that set forms (besides the binding or straitning of the Spirit) are commonly if not always accompanied with want of Attention and heedlesnesse to what we say, with much distraction of the thoughts, and oft-times with dulnes and deadnesse of spirit, or (in their word and Phrase) with meer Formality in him that Prayes : And plead for their own conceived Prayers, that they do much more move their Affection, and stir up in them Attention with devotion than the other do or can. Again, those that use and stand for set Formes of Prayer, account of this way of addressing themselves to the Almighty, as
more

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more reverent, because more preparatory than the other, the which they judge as rash and irreverent, because admitting of no preparation.

To the former, I shall say onely this in Particular, and that by way of Admonition and Caution, that they beware lest what they take for true, and devout Affection in Prayer, be in effect nothing else than an Hypocritical Affectation of their owne notions and conceits; And so both displeasing unto God, and disadvantageous to themselves.

To both, that the first thing to be done in a preparatory way for the addressing our selves to God by Prayer, is seriously to reflect upon our sinnes and wants, and to be truly and deeply affected with the sense of both (according to the method of the Authour in this Booke) For he who hath this feeling in himselfe of his sinnes and of his necessities, can never want true desire of Pardon and Supply from the Mercifull and All-sufficient God. And this desire is the very Energy
of

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of Prayer, which Whosoever hath, Wanteth not the Gift of Prayer, (how- ever some pretend the contrary,) let him pray in a conceived manner, or in a set forme. And I further adde, that to imagine that When Two praying at the same time, and in this different manner, With equality of Affection and desire, one notwithstanding should be better accepted of God than the other, Were to maintain in effect the opus operatum of the comon Adversary, and to entertain such a thought of the Almighty, which cannot consist with the Majesty of his nature, or with the truth of his Word, which calleth Prayer the desire of the Heart. See Psal. 20. 4. & Psal. 21. 2. & Ro. 8. 26. From whence We discern evidently, what is true mentall Prayer according to the Word and will of God. See Ephes. 6. 28.

Wherefore true, humble and earnest desires of the heart to God (strengthened evermore with Faith in the Promise) are true and effectuell prayers: And enlarged desires are large Prayers before Him, who seeth the Heart, and understandeth

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*Psa. 139. understandeth the thoughts
2. thereof a far off: However
words may be scant and expression
wanting, which notwithstanding the
Spirit is not straitned in it self, but
contrarily more intensive and fervent
in its affection and desire, as appeareth
from the place before alleged, Rom.
8. 26, 27. Suppose then that many do,
or can expresse themselves largely in
vocal Prayer, and that with little or
no premeditation, doth this prove that
the intension of their desires is answer-
able to the extent of their words, or to
the vehemency of their language? sure-
ly, nothing lesse sometimes (as I con-
ceive.) For it is granted on all hands,
that many gracelesse persons, and pro-
phane Hypocrites, may oftentimes have
a great dexterity, and excellent facul-
ty in this materiall, and (as I may call
it) bodily part of devotion. And however
very many at this time call this
Volubility of Tongue, or Readiness of
matter and expression in Prayer, The
gift of Prayer, I believe upon an easy
search they will be found hereby to
make*

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make those things one which are discrepant each from other ; namely , the gift of utterance , and the gift of Prayer, which cheifly at least consists in the desire of the Heart, as hath bin formerly proved, and is (I conceive) intimated by that of our Saviour, Mat. 6. 7, 8.

Wherefore it nearly concernes us all to be humble and earnest suiters to the Throne of Grace, First, for a true and deep sense of our wants in case we find in our selves senselesnes, and deadnes of spirit in our Prayers and Supplications to the Almighty. For who can duely affect the Soul and dispose the Heart of man for his worship and service, but he alone who framed and form'd it in the beginning, and in whose hands it still is as the Rivers of Prov. 21.1. Water : to turne it Whither so ever he Will ? Secondly, that this sense of our wants may beget in us answerable desires , with confidence of being abundantly supplied from him in due time , who is the inexhaustible Fountaine of all Grace and goodnesse, seeing

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Seeing that we no further pray in Gods account, than We truly desire of him, in Faith, the things which we want. I will close up this Discourse with that definition of Prayer, which

Treat.
of Ment.
Pr.

not long since I lighted upon in an unknowne Authour, Prayer (saith hee) is an Humble, Confident, and Fervent Petition of such things as are convenient for us, and we desire to obtaine of our Lord. The which, as far as I can judge at the present, doth fully explaine the nature of Prayer, and doth briefly comprize the sum of what I have allready more largely spoken of.

And thus hoping (gentle Reader) that thou wilt either peruse this manual thy self without Prejudice, or else not censure those rashly, who shall make use of it, and condemn them without cause, I commend thee to the Lord,

Christ-Church, Oxon

July 20. 1651.

J. M.

The Sensuall mans Solace.

COME, let's be *merry*, and rejoyce our
 soules in *frolique* and in *fresh delights*;
 Let's skruce our pamperd hearts a
 pitch beyond the reach of dull-browd sor-
 row; Let's passe the slow-pac'd time in me-
 lancholy-charming *mirth*; and take the ad-
 vantage of our *youthfull* dayes; Let's ba-
 nish *care* to the dead Sea of *Pneumatick old*
age: Let a *deepe sigh* be *high Treason*, and
 let a *solemn look* be adjudg'd a *Crime* too
 great for *Pardon*. My serious *Studies* shall
 be to draw *mirth* into a Body, to analyse
laughter, and to paraphrase upon the vari-
 ous Texts of all *delight*. My *recreations* shall
 be to still *Pleasure* into a Quintessence, to
 reduce *Beautie* to her first principles, and
 to extract a perfect *Innocence* from the milk-
 white Doves of *Venus*. Why should I spend
 my precious minutes in the sullen and de-
 jected shades of *sadness*? or ravell out my
 short-liv'd dayes in solemn and heart-
 breaking *Care*? Howers have Eagles wings,
 and when their hasty flight shall put a Peri-
 od to our numbred dayes, the world is gone
 with us, and all our forgotten joyes are left
 to be enjoyed by the succeeding Genera-
 tions, and we are snatcht we know not
 how, we know not whither, and wrapt in
 the dark bosom of eternall night. Come
 then, my soul, be wise, make use of the
B
Time

Time present, that which is gone is past recalling, lost, and not to be redeem'd. Eat thy Bread with a merry heart, and gulp downe *care* in *frolique* cups of liberall Wine; Beguile the tedious nights with *dalliance*, and steep thy stupid senses in unctious, in delightfull *sports*: Tis all the portion that this transitory world can give thee. Let Musick, Voices, Masques, midnight Revels, and all that melancholy wisdom censures *vaine*, be thy *delights*; And let thy care abjuring soule *cheer up* and *sweeten* the short dayes of thy consuming *youth*. Follow the *wayes* of thy own heart, and take the *freedome* of thy sweet *desires*: Leave no *delight* untryed, and spare no cost to heighten up thy *Lusts*. Take *pleasure* in the *choyce* of *pleasures*, and please thy curious eyes with all *varieties*, to satisfie thy soul in all things which thy heart *desires*. I, but my soul, when those *evill dayes* shall come wherein thy *wasting pleasures* shall present their *Items* to thy *bedrid view*, when all *diseases* and the *evils of age* shall muster up their Forces in thy crazy bones, where be thy *comforts* then?

Consider O my Soul, and know, that the day will come, and after that, another, wherein for all these things

God will bring thee to judgement, Eccles.

11.9.

Prov.

His Proofs.

3

Prov. 14. 13.

Even in laughter the heart is sorrowfull, and the end of that mirth is heavinesse.

Eccles. 2. 2.

I said in my heart, Go to now, I will prove thee with mirth, and therefore enjoy pleasure, and behold this also is vanitie: I said of laughter, It is madde; and of mirth, What doth it?

James 3. 5.

Ye have lived in pleasure on the earth, and been wanton; ye have nourished your hearts as in the day of slaughter.

Eccles. 7. 4.

The heart of the wise man is in the house of mourning: but the heart of fooles is in the house of mirth.

Idid. in Synonimis.

Pleasure is an Inclination to the unlawfull objects of a corrupted mind, allured with a momentary sweetnesse.

Hugo.

Sensuality is an immoderate indulgence of the flesh, a sweet poyson, a strong plague, a dangerous potion, which effeminates the body, and enerves the soule.

Cass. Lib. 4. Ep.

They are most sensible of the burthen of affliction that are most taken with the pleasures of the flesh.

VWhat hast thou now to say, O my soul, why this judgement, seconded with divine *proofes*, backt with the *harmony* of holy men, should not proceed against thee? Dally no longer with thy own *Salvation*, nor flatter thy owne *Corruption*: Remember, the wages of flesh are *sinne*, and the wages of sinne, *death*: God hath threatned it, whose *judgements* are *terrible*; God hath witnessed it, whose *words* are *Truth*. Consider then my soule, and let not *momentary pleasures* flatter thee into *eternitie of torments*. How many, that have *trod thy steps* are now roaring in the *flames of Hell*? and yet thou triflest away the time of thy *Repentance*. O my poore deluded soule, *presume* no longer; Repent *to day*, lest *to morrow* come to late: Or couldst thou travell out thy dayes beyond *Methusalem*, tell me, alas, what will *Eternitie* be the shorter for the deduction of a thousand yeers? Be wisely provident therefore O my soule, and bid *vanitie* the common forcereffe of the world, fare-well; life and death are yet before thee, *Chuse life*, and the God of life will seale thy *choyce*. *Prostrate* thy selfe before him who delights not in the *death* of a *sinner*, and present thy *Petitions* to him who can deny thee nothing in the name of a *Saviour*.

O God in the beautie of whose holinesse is the true joy of those that love thee, the full happinesse of those that feare thee, and the onely rest of those that prize thee ; In respect of which the transitory pleasures of the world are lesse than nothing, in comparision of which the greatest wisdome of the world is folly, and the glory of the earth but drosse, and dung ; How dare my boldnesse thus presume to presse into thy glorious presence ? What can my prayers expect but thy just wrath and heavie indignation ? O what return can the tainted breath of my polluted lipps deserve, but to be bound hand and foot, and cast into the flames of Hell ? But Lord, the merits of my Saviour are greater than the offences of a sinner, and the sweetnesse of thy mercy exceeds the sharpnesse of my misery. The horreur of thy judgements have seized upon me, and I languish through the sense of thy displeasure. I have forsaken thee the rest of my distressed soule, and set my affections upon the vanitie of the deceitfull world ; I have taken pleasure in my foolishnesse, and have vaunted my selfe in mine iniquity ; I have flattered my soule with the hony of delights, whereby I am made sensible of the sting of my affliction ; wherefore I loath, and utterly abhorre my selfe, and from the bottome of my heart repent in dust and ashes. Behold O Lord, I am impure and vile, and

have wallowed in the puddle of mine own Corruptions; The Sword of thy displeasure is drawne out against me, and what shall I pleade O thou preserver of mankind? Make me a *new Creature* O my God, and destroy the *old man* within me. Remove my affections from the love of *transitory things*, that I may runne the way of thy *Commandements*. Turne away mine eyes from beholding *vanitie*, and make thy *Testimonies* my whole *delight*. Give me strength to discern the *emptinesse* of the *creature*, and inebriate my heart with the *fulnesse* of thy *Foyes*. Be thou my portion O God, at whose right hand stand pleasures for evermore. Be thou my refuge and my shield, and suffer me not to sinke under the *corruptions* of my heart: let not the house of *mirth* beguile me, but give me a sense of the *evill* to come. Accept the free-wil offerings of my mouth, and grant my petitions for the honour of thy Name; then will I magnifie thy mercies O God, and praise thy Name for ever and ever.

The Vain-glorious mans Vaunt.

VHat tell'ft thou me of *Conscience*,
or a *pious* life? They are good
trades for a *leadin* Spirit, that can stand
bent at every *frowne*, and wants the *braines*
to make a *higher Fortune*, or *courage* to
atchieve that *honour* which might *glorifie*
their *names*, and write their *memories* in
the *Chronicles* of *Fame*. Tis true, *Humilitie* is
a *needfull gift* in those that have no *Quali-*
tie to exercise their *pride*; and *patience* is a
necessary Grace to keepe the world in *peace*,
and him that hath it, in a *whole skinne*, and
often proves a *vertue* borne of *meere neces-*
sitie. And *civill Honesty* is a *faire pretence*
for him that hath not *wit* to act the *Knave*,
and makes a man capable of a little *higher*
stile than *Foole*. And *blushing modesty* is a
pretty innocent qualitie, and serves to *vindi-*
cate an *easie* nature from the *imputation*
of all *ill-breeding*. These are *inferiour*
Graces, that have not got a good *opinion* in
the *dull wisdom* of the world, and appear
like *water* among the *Elements*, to *moder-*
ate the *body Politique*, and keepe it from
combustion; nor doe they come into the
worke of *honour*. *Virtue* consists in *Action*,
and the *reward* of *Action* is *Glory*. *Glory*
is the *great soule* of the *little world*, and is
the *Crowne* of all *sublime attempts*, and the
point whereto the *crooked wayes* of *policy*

are all concentrick. Honour consists not with a pious life. Let those that are ambitious of a religious reparation abjure all honourable Titles, and let their dough-bak'd spirits take a pride in sufferance, (the Anvile of all injuries) and bee thankfully baffled into a quiet pilgrimage. Rapes, murthers, treasons, dispossessions, riots, are veniall things to men of honour, and oft co-incident in high persutes. Had my dull Conscience stood upon such nice points, that little honour I have wonne had glorified some other arme, and left mee begging Morfells at his Princely gates. Come, come, my soule, *Id factum juvat, quod fieri non licet.* Feare not to doe, what crownes thee being done. Ride on with thy Honour, and create a name to live with faire Eternitie. Enjoy thy purchas'd Glory as the merit of thy renowned Actions, and let thy memory entaile it to succeeding Generations. Make thy own game; and and if thy Conscience check thee, correct thy saucy Conscience, till shee stand as mute as metamorphos'd Niobe. Feare not the frownes of Princes, or the imperious band of various Fortune: Thou art too bright for the one to obscure, and too great for the other to cry downe.

BUt hark my soul, I hear a voyce that
thunders in mine ear,
I will change their glory into shame. Hos. 4.7.

His Proofs.

9

Pfal. 49. 20.

Man that is borne in honour and understandeth not, is like the beasts that perish.

Prov. 25. 27.

It is not good to eat too much Honey, so for men to search their owne glory is not glory.

Jer. 9. 22.

Thus saith the Lord: Let not the wise man glory in his wisdom, neither let the mighty man glory in his might, nor let the rich man glory in his riches: But let him that glorieth glory in this, that hee understandeth and knoweth me that I am the Lord.

Gal. 5. 26.

Let us not bee desirous of vain-glory, &c.

St. August.

The vaine-glory of the world is a deceitfull sweetnesse, an unfruitfull labour, a perpetuall feare, a dangerous bravery, begun without providence, and finished not without repentance.

Chrysost.

If thou desir'st to be magnified and accounted honourable, Despise honour, so shalt thou be honour'd even of all.

St. Greg.

He that makes transitory honour the reward of a good worke, sets eternall glory at a low rate.

VAine glory is a Froth which blown off discovers a great want of measure: Canst thou O my soule be guiltie of such an emptinesse, and not bee challeng'd? Canst thou appeare in the searching eye of heaven, and not expect to be cast away? Deceive not thy selfe, O my soule, nor flatter thy selfe with thy owne greatnesse. Search thy selfe to the bottome, and thou shalt find enough to humble thee. Dost thou glory in the favour of a Prince? The frowns of a Prince determine it. Dost thou glory in thy strength? A poyre Ague betraies it. Dost thou glory in thy wealth? The hand of a theefe extinguishes it. Dost thou glory in thy Friends? One cloud of adversitie darkens it. Dost thou glory in thy parts? Thy owne pride obscures it. Behold my soul, how like a Bubble thou appearest, and with a Sigh break into sorrow: The gate of heaven is strait; canst thou hope to enter without breaking? The Bubble that would passe the Floodgates must first dissolve; My soule melt then in teares, and emptie thy selfe of all thy vanitie, and thou shalt finde divine Repletion; evaporate in thy Devotion, and thou shalt recrate thy greatnesse to eternall Glory.

ANd can I choose O God but tremble at thy *Judgements*? Or can my stony heart not stand amazed at thy *Threatnings*? It is thy voyce O God, and thou hast spoken it: It is thy voyce O God, and I have heard it. Hadst thou so dealt by mee, as thou didst by *Babels* proud King, and driven me from the sonnes of men, thou hadst but done according to thy righteousness, and rewarded mee according to my deservings: What couldst thou see in mee lesse worthie of thy vengeance, than in him the example of thy justice? or Lord, wherein am I more incapable of thy indignation? There is nothing in mee to move thy *mercy* but my *misery*. Thy *goodnesse* is thy selfe, and hath no ground but what proceedeth from it selfe; yet have I sinned against that *goodnesse*, and have thereby heaped up wrath against the day of wrath; that insomuch, had not thy Grace abounded with my sinne, I had long since beene confounded in my sinne, and swallowed up in the Gulph of thy displeasure. But Lord thou takest no delight to punish, and with thee is no respect of persons: Thou takest no pleasure in the *confusion* of thy creature, but rejoycest rather in the *conversion* of a sinner. Convert me therefore O God, I shall bee then converted: Make me sensible of my owne corruptions, that I may see the vilenesse
of

of my owne condition. Pull downe the *pride* of my ambitious heart ; *humble* me thou O God, and I shall be humbled ; Weane mee from the thirst of *transitory* *honour*, and let my whole delight be to *glory* in thee. Touch thou my *conscience* with the *fear* of thy name, that in all my actions I may feare to offend thee. Endue mee O Lord with the spirit of *meeknesse*, and teach me to overcome evill with a *patient* heart : *moderate* and curb the exorbitances of my passion, and give mee *temperate* use of all thy creatures. Replenish my heart with the Graces of thy spirit, that in all my wayes I may be acceptable in thy sight. In all conditions give me a *contented* minde, and upon all occasions grant mee a gratefull heart, that *honouring* thee here in the Church Militant before men, I may bee *glorified* hereafter in the Church Triumphant before thee and Angells, where filled with *true glory* according to the measure of Grace thou shalt be pleased to give mee here, I may with Angels and Archangels praise thy Name for ever and ever hereafter.

The Oppressors Plea.

I Seeke but what's my owne by *Law*; It was his *owne free Act and Deed*: The execution lies for *goods or body*, and *goods or body* I will have, or else my *money*. What if his *beggerly children* pine, or his *proud wife* perish? They perish at their *owne* charge, not *mine*, and what is that to mee? I must be *paid*, or hee *lie by it* untill I have my *utmost farthing*, or his *bones*. The *Law* is just and good, and being ruled by that, how can my faire proceedings be *unjust*? What's *thirty in the hundred* to a man of Trade? Are wee borne to thrum Caps, or pick strawes? and sell our *livelyhood* for a few *teares*, and a whining face? I thanke God they move me not so much as a *bowling dog* at midnight. I'll give *no day* if *heaven* it selfe would bee *securitie*: I must have *present money* or his *bones*. The *Commodity* was good enough, as wares went then, and had he had but a *thriving wit*, with the necessary help of a *good merchantlike conscience*, hee might have gained *perchance* as much as now he lost; but howsoever, *gaine* or not *gaine*, I must have my *money*. Two tedious *Termes* my dearest gold hath laine in his *unprofitable hands*. The cost of *Sute* hath made mee bleed above a score of *Royals*, besides my *Interest*, *travell*, halfe pintes, and bribes; all which does but encrease my *beggerly defendants* damages.

damages, and sets him deeper on my score; but right's right, and I will have my *money* or his *bones*. Fiftene shillings in the pound composition? I'le hang first. Come, tell not mee of a *good conscience*, a good conscience is no parcell of my trade; it hath made more *Bankrupts* than all the loose wives in the universall Citie. My Conscience is no fool. It tells me that my owne's my owne, and that a well-cramm'd *bagge* is no deceitfull friend, but will stick close to mee when all my *friends* forsake mee: If to gain a good *estate* out of nothing, and to regaine a *desperate debt* which is as good as nothing, bee the fruits and signe of a *bad conscience*, God help the *good*. Come, tell not me of griping and *Oppression*. The world is hard, and he that hopes to thrive must gripe as hard. What I give I give, and what I lend I lend. If the way to heaven bee to turne *begger* upon earth, let them take it that like it. I know not what ye call *Oppression*; The *Law* is my direction; but of the two it is more profitable to oppressie than to be oppress'd. If debtors would bee honest and discharge, our hands were bound; but when their failing offends my *baggs*, they touch the *Apple* of my eye, and I must right them.

But hah! what voyce is this that whispers in mine eare,

The Lord will spoile the soule of the Oppressors, Prov. 22. 23.

Prov.

Prov. 21. 22.

Robbe not the poore because hee is poore, neither oppresse the afflicted in the gates: for the Lord will pldade their cause, and spoile the soule of those that have spoiled him.

Ezek. 22. 19.

The people of the land have used oppression, and exercised Robbery, and have vexed the poore and needy; yea, they have oppressed the stranger wrongfully: Therefore I have poured out my indignation upon them, I have consumed them with the fire of my wrath.

Zach. 7. 9.

Execute true judgement, and shew mercy and compassion every man to his brother, and oppresse not the widdow nor the fatherlesse, nor the stranger, nor the poore, and let none of you imagine evill in your hearts against his brother: But they refused to hearken; therefore came a great wrath from the Lord of Hosts.

Bernard. p. 1691.

We ought so to care for our selves, as not to neglect the due regard of our neighbour.

Bern. ibid.

He that is not mercifull to another shall not find mercy from God; but if thou wilt be mercifull and compassionate, thou shalt be a benefactor to thy owne soule.

IS it wisdom in thee O my soul to cover
a *happinesse*, or rather to account it so,
that is sought for with a *judgement*, obtained
with a *Curse*, and punished with *damnation*;
And to neglect that *good* which is assured
with a *promise*, purchased with a *blessing*,
and rewarded with a *Crowne* of Glory?
Canst thou hold a *full estate*, a *good penny-*
worth, which is bought with the deare
price of thy Gods *displeasure*? Tell me,
what continuance can that *Inheritance* pro-
mise that is raised upon the *ruines* of thy
Brother; Or what *mercy* canst thou expect
from heaven, that hast denied all *mercy* to
thy *Neighbour*? O my hardhearted soule
consider, and relent: Build not an house
whose posts are subject to be rotted with
a *curse*: Consider what the God of truth
hath threatned against thy *crueltie*; Relent,
and turne *compassionate*, that thou maist be
capable of his *compassion*. If the *desire* of
Gold hath hardned thy heart, let the *teares*
of true *Repentance* mollifie it; soften it
with *Aarons oyntment*, unill it become like
Wax to take the impression of that *seale*
which must confirme thy *Pardon*.

BUt will my God be now entreated ?
Is not my crying sin too loud for
Pardon ? Am I not sunk too deepe into
the Jawes of Hell, for thy strong arme to
rescue ? Hath not the *hardnesse* of my heart
made me incapable of thy compassion ?
O if my teares might wash away my sinne,
my head should turne a living Spring.
Lord I have heard thee speake and am
affraid ; the word is past, and thy judge-
ments have found me out. Fearfulnesse and
trembling are come upon me, and the
Jawes of Hell have overwhelmed me : I
have *oppressed the poore*, and added *affliction*
to the *afflicted*, and the voycc of their misery
is come before thee. They besought mee
with teares, and in the anguish of their
soules, but I have stopt mine eares against
the cry of their complaint. But Lord, thou
walkest not the wayes of man, and remem-
brest mercy in the midst of thy wrath ; for
thou art good and gracious, and ready to
forgive, and plentiful in compassion to
all that shall call upon thee. Forgive mee
O God my sinnes that are past, and de-
liver me from the guilt of my *Oppression*.
Take from me O God this heart of stone,
and create in mee a heart of flesh.
Allwage the vehemency of my desires to
the things below, and satisfie my soule
with the sufficiency of thy Grace. Inflame
my affections, that I may love thee with

a filiall love, and encline me to relie upon thy fatherly providence. Let me account *godlinesse* my greatest *gaine*, and subdue in me my *lusts* after filthy *lucre*. Preserve me O Lord from the vanity of *selfe love*, and plant in my affections the true *love* of my *neighbours*. Endue my heart with the bowels of *compassion*, and then reward me according to thy *righteousnesse*. Direct me O God in the wayes of my life, and let a good *Conscience* be my continuall comfort. Give me a willing heart to make *restitution* of what I have wrongfully gotten by *oppression*. Grant me a lawfull use of all thy *Creatures*, and a thankfull heart for all thy *benefits*. Be mercifull to all those that groane under the burthen of their owne wants, and give them patience to expect thy deliverance. Give me a heart that may acknowledge thy *favours*, and fill my tongue with praise and thanksgiving; that living here a new life, I may become a new creature, and being engrafted in thee by the power of thy grace, I may bring forth fruit to thy honour and glory.

The Drunkards Iubile.

VVHat *Complement* will the severer world allow to the *vacant houres* of frolique-hearted youth? How shall their *free*, their *joviall spirits* entertaine their *time*, their *friends*? What Oyle shall bee infused into the Lampe of deare *societie*, if they deny the privilege of a civill rejoycing Cup? It is the *life*, the *radicall humor* of *united soules*, whose love-digestive heate even ripens and ferments the greene materialls of a plighted faith; without the helpe whereof *new married friendship* falls into *divorce*, and joyn'd acquaintance soone resolves into the first Elements of *strangenesse*. What meane these strict *Reformers* thus to spend their houre-glasses, and bawle against our harmelesse *Cups*? to call our meetings *Riots*, and brand our civill mirth with stiles of loose *Intemperance*? where they can sit at a sisters Feast, devour and gormundize beyond excelsse, and wipe the guilt from off their marrowed mouths, and cloath their surfeits in the long fustian Robes of a *tedious Grace*. Is it not much better in a faire friendly Round (since youth must have a swinge) to steep our soule-afflicting sorrows in a chirping Cup, then hazard our estates upon the abuse of providence in a foolish cast at *Dice*? Or at a *Cockpit* leave our doubtfull

full fortunes to the mercy of unmercifull contention? Or spend our wanton dayes in sacrificing costly presents to a *fleshy Idoll*? Was not *Wine* given to exhilarate the *drooping hearts*, and raise the drowzie spirits of *dejected soules*? Is not the liberall *Cup* the *Sucking-bottle* of the *sonnes of Phæbus*, to solace and refresh their palats in the nights of sad *Invention*? Let dry-brain'd *Zelots* spend their idle breaths, my *cups* shall bee my *cordials* to restore my care-besebled *heart* to the true *Temper* of a well-complexioned *mirth*: My solid *Braines* are potent, and can beare enough, without the least offence to my distempered *Senses*, or interruption of my boone companions: My *tongue* can in the very *Zenith* of my *Cups* deliver the expressions of my composed thoughts with better sense, than these my grave *Reformers* can their best advised prayers. My *Constitution* is pot-prooffe, and strong enough to make a fierce encounter with the most stupendious vessell that ever sailed upon the tides of *Bacchus*. My *Reason* shrinks not; my *passion* burnes not.

O But my soule, I heare a threatening voyce that interrupts my language,
Woe be to them that are mightie to drinke Wine, Esay 5. 22.

His Proofs.

21

Prov. 20. 1

*Wine is a mocker; strong drinke is raging,
and whosoever is deceived thereby is not
wise.*

Esay 5. 11.

*Woe bee to them that rise up early in the morn-
ing to follow strong drinke, that continue
till night, untill wine inflame them.*

Prov. 23. 20.

Bee not amongst wine-bibbers.

1 Cor. 5. 1.

*Now I have written unto you, not to keep
company; if any that is called a Brother bee
a drunkard, with such a one, no not to eate.*

Aug. in lib. pen.

*Whilst the drunkard swallows wine, wine
swallows him; God disregards him, Angels
despise him, Men deride him, Vertue de-
clines him, the devill destroyes him.*

Aug. ad. sac. virg.

*Drunkenesse is the mother of all evill, the
matter of all mischief, the well-spring of
all vices; the trouble of the senses, the tem-
pest of the tongue, the shipwrack of chastitie,
the consumption of time; a voluntary mad-
nesse, the corruption of manners, the distem-
per of the body, and the destruction of the soule.*

My

MY soule, It is the voice of God, digested into a judgement: There is no kicking against *Pricks*, or arguing against a divine *Truth*; Pleadest thou *Custom*? *Custom* in *sinne* multiplies it: Pleadest thou *society*? *Societie* in the offence aggravates the punishment: Pleadest thou *help to Invention*? Woe be to that *barrennesse* that wants such *showers*: Pleadest thou *strength* to beare much *Wine*? Woe to those that are mightie to drink strong drink. My soule, thou hast sinned against thy *Creator* in abusing that *creature* he made to serve thee; Thou hast sinned against the *creature*, in turning it to the *Creators* dishonour; Thou hast sinned against thy *selfe*, in making thy *comfort* thy *confusion*. How many want that *blessing* thou hast turn'd into a *curse*? How many *thirst* whilst thou *surfeitest*? What *satisfaction* wilt thou give to the *Creator*, to the *creature*, to thy *selfe*, against all whom thou hast transgressed? To thy *selfe*, by a *sober life*; To the *Creature*, by a *right use*; To thy *Creator*, by a true *Repentance*: the way to all which, is *Prayer* and *Thanksgiving*.

HOW truly then, O God, this heavy woe belongs to this my boasted sinne? How many judgements are comprised, and abstracted in this woe, and all for me, even me O God, the miserable subject of thy eternall wrath; Even me O Lord, the marke whereat the shafts of thy displeasure levell? Lord, I was a sinner in my first conception, and in sinne hath my mother brought me forth; I was no sooner, but I was a slave to sinne, and all my life is nothing but the practice and trade of high Rebellion; I have turn'd thy blessings into thy dishonour, and all thy graces into wantonnesse: Yet hast thou beene my God even from the very wombe, and didst sustaine me when I hung upon my mothers breast; Thou hast washed me O Lord from my pollution, but like a Swine I have returned to my mire; Thou hast glaunced into my breast the blessed motions of thy holy Spirit, but I have quenched them with the springtides of my in-born corruption; I have vomited up my filthinesse before thee, and like a dog have I returned to my vomit. Be mercifull O God unto me, Have mercy on me O thou Son of David. I cannot O Lord expect the childrens bread, yet suffer me to lick the crummes that fall beneath their table. I that have so oft abused the greatest of thy blessings am not worthy of the meanest of thy favours. Look, look upon me according

cording to the goodnesse of thy mercy, and not according to the greatnesse of my offences : Give mee O God a *sober* heart, and a lawfull *moderation* in the enjoyment of thy Creatures. Reclame my appetite from unseasonable delights, lest I turne thy blessings into a curse. In all my dejections bee thou my comfort, and let my rejoicing be only in thee. Propose to mine eyes the evilnesse of my dayes, and make me carefull to redeeme my time. Weane me from the pleasure of vaine *societie*, and let my *Companions* be such as feare thee. Forgive all such as have been partners in my sinne, and turne their hearts to the obedience of thy Lawes. Open their eares to the reproofs of the wise, and make them powerfull in reformation. Allay that lust which my *intemperance* hath inflam'd, and cleanse my affections with the grace of thy good spirit ; make mee thankfull for the strength of my body, that I may for the time to come returne it to the advantage of thy glory.

Thy

The Swearers Apology.

V Ill *Boanarges* never cease? And wil these *Plague denouncers* never leave to thunder judgements in my trembling eare? Nothing but *plagues*? Nothing but judgements? Nothing but *damnation*? What have I done to make my case *desperate*? And what have they not done to make my soule *despaire*? Have I set up false Gods like the *Egyptians*? Or have I bowed before them like the *Israclites*? Have I violated the Sabbath like the *Libertines*? Or like cursed *Cham* have I discovered my fathers nakednesse? Have I embrued my hands in blood like *Barabbas*? Or like *Absolon* defiled my fathers Bed? Have I like *Jacob* supplanted my elder brother? Or like *Ahab* intruded into *Nabals* Vineyard? Have I borne false witnesse like the wanton *Elders*? Or like *David* covered *Uriabs* wife? Have I not given *Tithes* of all I have? Or hath my purse been hidebound to my hungry brother? Hath not my life been blamelesse before men? And my demeanour *unreprovable* before the world? Have I not hated *Vice* with a perfect hatred? and countenanc'd *vertue* with a due respect? What meane these *strict observers* of my life, to ransack every *Action*, to carpe at every word, and with their sharpe censorious tongues to sentence every *frailty* with *damnation*? Is there no *allowance* to humanity? No *Graines* to flesh and blood? Are we all

C

Angels?

Angels ? Has *immortality* no *priviledge*, to supersede it from the utmost punishment of a little *necessary* frailty ? Come, come, my soul; let not these *judgement-thunderers* fright thee : Let not these *Qualmes* of their *exuberant zeale* disturbe thee. Thou hast not cursed like *Shimei*, nor rail'd like *Rabshekah*, nor lied like *Ananias*, nor slander'd like thy *accusers*. They that censure thy *Guats* swallow their own *Camels*. What if the luxuriant stile of thy discourse doe chance to strike upon an obvious *Oath*, art thou straight hurried into the bosome of a *Plague* ? What if the *custome* of a harmelesse *Oath* should captivate thy heedlesse tongue, can nothing under sudden *judgement* seize upon thee ? What if anothers *diffidence* should force thy earnest lips into a hasty *Oath*, in confirmation of a suffering *Truth* ; must thou be straightwayes branded with *damnation* ? Was *Joseph* mark'd for everlasting death, for swearing by the life of *Egyptis* King ? Was *Peter* when he, so denied his master, straight damn'd for *swearing*, and forswearing ? O flatter not thy selfe my soule, nor turn thou *Advocate* to so high a sin : Make not the *ships* of *Saints* a *precedent* for thee to *fall*.

IF the *Rebukes* of flesh may not prevaile, hear then the *threatning* of the Spirit which saith,

The Plague shall not depart from the house of the swearer.

Exod. 20. 7.

Thou shalt not take the Name of the Lord thy God in vaine; for the Lord will not hold him guiltlesse that takeih his Name in vaine.

Zach. 5. 3.

And every one that sweareth shall be cut off.

Matth. 5. 34.

Sweare not at all, neither by Heaven, for it is Gods Throne, nor by the Earth, for it is his footstool: But let your communication be Yea, yea, Nay, nay, for whatsoever is more then these commeth of evill.

Jer. 23. 10.

Because of swearing the Land mourneth.

Aug. in Ser.

The murdereth killeth the body of his brother, but the swearer murdereth his own soule.

August. in Psal. 88.

It's well that God hath forbidden man to sweare, lest by custome of swearing (in as much as we are apt to mistake) we commit perjury: ther's none but God can safely swear, because ther's no other but may be deceived.

August. de Mendacio.

I say unto you, Sweare not at all, lest by swearing ye come to a facility of swearing, from a facility to a custome, and from a custome ye fall into perjury.

O What a judgement is here ! How terrible ! How full of Execution ! The *Plague* ? the extract of all diseases ! none so mortall, none so comfortlesse ! It makes our house a *Prison*, our friends *strangers* ; No comfort but in the expectation of the *months* end : I, but this judgement excludes that comfort too ; The *Plague* shall never depart from the house of the sweaver : What never ? *Death* will give it a Period : No, but it shall be entail'd upon his house, his family : O detestable ! O destructive sin ! that leaves a *Crosse* upon the dores of *Generations*, and layes whole families upon the dust ; A sin whereto neither *Profit* incites, nor *Pleasure* allures, nor *Necessity* compells, nor *Inclination* of nature perswades ; a meere *voluntary*, begun with a *malignant* imitation, and continued with an *habituall* presumption. Consider O my soule, every *Oath* hath been a nayle to wound that *Saviour*, whose blood (O mercy above expression !) must save thee : Be sensible of thy *Actions* and his *sufferings* : Abhorre thy selfe in *dust* and *ashes*, and magnifie his Mercy that hath turn'd this judgement from thee. Goe wash those wounds which thou hast made, with teares, and humble thy selfe with Prayer, and true Repentance.

His

ETernall and omnipotent God, before whose glorious name Angels, and Archangels bow, and hide their faces, to which the blessed Spirits, and Saints of thy triumphant Church sing forth perpetuall *Hallelujahs*, I a poore Sprig of disobedient *Adam* doe here make bold to take that holy Name into my sinne-polluted lippes: I have hainously sinned O God against thee, and against it; I have disparaged it in my thoughts, dishonoured it in my words, profaned it in my actions, and I know thou art a jealous God, and a consuming fire, as faithfull in thy promises, so fearefull in thy judgements; I therefore flie from the dreadfull Name of *Jehovah*, which I have abused, to that gracious Name of *Jesus*, wherein thou art well pleased; in that most sacred Name, O God, I fall before thee, and for his beloved sake O Lord I come unto thee. Cleanse thou my *heart* O God, and then my *tongue* shall praise thee: Wash thou my *soule*, O Lord, and then my *lippes* shall blesse thee. Worke in my heart a feare of thy displeasure, and give me an awfull reverence of thy Name. Set thou a Watch before my *lips*, that I offend not with my *tongue*. Let no respects entice me to be an instrument of thy dishonour, and let thy attributes be pretious in mine eyes: teach me the way of thy Precepts, O Lord, and make me sensible of all my offences. Let not my sinfull *custome* in sinning against thy Name

take from my guilty soule the *sense* of my sin. Give me a respect unto all thy Commandements, but especially preserve me from the danger of this my boosome sinne. Mollifie my heart at the rebukes of thy servants, and strike into my inward parts a feare of thy judgements. Let all my communication be order'd as in thy presence, and let the words of my mouth be governed by thy Spirit. Avert those judgements from me which thy Word hath threatned, and my sin hath deserved, and strengthen my resolution for the time to come. Work in me a true godly sorrow, that it may bring forth in me a newnesse of life. Sanctifie my thoughts with the continuall meditation of thy Commandements, and mortifie those passions which provoke me to offend thee. Let not the *examples* of others induce me to this sin, nor let the frailties of my flesh seeke *Fig* leaves to cover it. Seale in my heart the full assurance of thy Reconciliation, and looke upon me in the bowells of compassion, that crowning my weak desires with thy All-sufficient power, I may escape this judgement which thy justice hath threatned here, and obtaine that *happinesse* thy mercy hath promised hereafter.

The Procrastinators Remora's.

Tell me no more of *fasting*, *Prayer*, and *death*; They fill my thoughts with dumps of *Melancholy*. These are no subjects for a youthfull eare; no contemplations for an active soule: Let them whom sullen Age hath weaned from aery pleasures, whom wayward fortune hath condemn'd to sighes and groanes, whom sad diseases have beslaved to drugs and diets; let them consume the remnant of their wretched dayes in dull devotion: Let them afflict their aking soules with the untunable discourses of *mortality*; Let them contemplate on *evill dayes*, and reade sharpe *Lectures* of their own experience. For me, my bones are full of unctious *marrow*, and my blood, of sprightly *Youth*. My faire and free estate secures me from the feares of fortunes frown. My strength of constitution hath the power to grapple with sorrow, sickness, nay the very pangs of death, and overcome. 'Tis true, God must be sought; What impious tongue dare be so basely bold to contradict so known a Truth? And by Repentance too; What strange impiety dare deny it? Or what presumptuous lips dare disavow it? But there's a time for all things, yet none prefixt for this, no day designed, but, *At what time soever*: If my unseasonable bears should seeke him now, the worke would be too serious for so green a seeker. My thoughts are yet unseiled, my fancy yet too too gamesome,

my judgement yet unsound, my *Will* un-
 sanctified; To seeke him with an *unprepa-*
red heart is the high way *not* to finde him;
 or to finde him with *unsetled* resolution is
 the next way to *lose* him; and indeed it wants
 but little of *prophanenesse*, to be *unseasonably*
Religious. What is once to be done, is long
 to be deliberated. Let the *boyling pleasures*
 of the rebellious *flesh* evaporate a little, and
 let me drayn my boggy soule from those
 corrupted, inbred *humors* of *collapsed nature*,
 and when the tender *blossome* of my *youth-*
full vanity shall begin to *fade*, my *setled*
understanding will begin to *knot*, my *solid*
judgement will begin to *ripen*, my *rightly*
guided will be *resolved*, both what to *seeke*,
 and when to *find*, and how to *prize*; till then
 my tender *youth*, in her pursuit, will be
 disturb'd with every *blast* of honour, diver-
 red with every *flash* of pleasure, misled by
Counsell, turned back with *fear*, puzzl'd with
doubt, interrupted by *Passion*, withdrawn with
prosperity, and discourag'd with *adversity*.

TAKE heed my soul, when thou hast lost
 thy self in thy *journey*, how wilt thou find
 thy God at thy *journeys end*? Whom thou
 hast lost by too long *delay*, thou wilt hardly
 find with too late a *diligence*. Take time
 while time shall serve, that day may come
 wherein

*Thou shalt seek the Lord, but shalt not find
 him, Hol. 5.6.*

Esay

Esay. 55. 6.

Seeke the Lord while he may be found, call up-
on him while he is neare.

Heb. 12. 17.

He found no place for repentance, though he
sought it with teares carefully.

Luke 12. 26.

Thou foole, this night thy soule shall be required
of thee.

Revel. 2. 21.

I gave her a space to repent, but she repented
not ; Behold therefore I will cast her, &c.

Greg. lib. Mor.

Seeke God whilst thou canst not see him,
for when thou seest him thou canst not find
him : seeke him by hope, and thou shalt find
him by faith ; In the day of grace he is in-
visible, but neare ; in the day of judgement
he is visible, but far off.

Ber. Ser. 24.

If we would not seeke God in vaine, let us seeke
him in truth, often, and constantly ; Let us
not seeke another thing in stead of him, nor
any other thing with him, nor for any other
thing, leaue him.

O My soule, thou hast sought *wealth*, and hast either not found it, or *cares* with it; thou hast sought for *pleasure*, and hast found it, but no *comfort* in it; Thou soughtest *honour* and hast found it, and perchance *fallen* with it: Thou soughtest *friendship*, and hast found it *false*; *society*, and hast found it *vaine*; And yet thy *God*, the fountaine of all *wealth*, *pleasure*, *honour*, *friendship*, and *society*, thou hast slighted as a toy not worth the finding. Be wise, my soule, and blush at thy owne *folly*. Set thy desires on the right *object*. Seeke *wisdom*, and thou shalt find knowledge, and *wealth*, and *honour*, and length of *dayes*: Seeke *heaven*, and *earth* shall seeke thee; and deferre not thy *Inquest*, lest thou lose thy *opportunity*: To day thou maist find him, whom to *morrow* thou mayst seeke with *teares*, and *misse*: Yesterday is too *late*, to *morrow* is *uncertaine*, to day is onely *thine*: I, but my soule, I feare me too long *delay* hath made *this day too late*; feare not my soule, he that has given thee his *Grace* to day will forget thy *neglect* of *yesterday*, seeke him therefore by true *repentance*, and thou shalt find him in thy *Prayer*.

O God, that like thy pretious Word art hid to none, but who are *lost*, and yet art *found* by all that *seek* thee with an upright heart, cast downe thy gracious eye upon a lost sheepe of *Israel*, strayed through the vanitie of his unbridled youth, and wandred in the wildernesse of his owne invention. Lord I have too much delighted in mine owne wayes, and have put the *evill* day too farre from me; I have wallowed in the pleasures of this deceitfull world, which perill in the using, and have neglected thee my God, at whose right hand are pleasures for evermore; I have drawne on iniquitie as with Cart-ropes, and have committed evill with greedinesse; I have quencht the motions of thy good spirit, and have delayed to seeke thee by true and unfeigned repentance: In stead of seeking thee whom I have lost, I have withdrawne my selfe from thy presence when thou hast sought me. It were but justice therefore in thee to stop thine eares at my petitions, or turne my Prayers as sinne into my bosome; But Lord, thou art a gracious God and full of pity, and unwearied compassion, and thy loving kindnesse is from generation to generation: Lord in not seeking thee I have utterly lost my selfe, and if thou find me not I am lost for ever, and if thou find me, thou canst not but finde me in my finnes, and then thou find'st me to my

my owne *destruction*. How miserable O Lord is my condition ! How necessary is my confusion ! that have neglected to *seek* thee, and therefore am afraid to be found of thee. But Lord if thou looke upon the all-sufficient *merits* of thy Sonne, thy *justice* will be no loser in shewing *mercy* upon a sinner : In his *name* therefore I present my selfe before thee ; in his *merits* I make my humble approach unto thee ; in his *name* I offer up my feeble Prayers ; for his *merits* grant me my petitions. Call not to mind the *rebellions* of my flesh, and remember not O God the *vanities* of my youth : Inflame my heart with the love of thy presence, and relish my meditations with the *pleasure* of thy sweetnesse. Let not the consideration of thy *justice* overwhelm me in *despaire*, nor the meditation of thy *mercy* perswade mee to *presume*. Sanctifie my *will* by the wisdom of thy Spirit, that I may *desire* thee as the chiefest good. Quick-
 ken my *desires* with a fervent zeale, that I may *seek* my Creator in the dayes of my youth : Teach me to *seek* thee according to thy *will*, and then be found according to thy *promise*, that *living* in mee here by thy *grace*, I may hereafter *raigne* with thee in *glory*.

The Hypocrites Prevarication.

THere is no such stufte to make a *cloak* on as *Religion* : nothing so fashionable, nothing so profitable ; it is a *Livery*, wherein a wise man may serve two masters, *God* and the *world*, and make a gainfull service by either : I serve both, and in both, my *selfe*, in *prevaricating* with both. Before man none serves his *God* with more severe devotion, for which among the best of men I work my own *ends*, and serve my *selfe*. In *private* I serve the *world*, not with so strict devotion, but with more *delight*, where fulfilling of her servants *lusts* I work my end, and serve my *selfe* : The house of *Prayer* who more frequents then I ? In all *Christian duties* who more forward then I ? I *fast* with those that *fast*, that I may *eate* with those that *eate* : I *mourne* with those that *mourne* : No hand more open to the *cause* then mine, and in their families none *prayer* longer and with louder *zeale* : Thus when the *opinion* of a *holy life* hath cryed the *goodnesse* of my *Conscience* up, my *trade* can lack no *custome*, my *wares* can want no *price*, my *words* can need no *credit*, my *actions* can lack no *praise* : If I am *covetous*, it is interpreted *providence* ; if *miserable*, it is counted *temperance* ; if *melancholly*, it is construed *godly sorrow* ; if *merry*, it is voted *spirituall joy* ; if I be *rich*, tis thought the *blessing* of a *godly life* ; if *poor*, suppoled the

the fruit of *conscionable dealing*; if I be well spoken of, it is the merit of *holy conversation*; if ill, it is the *malice of Malignants*; thus I saile with every winde, and have my end in all conditions. This *Cloake* in *Summer* keepes mee coole, in *winter* warme, and hides my nasty Bag of all my *secret lusts*: Under this *Cloake* I walke in *publique*, *fairely*, with *applause*, and in *private* sinne *securely* without offence, and officiate *wisely* without *discovery*; I compassie Sea and Land to make a *Proselyte*, and no sooner made, but he makes me. At a *Fast* I cry *Geneva*, and at a *Feast* I cry *Rome*. If I be poore, I *counterfeit abundance* to save my credit; if Rich, I *dissemble Poverty* to save charges. I most frequent *Schismaticall Lectures*, which I find most *profitable*, from whence learning to divulge and maintaine *new doctrines*, they maintaine me in *suppers* thrice a weeke; I use the helpe of a *lie*, sometimes as a *Religious Stratagem* to uphold the *Gospel*, and I colour *oppression* with *Gods judgements* executed upon the *wicked*. *Charity* I hold an extraordinary duty, therefore not *ordinarily* to be performed. What I *openly reprove abroad* for my own profit, that I *secretly do at home* for my own pleasure.

BUt stay, I see a hand writing in my heart damps my soule, 'tis charactered in these sad words,

Woe be to you Hypocrites, Matth. 23. 13.

Job

Job 10. 5.

The triumphing of the wicked is short, the joy of a hypocrite is but for a moment.

Job 15. 34.

The Congregation of the hypocrites shall be desolate.

Psal. 11. 9.

An hypocrite with his mouth destroyeth his neighbour, but through knowledge shall the just bee delivered.

Luke 12. 1.

Beware of the leaven of the Pharisees which is hypocrisie.

Job 36. 13.

The hypoerites in heart heape up wrath, they dye in their youth, and their life is amongst the uncleane.

Salvian. de Gubern. Dei. l. 4.

The hypocrites love not those things they profess, and what they pretend in words they disclaime in practise; their sinne is the more damnable, because ushered in with pretence of pietie, having the greater guilt because it obtaines a godly repute.

Hieron. Ep.

Endeavour rather to be, than to be thought holy: for what profits it thee to bee thought to be what thou art not? and that man doubles his guilt, who is not so holy as the world thinks him, and counterfeits that holinesse which he hath not.

How

HOW like a living *Sepulcher* did I appear ! without, beautified with *Gold* and rich *invention* ; within, nothing but a loathed *corruption* : So long as this faire *Sepulcher* was clos'd, it pass'd for a curious Monument of the *Builders Art* , but being opened by these spirituall *Keyes*, 'tis nothing but a *Resceptacle* of offensive *putrefaction* : In what a *nasty dungeon* hast thou my soule, so long remain'd unstified ? How wert thou *wedded* to thy own *corruptions*, that could'st endure thy unsavory filthinesse ? The *world* hated me, because I *seemed* good ; *God* hated me, because I *only seemed* good : I had no *friend* but my self, and this friend was my bosome enemy. O my soule, is there *water* enough in *Jordan* to *cleanse* thee ? Hath *Gilead Balme* enough to *heale* thy *superannuated sores* ? I have sinned, I am convinced, I am convicted : *Gods Mercy* is above *Dimensions* , when sinners have not sinn'd beyond *Repentance* : Art thou my soule truly *penitent* for thy sinne ? Thou hast free *Interest* in his *mercy* : fall then my soule before his *Mercy-seate*, and he will crown thy *Penitence* with his *pardon*.

His

O God before the brightnesse of whose All-discerning eye the *secrets* of my heart appeare, before whose cleare *omniscience* the very *entralls* of my soule lie open, who art a God of righteousness, and truth, and lovest uprightnesse in the inward parts: How can I choose but feare to thrust into thy glorious presence, or move my sinfull lips to call upon that Name which I so often have dishonored, and made a *Cloake* to hide the basenesse of my *close* transgressions? Lord, when I looke into the progresse of my filthy life, my guilty conscience calls me to so strict account, and reflects to me so large an Inventory of my *presumptuous finnes*, that I comit a greater sinne in thinking them more infinite then thy mercy. But Lord thy *mercies* have no date, nor is thy *goodnesse* circumscribed. The gates of thy compassion are alwayes open to a *broken heart*, and promise entertainment to a *contrite spirit*; the burthen of my *sinnes* is grievous, and the remembrance of my *hypocrisie* is intolerable; I have *sinned* against thy Majesty with a *high hand*, but I *repent* me from the bottome of an *umble heart*: As thou hast therefore given me *sorrow* for my *sinnes*, so crowne that gift in the freenesse of *Remission*. Be fully *reconcil'd* to me, through the All-sufficient *merits* of thy Sonne my Saviour, and seale in my afflicted heart the full assurance of thy gracious *favour*. Be thou exalted O God,

God above the Heavens, and let me praise thee with a *single* heart ; cleanse thou my inward parts O God, and purifie the closet of my polluted soule. *Fix* thou my heart O thou searcher of all secrets, and keepe my *affections* wholly to thee. Remove from me all *by* and base *respects* that I may serve thee with an *upright* spirit. Take not the word of *truth* out of my mouth, nor give me over to *deceitfull* lips. Give me an *inward* reverence of thy Majesty, that I might *openly* confesse thee in the truth of my *sincerity*. Be thou the onely *object*, and end of all my actions, and let thy *honour* be my great reward : Let not the *hopes* of filthy lucre, or the *praise* of men incline me to thee, neither let the *pleasure* of the world nor the *fear*es of any losse entice me from thee. Keepe from me those *judgements* my *hypocrisis* hath deserved, and strengthen my resolution to abhorre my former life : Give me strength O God to serve thee with a *perfect* heart in the *newnesse* of life, that I may be delivered from the *old man*, and the snares of *death*. Then shall I praise thee with my *entire* *affections*, and glorifie thy name for ever and ever.

The Ignorant mans faltering.

YOU tell me, and you tell me that I must be a good man, and serve God, and doe his will; and so I doe, for ought I know. I am sure I am as good as God has made me, and I can make my selfe no better, so I cannot; And as for serving God, I am sure I goe to Church as well as the best in the Parish, though I be not so fine; and I make no question, if I had better cloathes, but I should doe God as much credit as another man, though I say it; And as for doing Gods will, I beshrew me, I leave that to them that are booke-learn'd, and can doe it more wisely: I believe the Vicar of our Parish can doe it, and has done it too, as well as any within five miles of his head, and what need I trouble my selfe to doe what is so well done already? I hope he being so good a Church-man, and so great a Schollard, and can speake Latine too, would not leave that to so simple a man as I. It is enough for me to know, that God is a good man; and that the ten Commandements are the best prayers in all the book, unlesse it be the Creede; And that I must love my Neighbour as well as he loves me, and for all other Quilicoms, they shall never trouble my braines, an grace a God. Let me goe a Sundayes and serve God, obey the King, (God blesse him) doe no man no wrong, say the Lords Prayer every morning and evening; follow my worke, give a Noble

to the poore at my death, and then say *Lord have mercy upon me*, and goe away like a *Lambe*, I make no question but I shall deserve *heaven* as well as he that weares a *gayr coate*: But yet I am not so ignorant neither, nor have not gone so often to *Church*, but I know *Christ* died for me too, as well as for any other man: I'de be sorry else; and that, next to our *Vicar*, I shall goe to *heaven* when I am dead as soon as another; nay more, I know there be two *Sacraments*, *bread* and *wine*, and but two, (though the *Papists* say there be six or seven) and that I verily believe I shall be saved by those *Sacraments*; and that I love God above all, or else 'twere pittie of my life; and that when I am dead and rotten, (as our *Vicar* told me) I shall rise againe, and be the same man I was. But for that, he must excuse me, till I have better *satisfaction*; for all his learning, he cannot make me such a foole, unlesse he shew me a better reason for't, then yet he has done.

BUT one thing he told me, now I think on't, troubles me woundly, namely, that God is my *Master*, all which I confesse; and that I must do his *will* (whether I know how to doe it or not) or else it will goe ill with me; He read it (he said) out of Gods *Bible*, and I shall remember the words so long as I have a day to live, which are these,

He that knoweth not his masters will, and doth things worthy of stripes, shall be beaten with few stripes, Luk 12.48.

I Cor. 14. 20.

Brethren bee not children in understanding, howbeit in malice be ye children, but in understanding be men.

I Cor. 15. 34.

Awake to righteousness and sinne not, for some have not the knowledge of God, I speake it to your shame.

Ephes. 4. 18.

Walke not in the vanitie of your minds, having the understanding darkned, being alienated from the life of God, through the Ignorance which is in you, because of the blindness of your hearts.

Levit. 5. 17.

And if a soule sin and commit any of these things which are forbidden to be done by the cōmandments of the Lord, though he wist it not, yet he is guilty, and shall beare his iniquitie.

Greg. Mag. Moral.

It is good to know much, and to live well; but if we cannot attaine both, it is better to desire piety then wisdom; for knowledge makes no man happy, nor doth blessednes consist in intellectuals. The onely brave thing is a religious life.

Iust. Mart. resp. ad orthod.

To sin against knowledge is so much the greater offence then an ignorant trespasse, by how much the crime which is capable of no excuse, is more hainous then the fault which admits a tolerable plea.

How

HOW well it had been for thee O my soule, if I had *bookelarned*; Alas I cannot *reade*, and what I heare, I cannot *understand*; I cannot *profit* as I *should*, and therefore cannot be as *good* as I *would*, for which I am right sorry: That I cannot *serve* as well as my betters, hath been often a great griefe to me, and that I have been so *ingrant* in good things, hath been a great heart-breaking to me: I can say no prayers for want of knowledge to *reade*, but *Our Father*, and the *Credo*: But the comfort is, God knowes my heart, but I trust in God, *Our Father*, being made, by Christ himselfe, will be enough for me that know not how to make a better. I indeavour to doe all our *Vicar* bids me, and when I receive the *Communion* I trueely forgive all the world for a *fortnight* after or such a matter, but then some old *injury* makes me *forget* my selfe, but I cannot helpe it, an my life should lie ont. O my ingrant soule, what shall I do to be saved? All that I can say is, *Lord have mercy upon me*, and all that I can doe is but to doe my good will, and that Ile doe with all my heart, and say my *Prayers* too as well as God will give me leave, an grace a God.

O God the Father of Heaven have mercy upon me miserable sinner ; I am as I must needs confesse a sinfull man , as my forefathers were before me ; I have heard many Sermons , and have had many good lessons from the mouths of painefull Ministers , but through the *dulnesse* of my *understanding*, and for *want* of *learning* I have have not profited so much as else I should have done ; spare me therefore O God, spare me whom thou hast redeemed with thy pretious blood , and be not angry for ever ; I must confesse the *painefulnesse* of my *calling*, and the *beavinessse* of my own nature hath taken from me the delight of *bearing* thy word, and the ignorance of learning which I was never brought up to, hath kept me from *reading* it, that insomuch, in stead of growing better, I feare I have growne worse and worse, and have been so far from *doing* thy *will*, that I doe not *understand* what thy *will* is , very well. But thou O mercifull God that didst reveale thy selfe to poore *Shepheards* and *Fishermen* that had no more learning then I, have mercy upon me for Jesus Christ his sake. Thou that hast promised to instruct the *simple*, and to leade the *ignorant* into thy way, be good and mercifull to me I beseech thee ; Thou that drawest the *needy* out of the dust , and the poore out of the dunghill , give me the *knowledge* of thy *will*, and teach me how to *serve* thee ; Take from me the *drowzinessse*

ness of my heart, open mine eyes that I may see the truth, and mine eares that I may understand thy Word, and strengthen my memory that I may lay it up in my heart, and show it in my life and vocation to thy glory and my comfort, and the comfort of my friends. Lord write thy will in my heart, that when I know it I may doe it willingly. O teach me what thy pleasure is, that I may doe my best to performe it; Give me faith to lay hold of Christ Jesus, who died for me, that after I am dead I may rise againe and live with him: Give me a good heart that I may deale honestly with all men, and doe as I would be done to. Bless me in my calling, and prosper the labour of my hands, that I may have enough to feede me and cloath me, and to give to the poore: Mend all that is amisse in me, and expect from me according to the measure thou hast given me. Forgive me all my sinnes, and make me willing to please thee, that living a good life, I may make a gracious death, and so at last I may come to Heaven and live for ever, for Jesus Christ his sake, *Amen.*

The sloathfull mans slumber.

O What a world of *Curses* the eating of the *forbidden fruit* hath brought upon mankind! and unavoidably entail'd upon the sonnes of men! Among all which no one appears to me more terrible and full of sorrow, and bewraying greater wrath, than that insufferable, that horrible punishment of *labour*, and to purchase Bread with so extreme a price as *sweat*: But O what happe, what happinesse have they whose *dying Paycents* have procured a *quiet* fortune for their unmolested *Children*, and conveigh'd descended *Rents* to their succeeding heires, whose *ease* and contented lives may sit and suck the sweetnesse of their *cumberlesse estates*, and with their folded hands enjoy the *delicates* of this toylsome world! How blessed, how delicious are those *ease* morsells, that can find the way to my soft palat, and then attend upon the wanton leasure of my *silken slumbers*, without the *painefull practice* of my bosome folded *hands*, or *sad contrivement* of my studious and *contracted Browes*! Why should I tire my tender youth, and torture out my groaning dayes in *toyle* and *travell*? and discompose the happy peace of my harmonious thoughts with *painefull grinding* in the common *mill* of dull mortalitie? Why should I rob my craving eyelids of their delightfull *Rest*, to cark and

D

care

care, and purvey for that *Bread* which every work-abhorring *vagabond* can finde of *Almes* at every good mans doore? Why should I leave the warme protection of my care-beguiling *Doune*, to play the droyling drudge for daily food, when the young empty *Ravens* (that have no hands to worke, nor providence, but heaven) can call and be supplied? The pale-fac'd *Lilly* and the blushing *Rose*, neither spinnes nor sowes, yet princely *Solomon* was never robed with so much glory; And shall I then afflict my body, and beslave my heaven-borne soule to purchase *Rags* to cloathe my nakednesse? Is my condition worse than *Sheepe*, ordain'd for slaughter, that crop the springing *Grasse*, cloath'd warme in soft *Arrayment*, purchas'd without their Providence or paines? Or shall the pamper'd *Beast* that shines with fatnesse, and grows wanton through his carefull *Grooms* indulgence, find better measure at the worlds too partiall hands than I? Come, come, let those take paines that love to leave their names enroll'd in memorable monuments of *Parbment*; The day has griefe enough without my helpe; and let *To morrowes* shouldres beare to morrows burthens.

But stay my soule, O stay thy rash resolves, take heed whilst thou avoyd the punishment of sinne, *labour*, thou meet not the reward of idlenesse, a judgement;

The idle soule shall suffer hunger, Prov. 19.
 15. Eccles.

Eccles. 10. 18.

By much slothfulnesse the building decayeth,
and through idlenesse of the hands, the house
droppeth thorough.

Exod. 16. 49.

Behold, this was the iniquitie of thy sister So-
dom, pride, fulnesse of Bread, and abun-
dance of idlenesse was in her, and in her
daughters, neither did shee strengthen the
handes of the poore and needy.

Prov. 6. 6, 7, 8.

Goe to the Pismire O sluggard, behold her
wayes, and be wise :
For shee having no guide, governour, nor ruler,
prepareth her meat in Summer, and gathereth
her food in harvest.

Nilus in Parænes.

Idlenesse is the wombe or fountaine of all wick-
ednesse : for it consumes and wastes the ri-
ches and vertues which wee have already,
and disfinables us to get those wee have not.

Nilus in Paræn.

Woe be to the idle soule, for he shall hunger af-
ter that which his riot consumed.

HOW presumptuously hast thou my soule, transgressed the expresse Commandement of thy God! How hast thou dasht thy selfe against his judgements! How hath thy undeserving hand usurpt the *dier*, and wearest on thy back the *wages* of the painefull soule! Art thou not condemned to *Rags*, to *Famine*, by him whose Law commanded thee to *labour*? And yet thou pamper'st up thy sides with *stollen food*, and yet thou deck'st thy wanton body with *un-earn'd ornaments*; whiles they that spend their daily strength in their commanded *callings* (whose labour gives them interest in them) want *Bread* to feed, and *Rags* to cloathe them. Thou art no young *Raven* my soule, no *Lilly*: Where *abilitie* to *labour* is, there *Providence* meets *action*, and crownes it: Hee that forbid's to *cark* for *to morrow*, denies *Bread* to the *Idlenesse* of *to day*. Consider O my soule thy owne *delinquency*, and let *employment* make thee capable of thy Gods *protection*. The Bird that *sits* is a faire mark for the Fowler, while they that use the *wing* escape the danger. Follow thy *calling*, and heaven will follow thee with his *Blessing*: What thou hast formerly *omitted*, present repentance may *redeeme*, and what *judgements* God hath threatned, carely *Petitions* may avert.

Most great and most glorious God,
who for the sinne of our first parents
hast condemned our fraile bodies to the
punishment of *labour*, and hast comman-
ded every one a *Calling* and a *Trade* of life,
that hatest *idlenesse* as the *root* of *evill*, and
threatnest *poverty* to the *slothfull hand*; I
thy poore suppliant convicted by thy judge-
ments, and conscious of my own trans-
gression, flie from my selfe to Thee, and
humbly appeale from the high *Tribunall* of
thy *Justice*, and seeke for refuge in the
Sanctuary of thy *Mercy*: Lord, I have led a
life displeasing to thee, and have been a
scandall to my profession; have slighted
those *Blessings* which thy goodnesse hath
promised to a *conscionable calling*, and have
swallowed downe the Bread of *idlenesse*; I
have *impaired* the *Talent* thou gavest me, and
have lost the opportunity of *doing* much
good; I have filled my heart with *idle ima-*
ginations, and have layd my selfe open
to the *lusts* of the flesh: I have abused thy
favours in the *misexpending* of my pretious
time, and have taken no delight in thy
Sabbaths; I have doted too much on the
pleasures of this World, and like a *Droane*
have fed upon the *bony* of *Bees*. If thou O
God shouldst be extreme to search my
wayes with too severe an eye, thou couldst
not choose but whet thy indignation, and
powre the vials of thy wrath upon me;
looke therefore not upon my *sinnes*, O

Lord, but through the *merits* of my Saviour, who hath made a full *satisfaction* for all my sinnes : What through my *weaknesse* I have fail'd to doe, the *fulnesse* of his *sufferings* hath most exactly done : In Him O God in whom thou art well pleased, and for his sake, be gracious to my sinne ; Alter my heart, and make it willing to please thee, that in my life I may adorne my profession. Give me a care and a conscience in my *calling*, and grant thy blessing to the lawfull *labours* of my hand ; Let the fidelity of my vocation *improve* my *Talent*, that I may enter into my Masters joy. Rouze up the *dulnesse* and deadnesse of my heart, and quench those *flames* of lust within me. Assist me O God in the *Redemption* of my *time*, and deliver my soule from the evilnesse of my dayes. Let thy *providence* accompany my moderate *endeavours*, and let all my *employments* depend upon thy *providence*, that when the *labours* of this sinfull *world* shall cease, I may feele and enjoy the benefit of a good conscience, and obtaine the *rest* of new Jerusalem in the *Eternity* of glory.

The Proud man's Ostentation.

I'Le make him fee the weight of my displeasure, and teach him to repent his saucy boldnesse: How dare his basenesse once presume to breathe so neare my person, much more to take my name into his dunghill mouth? me thinks the lustre of my sparkling eye might have had the power to astonish him into good manners, and sent him back to cast his mind into a faire *Petition*, humbly presented with his trembling hand. But thus to presse into my presence, to presse so neare my face, and then to speake, and speake to me, as if I were his equall, is more than sufferable: The way to be contemn'd is to digest contempt; but he that would be honour'd by the vulgar sort must wisely keepe a distance. A countenance that's reserv'd breeds fear and observation: but affabilitie, and too easie an accessse makes fooles too bold, and reputation Cheape. What price I set upon my owne deserts, instructs opinion how to prize me. That which base ignorance miscalls thy pride, is but a conscious knowledge of thy merits. Dejected soules, craven'd with their owne distrusts, are the worlds Foot-balls to be kickt and spurnd, but brave and true heroick spirits, that know the strength of their owne worth, shall baffold basenesse, and presumption into a Reverentiall silence, and spite of envy flourish in an honorable repute. Come

then my soule, advance thy *noble*, thy sublimier *thoughts*, and prize thy selfe according to those *parts*, which all may wonder at, few imitate, but none can equall: Let not the insolent *affronts* of vassals interrupt thy *Peace*, nor seeme one scruple *lesse* than what thou art: Be thou thy self, *Respect* thy self, receive thou *honour* from thy selfe; Rejoyce thy selfe in thy self, and prize thy selfe for thy self; Like *Cæsar* admit no equall, and like *Pompey*, acknowledge no superior. Be covetous of thine own *honour*, and hold anothers *glory* as thy *injury*. Renounce *humility* as an *Heretic* in reputation, and *meeknesse* as the worst *disease* of a true-bred noble spirit; Disparage *worth* in all but in thy selfe, and make anothers infamy a *foyl* to magnifie thy glory. Let such as have no reason to be proud, be *humbled* of necessity, and let them that have no parts to *value*, be *despondent*. But as for thee, thy *Cards* are good, and having skill enough to play thy hopefull *Game*, *vie* boldly, conquer and triumph.

BUt stay my soule, the *Trump* is yet unturn'd, boast not too soon, nor call it a faire day till night, the turning of a hand may make such *alterations* in thy flattering fortunes, that all thy *glorious expectations* may chance to end in *losse*, and unsuspected *ruine*. That God which thrust that *Babylonian* Prince from his *Imperiall Throne*, to graze with beasts, hath said,

The Lord will destroy the house of the proud,
 Prov. 15. 25. Prov.

Prov. 11.2.

*When pride cometh, then cometh shame, but
with the lowly is wisdom.*

Jer. 11.15.

*Hearc ye, and give care, and be not proud, for
the Lord hath spoken.*

Esay 2.12.

*The day of the Lord of Hosts shall be upon every
one that is proud and lofty, and upon every one
that is lifted up, and he shall be brought low.*

Prov. 16 5.

*Every one that is proud in heart is abomination
to the Lord.*

James 4.6.

*God rejecteth the proud, and giveth grace to the
umble.*

Isidor. Hispal.

*Pride made Satan fall from the highest heaven;
therefore they that pride themselves in their
virtues, imitate the Devill; and fall more
dangerously; because they aspire and climbe to
the highest pitch, from whence is the greatest
fall.*

Greg. Mor.

*Pride growes stronger in the root whilst it
braves it self with presumptuous advances, yet
the higher it climbs the lower it falls: for he
that heightens himself by his own pride, is
alwayes destroyed by the judgement of God.*

HOW wert thou *misted* O my soule !
 How were thine eyes *blinded* with the
corruption of thine own *heart* ! When I be-
 held my selfe by my own *light*, I seem'd a
glorious thing ; My *sunne* knew no *eclipse*,
 and all my *imperfections* were *gilded* over
 with *vaine-glory* : But now the *day-spring*
 from above hath *shin'd* upon my heart, and
 the *diviner light* hath driven away those
foggy mists, I finde my selfe another thing :
 My *Diamonds* are all turn'd *Pebbles*, and
 my *glory* is turn'd to *shame*. O my deceived
 soule, how great a *darknesse* was thy *light* ?
 The thing that seem'd so *glorious*, and
 sparkled in the *night*, by *day* appeares but
rotten wood ; and that bright *Glow-worme*,
 that in *darkenesse* outshined the *Chrysolite*,
 is by this new-found light no better than a
crawling worme. How inseparable O my
 soule is *pride* and *folly* ! which like *Hip-
 pocrates twinnes* still live and die together ?
 It blinds the eye, befooles the judgement,
 knowes no *superiours*, hates *equals*, dis-
 daines *inferiours* ; the wise mans *scorne*, and
 the fooles *Idol* ; Renounce it O my soule,
 lest thy God renounce thee ; He that hath
 threatned to resist the *proud*, hath promised
 to give *Grace* to the *humble*, and what
 true *Repentance* speaks, free *mercy* heares and
 crownes.

His

O God the fountaine of all true *Glory*, and the giver of all free *grace*, whose Name is onely *honourable*, and whose works are onely *glorious*, that shewest thy wayes to the *mecke*, and takest compassion upon an *humble* spirit, that hatest the presence of a *loftie* eye, and destroyest the *proud* in the imaginations of their hearts, vouchsafe, O Lord, thy gracious eare, and heare the sighing of a contrite heart. I know O God, the *qualitie* of my *sinne* can looke for nothing but the *extremitie* of thy *wrath*; I know, the *crookednesse* of my *condition* can expect nothing but the *Furnace* of thy *indignation*; I know, the *insolence* of my *corrupted nature* can hope for nothing but the execution of thy *judgements*: Yet Lord, I know withall, thou art a gracious God, of evill repenting thee, and slow to wrath; I know thy nature and propertie is to show compassion, apt to conceive, but readier to forgive; I know thou takest no pleasure in destruction of a sinner, but rather that he should repent and live: In confidence, and full assurance whereof I am here prostrate on my *bended knees*, and with an *humble heart*. Nor doe I presse into thy holy presence, trusting in my owne *merits*, lest thou shouldest deale with *me*, as I have dealt by *others*, but being encouraged by thy gracious invitation, and heavy laden with the burthen of my *sinnes*, I come to thee

O

O God who art the refuge of a wounded soule, and the Sanctuary of a broken spirit : Forgive, O God, forgive me, what is past recalling, and make me circumspect for the time to come ; Open mine eyes that I may see how *vaine* a thing I am, and how polluted from my very birth ; Give me an insight of my owne corruptions, that I may truly *know* and loath *my selfe*. Take from me all *vaine-glory*, and *selfe-love*, and make me carelesse of the *worlds applause*. Endue me with an *humble* heart, and take this *haughty* spirit from me ; Give me a true discovery of my owne *merits*, that I may truly feare and tremble at thy *judgements*. Let not the worlds contempt *deject* me, nor the disrespects of man *dismay* me. Take from me O God a *scornefull eye*, and curb my tongue that speakes *presumptuous* things. Plant in my heart a *brotherly* love, and cherish in me a *charitable* affection ; Possesse my soule with *patience* O God, and establish my heart in the *feare* of thy name, that being *bumbled* before thee in the *meeknesse* of my spirit, I may be *exalted* by thee through the *freeneesse* of thy *Grace*, and *crowned* with thee in the *kingdome* of *glory*.

The Covetous mans care.

BEELEEVE me, the *Times* are *hard* and dangerous; *Charity* is growne cold, and *friends* uncomfortable; an emptie *Purse* is full of sorrow, and hollow *Baggs* make a heavy heart. Poverty is a civill *Pestilence*, which frights away both friends and kindred, and leaves us to a *Lord have mercy upon us*. It is a *sicknesse* very catching and infectious, and more commonly *abhorred* than *cured*: The best *Antidote* against it is *Angelico*, and *Providence*, and the best *Cordiall* is *Anrum potabile*. Gold-taking fasting is an approved *soveraigne*. Debts are ill *humors*, and turne at last to dangerous *obstructions*: Lending is a meere *consumption* of the *radicall humour*, and if consumed, brings a patient to *nothing*. Let others trust to *Courtiers promises*, to friends *performances*, to *Princes favours*; Give me a *Toy* call'd *Gold*, give me a thing call'd *Money*. O blessed *Mammon*, how extremely sweet is thy all-commanding *presence* to my thriving soule! In banishment, thou art my deare *companion*; In captivity, thou art my pretious *ransome*; In trouble and vexation, thou art my daintie *rest*. In sicknesse thou art my *health*; in griefe, my onely *joy*; in all extremitie, my onely *trust*: *Vertue* must vaile to thee; Nay *Grace* it selfe

selfe not relisht with thy *sweetnesse* would
 even displease the righteous palates of the
 sonnes of men. Come then my soule, ad-
 vise, contrive, project; Goe, compasse
 Sea and Land; leave no *exploit* untryed,
 no *path* untrod, no *time* unspent; afford
 thine eyes no *sleepe*, thy head no *rest*; Neg-
 lect thy ravenous *belly*, uncloath thy *back*;
 deceive, betray, sweare and forswear to
 compasse such a *friend*: If thou be base in
 birth, 'twill make thee *honourable*; If weak
 in power, it will make thee *formidable*: Are
 thy friends few? 'Twill make them *nu-*
merous. Is thy cause bad? 'Twill gain
 thee *Advocates*. True, *wisdome* is an ex-
 cellent help, in case it *bend this way*; and
learning is a gentile Ornament, if not too
chargeable: yet by your leave, they are but
 estates for *terme of life*: But *everlasting*
 Gold, if well advantag'd, will not onely
 blesse thy *dayes*, but thy surviving *children*
 from generation to generation. Come,
 come, let others fill their braines with
 deare bought *wit*, turne their pence into
 expencefull *charitie*, and store their bosoms
 with unprofitable *pietie*; let them lose all
 to *save* their imaginary *consciencs*, and
 begger themselves at home, to be thought
 honest abroad; Fill thou thy *baggs* and *barnes*,
 and lay up for many yeers, and take thy rest.

But O my soule, what follows wounds
 my heart and strikes me on my knees.
 Thou foole, this night shall thy soule be required
 of thee. Luk. 12. 20.

Matth.

Matth. 6. 24.

Ye cannot serve God and Mammon.

Job 20. 15.

He hath swallowed downe Riches, and he shall vomit them up againe: God shall cast them out of his belly.

Prov. 15. 17.

He that is greedy of gaine troubles his own house, but he that hateth gifts shall live.

2 Pet. 2. 3.

Through covetousnesse they shall with feigned words make merchandize of you, whose judgement now of a long time lingreth not, and whose damnation slumbreth not.

Nilus in Parænes.

Woe to the covetous, for his Riches forsake him, and hell fire takes him.

S. August.

O thou covetous man, why dost thou treasure up such hidden mischiefe? why dost thou dote on the Image of the King stamped on coyne, and hatest the Image of God that shines in men?

August.

The Riches which thou treasurest up are lost, those thou charitably bestowest are truly thine.

What

VWhat think'st thou now my soule ?
 If the *judgement* of *bely men* may
 not *informe* thee, let the *judgements* of thy
 angry God *enforce* thee : Weigh thy owne
carnall affections with the *sacred Oracles*
 of Heaven, and light and darknesse are
 not more contrary. What thou *approvest*,
 thy God *condemnes* ; What thou *desirest*,
 thy God *forbids* : Now my soule, if *Mam-*
mon be God, follow him, if God be God,
 adhere to him ; *Thou canst not serve God and*
Mammon. If thy conscience feeles the
hooke, nibble no longer. Many sinnes
 leave thee in the *way*, this followes thee to
 thy *lives end* ; the *Roote* of evill, the *Canker*
 of all goodnesse : It *blinds* Justice, *poysons*
 Charity, *strangels* Conscience, *beslaves*
 the Affections, *betrayes* Friendship, *breakes*
 all relations. It is a *Roote* of the Devills
 own *planting* ; *Pluck* it up : Thinke not
 that a *pleasure* which God hath *tbreatned* ;
 nor that a *bleffing* which Heaven hath
curfed ; *Devoure* not that which thou or thy
 heyre must *vomit up* ; Be no longer pos-
 selt with such a *Devill*, but *cast* him out ; and
 if he be too *strong*, *weaken* him by *Fasting*,
 and *exorcise* him by *Prayer*.

O God that art the *fulnesse* of all *Riches*, and *Magazeen* of all *treasure*, in the enjoyment of whose favour the *smallest* morsell is a *rich inheritance*, and the *coardest* Pulse is a *large portion*; without whose blessing, the *greatest* plenty *enriches* not, and the *highest* diet *nourishes* not; how have I (an earthworm, and no man) fixt my whole heart upon this transitory world, and neglected thee the onely *desiderable* good! I blush O Lord to confesse the *basenesse* of my life, and am utterly asham'd of mine owne foolishnesse: I have placed my affections upon the nasty *Rubbish* of this world, and have slighted the *inestimable Pea le* of my salvation; I have wallow'd in the *mire* of my inordinate desires, and refused to be washt in the *streames* of thy compassion; I have put my confidence in the *faithfulnesse* of my servant, and have doubted the *providence* of thee my gracious Father; I have served unrighteous Mammon with greedinesse, and have preferred drosse and dung before the Pearly gates of New Jerusalem. Thou hast promised to be all in all to those that feare thee, and not to faile the soule that trusts in thee; but I refused thy gracious offer, and put my confidence in the vanity of the Creature: But gracious God to whom Repentance never comes unseasonable, that
find'st

find'st an eare when finnes finde a tongue,
regard the contrition of a bleeding heart,
and withdraw not thy mercy from a pen-
sive soule. Give me new thoughts O God,
and with thy holy Spirit new mould my
desires: Informe my will, and sanctifie
my affections, that they may relish thy
sweetnesse with a full delight. Create in
me O God a spirituall sense, that I may
take pleasure in things that are above.
Give me a *contented thankfulnessse* for what
I have, that I may neither in *poverty* for-
sake thee, nor in *plenty* forget thee; Arme
me with a continuall *patience*, that I may
cheerfully put my trust in thy *providence*.
Moderate my care for momentary things,
that I may use the world as if I used it not.
Let not the losse of any earthly good too
much deject me, lest I should sinne with
my lippes and charge thee foolishly. Give
me a *charitable* hand O God, and fill my
heart with *brotherly compassion*, that I may
cheerfully exchange the *corruptible treasure*
of this world into the *incorruptible Riches*
of the world to come, and proving a faith-
full steward in thy spirituall hould, I
may give up my account with joy, and be
made partaker of thy eternall joy in the
Kingdom of thy glory.

The

The Self-lovers Self-frand.

GOD hath required my *heart*, and he shal have it : God hath commanded truth in the *inward parts*, and he shall be obeyed : My *soule* shall praise the Lord , and all that is within me, and I will serve him in the *strength* of my desires. And in *common cases* the *tongues profession* of his name is no lesse than necessary : But when it lies upon a *life* , upon the saving of a *livelibood*, upon the flat undoing of a *Reputation*, the case is altered : My *life* is deare, my faire *possessions* pretious, and my *Reputation* is the very Apple of mine eye. To save so great a *stake* , me thinks *equivocation* is but *veniall*, if a *sinne*. If the true loyalty of mine heart stands sound to my *Religion* and my *God* , my well-informed *Conscience* tels me that in such *extremities* my frightened *tongue* may take the priviledge of a *Salvo* or a *mensall reservation* , if not in the expression of a faire *compliance*. What ? shall the reall *breach* of a holy *Sabbath*, dedicated to Gods highest glory be tollerated for the welfare of an *Oxe* ? May that breach be set upon the score of *mercy* , and commended above *sacrifice* for the safeguard of an *Ass* ? And may I not dispense with a bare *lippe-deniall* of my urg'd *Religion* for the necessary *preservation* of the threatned *life* of a man ? for the saving of the whole *livelibood* and subsistence of a *Christian* ?

What ?

What ? shall I perish for the want of food, and die a *Martyr* to that foolish conscience which forbids me to rub the eares of a little standing *Corne* ? *Jacob* could purchase his sick Fathers blessing with a downe-right *lye*, and may I not *dissemble* for a life ? The young mans great *possessions* taught his timorous tongue to shrink from and decline his hearts *profession*, and who could blame him ? Come, if thou freely give thy *house*, canst thou in conscience be denied a *hiding-roome* for thy protection ? The Syrian *Captaine* (he whose heart was fixt on his now firme-resolv'd, and true devotion) reserv'd the house of *Rimmon* for his necessary attendance, and yet went in *peace*. *Peter* (upon the rock of whose confession the Church was grounded) to save his *liberty*, with a false, nay with a perjur'd tongue ; nay more, at such a time when as the *Lord of life* (in whose behalfe he drew his Sword) was question'd for his innocent life, *denied* his *Master* ; and shall I be so great an unthrif of my blood, my life, to lose it for a meere *lip-deniall* of that *Religion* which now is settled and needs no blood to seale it ?

But stay ! my *Conscience* checks me, there's a *judgement* thunders ; Harke ;

He that denies me before men, him will I deny before my Father which is in Heaven, Matth. 10. 33.

2 Tim. 3. 1, 2.

Know that in the latter dayes perillous times
shall come:

For men shall be lovers of their own selves.

Esay 45. 23.

I have sworne by my selfe, the word is gone out
of my mouth in Righteousnesse, and shall not
return, that unto me every knee shall bow, and
every tongue shall sweare.

Rom. 10. 10.

With the heart man believeth unto Righteous-
nesse, and with the mouth confession is made to
salvation.

Luke 9. 26.

Whosoever shall be ashamed of me and my
words, of him shall the Son of man be ashamed,
when he shall come in Glory.

August.

The love of God and the world are two different things: if the love of this world dwell in thee, the love of God forsakes thee; renounce that, and receive this, it's fit the more nobler love should have the best place and acceptance.

Theoph.

It is not enough onely to believe with the heart,
for God will have us confess with our mouth;
every one that confesses that Christ is God,
shall find Christ professing to the Father that
that man is a faithfull servant; but those that
deny Christ shall receive (that fearfull doome
Nescio vos) I know you not.

My

MY soule, in such a time as this when the civill *Sword* is warme with *slaughter*, and the wasting *kingdome* welters in her *blond*, wouldst thou not give thy *life* to ransom her from *raine*? Is not the God of Heaven and Earth worth many *Kingdomes*? Is thy *welfare* more considerable than his *glory*? dar' st thou *deny* him for thy own *ends*, that denied thee nothing for thy *good*? Is a poore clod of earth we call *Inheritance*, prizable with his *greatnesse*? Or a puffe of breath we call *life*, valuable with his *honour*, in comparison of whom the very *Angels* are impure? Blush O my soule at thy own guilt: He that accounted his *blood*, his *life* not worth the keeping to ransom thee a wretch, lost by thy own rebellion, deserves he not the abatement of a *lust*, to keepe him from a new *crucifying*? My soule, if Religion *bind* thee not, if judgements *terrifie* thee not, if naturall affection *incline* thee not, yet let common reason perswade thee to love him above a *trifle*, that loved thee above his *life*: And thou that hast so often denied him, *deny* thy selfe for ever, and he will *own* thee; repent, and hee'l pardon thee, pray to him, and he will hear thee.

His

O God, whose *glory* is the end of my creation, and whose free *mercy* is the cause of my redemption; that gavest thy Sonne, thy onely Sonne to die for me, who else had perished in the common deluge of thy wrath; What shall I render for so great a *mercy*? What thankfulness shall I returne for so infinite a *love*? Alas, the most that I can do is nothing, the best that I can present is worse than nothing, sinne: Lord, if I yeeld my body for a sacrifice, I offer nothing but a lumpe of filth, and loathsome putrification; or if I give my soule in contribution, I yeeld thee nothing but thy Image quite defaced and polluted with my lusts; or if I spend the strength of the whole man, and with both heart and tongue confesse and magnifie thy Name, how can the praises of my sinfull lips, that breathe from such a sink, be pleasing to thee? But Lord, since thou art pleased in thy well pleasing Sonne to accept the poverty of my weake endeavours, send downe thy holy Spirit into my heart, cleanse it from the filth of my corruptions, and make it fit to praise thee: Lord open thou my mouth, and my lips shall shew forth thy praise. Put a new song into my mouth, and I will praise thee and confesse thee all day long; I will not hide thy goodnesse in my mouth, but will be shewing forth thy truth, and thy salvation; Let thy prayes be my honour, and let thy goodnesse be the subject
of

of my undaunted Song. Let neither Reputation, Wealth, nor Life be pretious to me in comparifon with thee. Let not the world's derifion daunt me, nor examples of infirmity deject me: Give me courage and wifedome to ftand for thy honour ; O make me worthy, able and willing to fuffer for thy Name. Lord teach me to deny my felfe , and to refift the motions of my own corruptions. Create in me O God a fingle heart , that I may love the Lord Jefus in fincerity. Remember not O Lord the finnes of my feare, and pardon the hypocrifie of my felf-love. Wash me from the ftaines and guilt of this my hainous offence, and deliver me from this fearefull judgement thou haft threatned in thy Word. Convince all the Arguments of my unfanctified wit , whereby I have become an advocate to my finne. Grant that my life may adorne my profeflion , and make my tongue an inftrument of thy glory. Affift me O God that I may praife thy goodneffe, and declare thy wonders among the children of men. Strengthen my faith that it may truft Thee ; and let my works fo fhine, that men may praife thee : That my heart *believing* unto righteousneffe, and my tongue *confefling* to falvation, I may be acknowledg'd by thee here, and glorified by thee in the Kingdome of glory.

The Worldly mans Verdour.

FOr ought I see the case is even the same with him that *prayer*, and him that does *not pray*; with him that *swears*, and him that *seares an Oath*: I see no difference; if any; those that they call the *wicked* have the advantage; Their crops are even as *faire*, their flocks as *numerous* as theirs that weare the ground with their religious *knees*, and and fast their bodies to a *skelliton*; nay in the use of blessings (which onely makes them so) they farre exceed. They tearme me *Reprobate*, and stile me *unregenerate*: 'Tis true, I *eate* my labours with a jolly heart; *drinke* frolick cups, sweeten my paines with time-beguiling *sports*, make the best advantage of my own, *pray* when I thinke on't, *swear* when they urge me, heare Sermons at my *leasure*; follow the *lusts* of my own eyes, and take the *pleasure* of my own wayes; and yet, God be thanked, my Barnes are *furnisht*, my sheepe *stand sound*, my Cattle *strong* for labour, my pastures *Rich* and flourishing, my body *healthfull*, and my bags are *full*, whilst they that are so *pure*, and make such *conscience* of their wayes, that run to Sermons, *figge* to *Lectures*, *pray thrice* a day by the hower, hold *faith* and *troth* prophane, and drinking *bealths* a sin, doe often find *lean* harvests, *casie* flocks, and *empty* purses. Let them be godly that can live on *Ayre* and *Faith*; and eaten up by *Zea'e*, can whine

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them-

themselves into an *Hospitall*, or blesse their lips with charitable *scraps*. If godlinesse have this *reward*, to have short meales, for long *Prayers*; weake estates, for strong *faiths*; and good consciences upon such *bad conditions*, let them boast of their *pennyworths*, and let me be *wicked* still, and take my *chance* as falls. Let me have *judgement* to discover a *profitable Farme*, and *wit* to take it at an *ease* *Rent*, and *Gold* to stock it in a *liberal manner*, and *skill* to manage it to my *best advantage*, and *luck* to finde a *good encrease*, and *providence* to husband wisely what I *gaine*, I seeke no further, and I wish no more. Husbandry and Religion are two severall *occupations*, and looke two severall wayes, and he is the onely *wise* man can reconcile them.

But stay, my soule, I feare thy reckoning failes thee; If thou hast *judgement*, to *discover*; *wit*, to *bargaine*; *Gold*, to *employ*; *skill*, to *manage*; *providence*, to *dispose*; canst thou command the *Clouds* to *drop*? or if a wet season meet thy *Harvest*, and with open sluces overwhelm thy *bopes*, canst thou let down the *floodgates*, and stop the watry *Flux*? Canst thou command the *Sunne* to shine? Canst thou forbid the *Mildewes*, or controll the breath of the malignant *East*? Is not this Gods sole *Prerogative*? And hath not that God said,

When the workers of iniquity doe flourish, it is they that shall be destroyed for ever, Psal. 92.

Job 21. 7.

Wherefore doe the wicked live, become old, yet
are mightie in power ?

8. Their seed is established in their sight, and
their off-spring before their eyes.

9. Their houses are safe from feare, neither is
the wrath of God up on them.

10. Their Bull gendereth, and faileth not, their
Cow calveth, and casteth not her Calfe.

11. They send forth their little ones like a
flock, and their children daunce.

12. They take the Timbrell, and the Harp, and
rejoyce at the sound of the Organ:

13. They spend their dayes in wealib, and in a
moment they goe downe to the Grave.

Nil. in Parænes.

Woe be to him that pursues emptie and fading
pleasures : because in a short time he fats,
and pampers himselfe as a Calfe to the
slaughter.

Bernard.

There's no misery more true and real, than false
and counterfeit pleasure.

Hierom.

It's not onely difficult, but impossible, to have
heaven here and hereafter : To live in sen-
suall lusts, and to attaine spirituall blisse ;
to passe from one paradise to another, to be a
mirrour of felicitie in both worlds, to shine
with glorious rayes both in this globe of
earth, and the orbe of heaven.

HOW sweete a feast is , till the *reckoning* come ! A faire day ends often in a cold night , and the road that's pleasant ends in *Hell* : If worldly pleasures had the promise of *continuance* , prosperity were some comfort ; but in this necessary *vicissitude* of good and evill , the prolonging of adversity *sharpens* it. It is no common thing , my soule , to enjoy *two* Heavens : *Dives* found it in the *present* , *Lazarus* in the *future*. Hath thy encrease met with no *damage* ? thy reputation , with no *scandall* ? thy pleasure , with no *crosse* ? thy prosperity , with no *adversity* ? Presume not : Gods checks are *symptomes* of his *mercy* ; but his silence is the *Harbinger* of a judgement. Be circumspect , and provident my soule : Hast thou a faire *Summer* ? provide for a hard *Winter* : The worlds *River* ebbs alone ; it flowes not ; He that goes merrily with the *streame* , must *bale* up. Flatter thy selfe therefore no longer in thy *prosperous* sinne , O my deluded soule , but be truly sensible of thy own *presumption* ; Looke seriously into thy approaching danger , and humble thy selfe with true contrition : If thou procure *sowre Herbs* , God will provide his *Passcover*.

His

HOW weake is man O God, when thou forsakeſt him ! How fooliſh are his Counſels, when he plots without thee ! How wilde his progreſſe, when he wanders from thee ! How miſerable till he returne unto thee ! How his wit failes ! How his wiſdome falters ! How his wealth melts ! How his providence is befool'd ! and how his ſoul beſlav'd ! Thou ſtrik'ſt off the Chariot wheelles of his Inventions, and he is perplext ; Thou confoundeſt the *Babel* of his imaginations, and he is troubled ; Thou croſſeſt his deſignes that he may *fear* thee, and thou ſtop'ſt him in his wayes that he may *know* thee. How mercifull art thou O God, and in thy very judgements Lord how gracious ! Thou might'ſt have ſtruck me into the loweſt pit as eaſily as on theſe bended Knees, and yet been juſtified in my confuſion : But thou haſt threatned like a gentle Father, as loath to puniſh thy ungratious childe. Thou knoweſt the crooked thoughts of man are vaine, ſtill turning point to their contrivers ruin ; Thou ſaw'ſt me wandering in the maze of death, whiſt I with violence purſued my owne deſtruction : But thou haſt warn'd me by thy ſacred Word, and tooke mee off that I might live to praiſe thee. Thou art my confidence O God ; Thou art the Rock, the Rock of my ſalvation. Thy Word ſhall be my guide, for all thy

paths are Mercy and Truth : Lord when I looke upon my former worldlinesse, I utterly abhorre my conversation:strengthen me with thy assistance, that I may lead a new life ; make me more and more sensible of my own condition, and perfect thou the good worke thou hast begun in me. In all my designs be thou my Counsellour, that I may prosper in my undertakings. In all my actions be thou my guide, that I may keepe the path of thy Commandements. Let all my own devises come to nought, lest I presume upon the Arme of flesh ; let not my wealth encrease without thy blessing, lest I be fatted up against the day of slaughter ; Have thou a hand in all my just employments, then prosper thou the worke of my hands, O prosper thou my handy worke. That little I enjoy, confirme it to me, and make it mine, who have no interest in it till thou owne me as thy Child : Then shall my soule rejoyce in thy favours, and magnifie thy name for all thy mercies ; Then shall my lips proclame thy loving kindnesse, and sing thy praises for ever and for ever.

The Lascivious mans Heaven.

CAN flesh and blood be so unnaturall to forget the Lawes of *Nature* ? Can blowing youth immure it selfe within the Icy walls of Veltall *Chastity* ? Can *lusty* diet, and *mollicious* rest bring forth no other fruits, but *faint* desires, *rigid* thoughts, and *Pblegmatick* conceits ? Should we be *stocks* and *stones*, and (having active soules) turne altogether *passives* ? Must we turne *Ancho-rites* and spend our dayes in Caves and Hermitages, and smother up our pretious houres in *cloysterd* folly, and *recluse* devotion ? Can *Rosie cheekes*, can *Ruby lips*, can *snowy breasts*, and *sparkling eyes*, present their *beauties* and perfections to the sprightly view of *young* mortality, and must we stand like *Statues* without sense or motion ? Can strict Religion impose such *cruell* Taskes, and even *impossible* commands upon the raging thoughts of her unhappy votaries, as to withstand and contradict the instinct, & very principles of *Nature* ? Can faire-pre-tending piety be so barbarous to condemn us to the *flames* of our affections, and make us *Martyrs* to our own *desires* ? Is't not enough to conquer the rebellious *Actions* of imperious flesh, but must we manacle her hands, darken her eyes, nay worse, restraints the freedome of her very *thoughts* ? Can full *perfection* be expected here ? Or can our worke be *perfect* in this vale of

imperfection? This were a life for *Angels*, but a task too hard for fraile, for transitory *man*. Come, come, we are but *men*, but *flesh* and *blood*, and our borne *frailties* cannot grapple with such potent *tyranny*. What *nature* and *necessity* requires us to doe, is *veniall*, being done. Come, strive no more against so strong a *streame*, but take thy fill of *beauty*; solace thy wanton heart with *amorous* contemplations, cloathe all thy words with *courly Rhetorick*, and soften thy lips with *dialects* of love; *surfeit* thy selfe with pleasure, and *melt* thy passion into warme delights; Walke into Natures universall *Bower*, and pick what *flower* does most surprize thine eye; drink of all waters, but be *tied* to none. Spare neither cost nor paines, to compasse thy *desires*. Enjoy *varieties*; Em-paradise thy soule in *fresh* delights; The *change* of pleasure makes thy pleasure *double*. Ravish thy senses with perpetuall *choyce*, and glut thy soule with all the *delicates* of love.

But hold! There is a voyce that whispers in my troubled eare, a voyce that blanks my thoughts, and stops the course of my resolves; A voyce that chills the bosome of my soule, and fills me with amazement: Marke,

They which doe such things shall not inherit the Kingdome of God, Gal. 5. 21.

Exod.

Exod. 20. 14.

Thou shalt not commit Adultery.

Matth. 5. 28.

Whosoever lookes upon a woman to lust after her hath committed adultery with her already in his heart.

Rom. 13. 13.

Let us walk honestly as in the day, not in rioting; nor in drunkennesse, nor in chambering, nor in wantonnesse.

1 Pet. 2. 11.

Abstaine from fleshly lusts, which warre against the soule.

Nilus in Paræn.

Woe be to the fornicator and adulterer, for his garment is defiled and spotted, and the heavenly Bridegroome casts him out from his chaste nuptials.

A world of presumptuous and hainous offences doe arise and spring from the filthy fountaine of adulterous lust, whereby the gate of heaven is shut, and poore man excluded from God.

S. Gregor. Mor.

Hence the flesh lives in sensuall delights for a moment, but the immortall soule perisheib for ever.

Lust is a *Brand* of originall fire, rak'd
 up in the *Embers* of flesh and blood ;
 uncover'd by a naturall *inclination*, blowne
 by corrupt *communication*, quencht with
fasting and *humiliation* : It is rak'd up in the
best, uncovered in the *most*, and blowne in
thee O my lustfull soule. O turne thine
 eare from the *plcadings* of Nature, and make
 a *Covenant* with thine *eyes* : Let not the
 language of *Delilah* inchant thee, lest the
 hands of the *Philistians* surprize thee.
 Review thy *past pleasures*, with the *charge*
 and *paines* thou hadst to compasse them,
 and shew mee, where's thy *penny-worth* ?
 Foresee what *punishments* are prepar'd to
 meet thee, and tell mee, what's thy *pur-*
chase ? Thou hast barter'd away thy *God*
 for a *lust* ; sold thy *eternity* for a *trifle* ; If
 this bargain may be recall'd by *teares*,
 dissolve thee O my soule into a Spring of
waters ; If to be revers'd with *price*,
 reduce thy whole estate into a *Sack-cloth*,
 and an *Ash-tub*. Thou whose Liver hath
 scorch't in the *flames* of lust, humble thy
 heart in the *Ashes* of repentance : And as
 with *Esau* thou hast sold thy Birthright for
Broth, so with *Jacob* wrestle by Prayer till
 thou get a *blessing*.

O God, before whose face the Angels are *impure* ; before whose cleare omniscience all Actions *appeare*, to whom the very secrets of the hearts are open ; I here acknowledge to thy glory and my shame, the filthinesse and vile *impurity* of my Nature ; Lord, I was filthy in my very conception, and in filthinesse my mothers wombe enclosed mee, brought forth in filthinesse, and filthy in my very innocency, filthy in the motions of my flesh, and filthy in the apprehensions of my soule : my words all cloath'd with filthinesse, and in all my actions filthy and uncleane, in my inclination filthy, and in the whole course of my life nothing but a continued filthinesse. Wash me O God, and make me cleane, cleanse me from the filthinesse of my corruption ; Purge me O Lord with Hyssop and create a cleane heart within me : Correct the vagrant *motions* of my flesh, and quench the fiery darts of Satan ; Let not the Law of my corrupted members rule me ; O let *concupiscence* have no Dominion over me : Give me courage to fight against my *lusts*, and give my weaknesse strength to overcome ; make sharpe my Sword against this body of sinne, but most against my *Delilah*, my bosome sinner. Deliver me from the tyranny of temptation, or give me power to subdue it. Confine the liberty of my *wanton appetite*,

appetite, and give me temperance in a sober diet; Grant me a heart to strive with thee in Prayer, and hopefull patience to attend thy leisure; Keepe me from the habit of an *idle* life, and cloze mine eares against *corrupt* communication; Set thou a watch before my lips, that all my words may favour of sobrietie: Preserve me from the vanitie and pride of life, that I may walke blamelesse in my conversation; Protect me from the fellowship of the *uncleane*, and from all such as are of evill report. Let thy Grace O God be sufficient for me, to protect my soule from the buffetings of Satan; Make me industrious and diligent in my calling, lest the enemy get advantage over me: In all my temptations let me have recourse to thee. Be thou my refuge when I call upon thee; Forgive O God the finnes of my youth, O pardon the multitudes of my secret finnes; Encrease my hatred to my former life, and strengthen my resolution for the time future. Hearc me O God, and let the words of my mouth be alwayes acceptable to thee, O God my strength and my Redeemer.

The Sabbath-breakers profanation.

THe glittering *Prince* that sits upon his regall, and imperiall Throne, and the ignoble *Pesant* that sleeps within his sordid house of Thatch, are both alike to God ; An *Ivory* Temple and a Church of *Clay* are priz'd alike by him ; The flesh of *Bulls*, and the perfumes of *Mirrh* and *Cassia* smoake his Altars with an equall pleasure : And does he make such difference of *dayes* ? Is he that was so weary of the *New-Moones*, so taken with the *Sunne* to tie his Sabbath to that onely day ? The *tenth* in tithes is any one in *tenne*, and why the *seventh* day not any one in *seaven* ? We sanctifie the day, the day not us : But are we *Jewes* ? Are we still bound to keep a *legall* Sabbath in the strictnesse of the Letter ? Have the Gentiles no *privilege* by the vertue of *Messiahs* comming, or has the *Evangelicall* Sabbath no immunities ? The *service* done, the *day's* discharg'd, my *libertie* restored ; And if I meet my *profits*, or my *pleasures* then, I'll give them entertainment. If *businessse* call me to account, I dare afford a carefull eare ; Or if my *sports* invite me, I'll entertaine them with a cheerfull heart : I'll goe to *Mattens* with as much devotion as my neighbour ; I'll make as low *obysance*, and as just *responde* as any ; but soone as *Evensong's* ended, my Church-devotion and my *Psalter* shall sanctifie my *Pue* till the next Sabbath call ; Were

it no more for an old *custome* sake, than for the *good* I finde in *Sabbaths*, that *Ceremony* might as well be spared. It is a day of *Rest*: And what's a *Rest*? A relaxation from the toyle of *labour*; And what is *labour* but a painefull exercise of the fraile body? But where the *exercise* admits no toyle, there *Relaxation* makes no *Rest*: What labour is it for the *worldly* man to compass Sea and Land to accomplish his desires? What labour is it for the impatient lover to measure Hellespont with his widened armes to hasten his *delight*? What labour for the *youth* to number musick with their sprightly *paces*? Where pleasure's reconcil'd to labour, labour is but an *active rest*; Why should the Sabbath then, a day of *Rest*, divorce thee from those delights that make thy *Rest*? Afflict their soules that please, my *Rest* shall be what most conduces to my hearts *delight*. Two howers will vent more *Prayers* than I shall need, the rest remaines for *pleasure*.

Conscience, why start'st thou? A judgement strikes me from the mouth of Heaven, and saith,

Whosoever doth any worke on my Sabbath, his soule shall be cut off, Exod. 31.14.

Exod. 20.

Remember to keep holy the Sabbath day, six
dayes shalt thou labour and doe all that thou
hast to doe, but the seventh day, &c.

Exod. 31. 14.

Thou shalt keep my Sabbath, for it is holy unto
you.

Exod. 31. 13.

Verily my Sabbaths thou shalt keep, for this is a
signe betwixt me and you, throughout your
Generations.

Luke 23. 56.

And they returned and prepared spices, and
ointments, and rested on the Sabbath day ac-
cording to the Commandment.

Gregor.

We ought upon the Lords day to rest from bodily
labour, and wholly to addict our selves to pray-
ers, that whatsoever hath been done amisse, the
week before, may upon the day of our Lords re-
surrection be expiated and purged by fervent
prayers.

Cyr. Alex.

Sin is the storehouse of death and misery, it kin-
dles flames for it's dearest friends. Therefore
whosoever when he should rest from sin, busi-
ness himselfe in the dead and fruitlesse workes
of wickednesse, and renouncing all piety, lusts
after such things as will bring him into eter-
nall destruction, and everlasting flames, justly
deserves to die and perish with the damned;
because when he might have enjoyed a pious
rest, he laboured to run headlong to his owne
destruction.

My

MY soul, how hast thou *profaned* that day thy God hath *sanctified* ! How hast thou *encroach'd* on that which heaven hath *set apart* ! If thy impatience cannot act a Sabbath *twelve houres*, what happinesse canst thou expect in a *perpetuall* Sabbath ? Is six dayes *too little* for thy selfe, and two houres *too much* for thy God ? O my soul, how dost thou prize *temporalls* beyond *eternalls* ? Is it equall that God, who gave thee a body, and *six dayes* to provide for it, should demand *one day* of thee, and be denied it ? How *liberall* a *Receiver* art thou, and how *miserable* a *Requiter* ! But know my soule, his Sabbaths are the *Apple* of his eye : He that hath power to vindicate the *breach* of it, hath threatned *iudgments* to the *breaker* thereof. The God of mercy that hath mitigated the *rigor* of it for charity sake, will not diminish the honour of it for profanenesse sake. Forget not then my soule to remember his *Sabbaths*, and remember not to forget his *iudgements*, lest he forget to remember thee in *Mercy* : What thou hast neglected, bewaile with *contrition*, and what thou hast repented, forsake with *resolution*, and what thou hast resolved, strengthen with *devotion*.

O Eternal, just, and all-discerning Judge; in thy selfe, glorious; in thy Sonne, gracious; who tryest without a witnesse, and condemnest without a Jury; O! I confesse my very actions have betray'd me, thy word hath brought in evidence against me, my owne conscience hath witnessed against me, and thy judgement hath past sentence against me: And what have I now to plead but mine owne *miscry*, and whether should that misery flee but to the God of *mercy*? And since O Lord the way to mercy is to leave my selfe, I here disclame all interest in my selfe, and utterly renounce my selfe: I that was created for thy glory, have dishonoured thy Name; I that was made for thy service, have profaned thy *Sabbaths*: I have slighted thy *Ordinances*, and turned my back upon thy *Sanctuary*; I have neglected thy *Sacraments*, abused thy *Word*, despis'd thy Ministers, and contemned their *ministry*; I have come into thy Courts with an *unprovided* heart, and have drawne neare with *uncircumcised* lippes; And Lord I know thou art a jealous God, and most severe against all such as violate thy *Rest*; The glory of thy Name is pretious to thee, and thine honour is as the App'le of thine eye; But thou O God that art the God of Hosts, hast published and declared thy self the Lord of mercy; The constitution of *Sabbath*, was a work of *time*, but
Lord

Lord thy *mercy* is from all *eternity* ; I that have *broke* thy *Sabbaths* , doe here present thee with a *broken heart* ; thy hand is not shortned that thou canst not heale ; nor thy eare deafned that thou canst not heare ; Stretch forth thy hand O God, and heale my wounds ; Bow downe thine eare O Lord , and heare my Prayers ; Alter the fabrick of my sinfull heart , and make it tender of thy glory ; Make me *ambitious* of thy *service* , and let thy *Sabbaths* be my whole *delight* ; Give me a holy *reverence* of thy *Word* , that it may prove a light to my *steppes* and a *Lanthorne* to my feet. Endue my heart with *Charity* and *Faith* that I may finde a *comfort* in thy *Sacraments*. Blesse thou the *Ministers* of thy sacred *Word*, and make them holy in their *lives*, sound in their *Doctrine*, and laborious in their *callings*. Preserve the universall Church in these distracted times ; give her *Peace*, *Unity* , and *Uniformity* ; purge her of all *Schisme* , *Error* and *Superstition* ; Let the Kings daughter be all glorious within, and let thine eyes take pleasure in her beauty, that being honor'd here to be a member of her *Militant*, I may be glorified with her *Triumphant*.

The Censorious mans Crimination.

I Know there is much of the seed of the *Serpent* in him by his very looks, if his words betray'd him not ; He hath eaten the Egge of the *Cockatrice* , and surely he remaineth in the state of *perdition* ; He is not within the *Covenant* , and abideth in the *Gall* of bitternesse ; His studied *Prayers* shew him to be a high *Malignant* , and his *Jesu-worship* concludes him *popishly affected* ; He comes not to our *private meetings* , nor contributes a penny to the *cause* : He cries up *learning* , and the Booke of *Common-Prayer* , and takes no armes to hasten *Reformation* ; He feares God for his owne ends , for the spirit of *Antichrist* is in him. His eyes are full of *Adulteries* , and goes a *whoring* after his own *inventions*. He can heare an *Oath* from his superiors without *reproof* , and the *heathenish Gods* named without *spitting* in his face ; Wherefore my soule detesteth him , and I will have no *conversation* with him ; for what fellowship hath *light* with *darknesse* , or the *pure* in heart with the *uncleane* ? Sometimes he is a *Publican* , sometimes a *Pbarisee* , and alwayes an *Hypocrite* ; He railes against the *Altar* as loud as we , and yet he cringes and makes an *Idol* of the name of *Jesus* ; he is quick-sighted to the infirmities of the *Saints* , and in his heart rejoyceth at our *failings* ; hee honours not a preaching
Mini-

Ministry, and too much leanes to a *Church-government* ; he paints *devotion* on his face, whilst *pride* is stamp't within his heart ; he places *sanctity* in the walls of a *Steeple-house*, and adores the *Sacrament* with his *popish-knee* ; His Religion is a *Weather-Cock*, and turnes *brest* to every blast of wind. With the pure he seemes pure, and with the wicked he will joyne in *fellowship* ; A *sober* language is in his mouth, but the *poysen* of *Aspes* is under his tongue ; His workes conduce not to *edification*, nor are the motions of his heart *sanctified* ; He adores great ones for *preferment*, and speakes too partially of *authority* : He is a *Laodicean* in his faith, a *Nicolaitane* in his workes, a *Pharisee* in his disguise, a *rank Papist* in his heart, and I thanke my God I am not as this man.

But stay my soule, take heed whilst thou judgest another, lest God judge thee ; how com'st thou so expert in anothers heart, being so often deceived in thy own ? A *Saul* to day may prove a *Paul* to morrow. Take heed whilst thou wouldst seeme Religious, thou appeare not *uncharitable* ; and whilst thou judgest man, thou be not judg'd of God, who saith,

Judge not, lest yee be judged, Matth. 7. 1.

John

John 7. 24.

Judge not according to appearance, but judge righteous judgement.

Rom. 14. 10.

But why dost thou judge thy brother? or why dost thou set at nought thy brother? We shall all stand before the judgement seate of Christ.

1 Cor. 4. 5.

Judge nothing before the time, until the Lord come, who will both bring to light the hidden things of darknesse, and will make manifest the counsell of the heart.

Rom. 14. 13.

Let us not therefore judge one another any more, but judge this rather, that no man put a stumbling block, or accusation to fall in his brothers way.

Psal. 50. 6.

God is Judge himselfe.

S. August.

Apparent and notorious iniquities ought both to be reprov'd and condemned, but we should never judge such things as we understand not, nor can certainly know whether they be done with a good or evill intent.

S. August.

When thou knowest not apparently, judge charitably; because it's better to think well of the wicked, than by frequent censuring to suspect an innocent man guilty of an offence.

S. August.

The unrighteous Judge shall be justly condemned.

Has

HAs thy brother, O my soule, a beame in
 his eye ; And hast thou no *mote* in
 thine ? Cleare thine own, and thou wilt see
 the better to cleanse his : If a *Theefe* be in
 his Candle, blow it not out, lest thou wrong
 the *flame*, but if thy *snuffers* be of Gold,
 snutie it : Has he offended thee ? *Forgive*
 him ; Hath he trespas'd against the Con-
 gregation ? *Reprove* him ; Hath he sinned
 against God ? *Pray* for him. O my soule,
 how uncharitable hast thou been ? How
 Pharisaically hast thou judg'd ? Being sick
 of the *Faundies*, how hast thou censur'd an
 other *yellow* ? And with *blotted* fingers made
 his *blur* the greater ? How has the *pride* of
 thy own heart *blinded* thee toward thy self ?
 How *quick-sighted* to another ! Thy brother
 has *slipt*, but thou hast *fallen*, and hast
 blancht thy own *impiety* with the publish-
 ing his *sinne* : Like a *Flie*, thou stingest
 his sores, and feed'st on his corruptions.
 Jesus came eating and drinking, and was
 judg'd a *glutton* ; *Fohn* came fasting, and
 was challeng'd with a *devill*. Judge not my
 soule, lest thou be judged ; maligne not thy
 brother, lest God laugh at thy destruction :
 Wouldst thou escape the punishment ? judge
 thy *selfe* : Wouldst thou avoyd the sinne ?
 humble thy *selfe*.

His

O God that art the only searcher of the Reines, to whom the secrets of the heart of man are onely known, to whom alone the judgement of our thoughts, our words and deeds belong, and to whose sentence we must stand or fall; I a presumptuous sinner that have thrust into thy place, and boldly have presumed to execute thy office, doe here as humbly confesse the insolence of mine attempt, and with a sorrowfull heart repent me of my doings; and though my convinced conscience can look for nothing from thy wrathfull hand but the same measure which I measured to another, yet in the confidence of that mercy which thou hast promised to all those that truly and unfeignedly believe, I am become an humble suiter for thy gracious pardon. Lord, if thou search me but with a favourable eye, I shall appeare much more unrighteous in thy sight, than this my uncharitably condemned brother did in mine: O looke not therefore, Lord, upon me as I am, lest thou abhor me, but through the merits of my blessed Saviour cast a gracious eye upon me. Let his humility satisfie for my presumption, and let his meritorious sufferings answer for my vile uncharitablenesse, let not the voyce of my offence provoke thee with a stronger cry, than the language of his Intercession Remove from me O God all spirituall pride, and make me little
in

in my own conceit ; Lord light me to my selfe, that by thy light I may discerne how darke I am ; Lighten that darknesse by thy holy Spirit, that I may search into my own corruptions : And since O God all gifts and graces are but nothing , and nothing can be acceptable in thy sight without charity , quicken the dulnesse of my faint affections , that I may love my brother as I ought : Soften my marble heart that it may melt at his infirmities ; Make me carefull in the examination of my own wayes , and most severe against my own offences. Pull out the beame out of mine own eye , that I may see clearely, and reprove wisely. Take from me O Lord all grudging envy , and malice, that my seasonable reproofes may winne my brother. Preserve my heart from all censorious thoughts , and keepe my tongue from striking at his name. Grant that I make right use of his Infirmities, and reade good Lessons in his failings, that loving him in thee, and thee in him, according to thy command, we may both be united in thee as members of thee , that thou mayst receive honour from our communion here , and we eternall glory from thee hereafter in the world to come.

The Liars Fallacies.

Nay if Religion be so strict a Law to bind my tongue to the *necessity* of a truth on all occasions, at all times, and in all places, the gate is too *strait* for me to enter; Or if the *generall rules* of downright truth will admit no few *exceptions*, farewell all honest *mirth*, farewell all *trading*, farewell the whole *converse* betwixt man and man: If alwayes to speake punctuall truth be the true *Symptomes* of a blessed soule, *Tom Tell troth* has a happy time, and *fooles* and *children* are the onely men. If *truth* sit Regent, in what faithfull brest shall *secrets* finde repose? What *Kingdome* can be safe? What *Commonwealth* can be secure? What *War* can be succesfull? What *Stratagem* can prosper? If bloody times should force Religion to *shroud* it selfe beneath my rooſe, upon demand, shall my false truth *betray* it? Or shall my brothers life, or shall my own be seisd upon through the cruell truth of my downright *confession*? or rather not be secured by a faire *officious* lye? shall the righteous Favorite of Egypts Tyrant, by vertue of a *loud lie*, sweeten out his joy, and heighten up his soft affection with the *Antiperistasis* of *teares*, and may I not *prevaricate* with a sullen truth to save a brothers *life* from a blood-thirsty hand? shall *Jacob* and his too indulgent *Mother* conspire in a *lie* to purchase a paternall *blessing* in the false name,

F and

and habit of a *supplanted brother*, and shall I question to preserve the granted blessing of a *life*, or *livelihood*, with a harmelesse lie? Come, come, my soule, let not thy timorous conscience check at such poor things as these: So long as thy officious tongue aymes at a *just end*, a lie is no offence; So long as thy perjurous lips confirm not thy untruth with an *audacious brow*, thou needst not feare. The weight of the *cause* relieves the burthen of the *Crime*. Is thy *Cemcr* good? No matter how crooked the lines of the *Circumference* be; *Policy* allowes it. If thy *journies end* be Heaven, it matters not how full of Hell thy *journey* be; *Divinity* allowes it: Wilt thou condemne the Egyptian *Midwives* for saving the *infant* Israelites by so mercifull a *lie*? When *Martiall execution* is to be done, wilt thou feare to *kill*? When *hunger* drives thee to the gates of death, wilt thou be affraid to *steale*? When *civill wars* divide a Kingdom, will *Mercuries* decline a lie? No, circumstances *exonse*, as well as *make* the lie; Had *Cæsar*, *Scipio*, or *Alexander* been regulated by such *strict divinity*, their names had bin as silent as their *dust*: A *ly* is but a fair *put-off*, the *sanctuary* of a secret, the *riddle* of a lover, the *stratagem* of a Souldier, the *policy* of a Statesman, and a *salve* for many desperate sores.

BUt, hark, my soule, there's something rounds mine eare, & calls my language to a *Recantation*; The Lord hath spoken it, *Liers shal have their part in the lake which burneth with fire & brimstone*, Revel. 21. 8. Ex.

Exod. 20.

Thou shalt not raise a false Report.

Levit. 19. 11.

Thou shalt not deal falsely, neither lie one to another.

Prov. 12. 22.

Lying lips are abomination to the Lord; but they that deal truly are his delight.

Prov. 19. 5.

He that speaketh lies shall not escape.

Ephes. 4. 25.

Put away lying, and every one speak truth with his Neighbour, for we are members one of another.

Revel. 21. 27.

There shall in no wise enter into the new Jerusalem any thing that worketh abomination, or that maketh a lie.

S. August.

Whosoever thinkes, there's any kind of lie that is not a sin, shamefully deceives himself, mistaking a lying or consenuing knave for a square or honest man.

Gregor.

Eschew and avoid all falsehood; though sometimes certain kinds of untruths are lesse sinful, as to tell a lie to save a mans life; yet because the Scripture saith, The lyer slayeth his owne soule, and God will destroy them that tell a lie, therefore, Religious and honest men should alwayes avoyd even the best sort of lies; neither ought another mans life be secured by our falsehood or lying, lest we destroy our own soule, in labouring to secure another mans life.

V *What a child* O my soule hath thy false bosome harbord ! And what reward can thy indulgence expect from such a *Father* ? What blessing canst thou hope from Heaven , that pleadest for the *Sonne* of the devill, and crucifyest the *Sonne* of God ? God is the Father of *truth* ; To secure thy estate thou denyest the *truth* by framing of a *lie* ; To save thy brothers *life* thou opposest the *truth* in justifying a *lie* ; Now tell me O my soule , art thou worthy the name of a *Christian* , that denyest and opposest the *nature* of Christ ? Art thou worthy of *Christ* that preferrest thy *estate*, or thy brothers *life* before him ? O my unrighteous soule , canst thou hold thy brother worthy of death for *giving* thee the *lie*, and thy selfe guiltlesse that *makest* a *lie* ? I , but in some cases *truth* destroyes thy life ; a *lie* preserves it : My soule, was God thy *Creator* ? then make not the devill thy *preserver* : Wilt thou despaire to *trust* him with thy life that *gave* it , and make him thy *Protector* that seekes to *destroy* it ? Reforme thee, and repent thee, O my soule ; hold not thy life on such conditions , but trust thee to the hands that made thee.

His

O God, that art the God of *truth*, whose word is *truth*, that hatest *lying* lips, and abominatest the *deceitfull* tongue, that banishest thy presence all such as *love* or *make a lie*, and lovest *truth*, and requirest *uprightnesse* in the inward parts, I the most wretched of the sons of men, and most unworthy to be called thy sonne, make bold to cast my sinfull eyes to Heaven; Lord I have sinned against Heaven, and against *truth*, and have turned thy grace into a *lie*; I have renounced the wayes of righteousnesse, and have harbour'd much iniquity within me, which hath turned thy wrath against me; I have transgressed against the checks of my owne conscience, and have vaunted of my transgression: which way soever I turne mine eye, I see no object but shame and confusion. Lord, when I looke upon my selfe, I finde nothing there, but fuell for thy wrath, and matter for thine indignation, and my condemnation. And when I cast mine eyes to Heaven, I there behold an angry God, and a severe revenger; But Lord at thy right hand I see a Saviour, and a sweete Redeemer; I see thy wounded sonne cloath'd in my flesh, and bearing mine infirmities, and interceding for my numerous transgressions; for which my soule doth magnifie thee O God, and my spirit rejoyceth in him my Saviour; Lord, when thou lookest

F 3

upon

upon the vast score of my offences, turne
thine eyes upon the infinite merits of his
satisfaction ; O when thy justice calls to
minde my sinnes, let not thy mercy forget
his sufferings ; Wash me, O wash me in his
blood, and thou shalt see me cloathed in
his righteousnesse : Let him that is all in
all to me, be all in all for me ; make him to
me sanctification, justification, and re-
demption. Inspire my heart with the spirit
of thy truth, and preserve me from the de-
ceitfulnesse of *double tongues* ; Give me an
inward confidence to rely upon thy fatherly
providence, that neither feare may deterre
me, nor any advantage may turne me from
the wayes of thy truth ; Let not the spe-
cious goodnesse of the *end* encourage me to
the unlawfulnessse of the *meanes*, but let thy
Word be the warrant to all my actions.
Guide my footsteps, that I may walke up-
rightly, and quicken my conscience, that it
may reprove my saylings ; Cause me to feel
the burthen of this my habituall sinne, that
comming to thee by a true and serious re-
pentance, my sins may obtaine a full and
a gracious forgivenessse. Give me a *heart* to
make a Covenant with my *lips*, that both
my *heart* and *tongue* being sanctified by thy
Spirit, may be both united in *truth* by thy
mercy, and magnifie thy name for ever, and
for ever.

The Revengfull mans Rage.

O What a *Fulip* to my scorching soule is the delicious *blood* of my *Offender* ! and how it cooles the burning *Fever* of my boyling *veynes* ! It is the *Quintessence* of pleasures, the *height* of satisfaction, and the very *marrow* of all delight, to bath and paddle in the *blood* of such, whose bold *affronts* have turn'd my wounded *patience* into *fury*. How full of sweetnesse was his death, who dying was reveng'd upon *three thousand* enemies ? How sweetly did the *younger brothers blood* allay the soule consuming flames of the *elder*, who tooke more pleasure in his *last breath*, than Heaven did in his first *Sacrifice* ? Yet had not Heaven condemned his *action*, nature had found an *Advocate* for his *passion* : What sturdy spirit hath the power to rule his *suffering* thoughts, or curbe the headstrong *fury* of his *Inascible* affections ? Or who but *fooles* (that cannot taste an injury) can *moderate* their high-bred *spirits*, and stop their *passion* in her full *carriere* ? Let heavy *Cynicks*, they whose leaden soules are taught by stupid reason to stand *bent* at every wrong, that can digest an *injury* more easily than a complement, that can protest against the Lawes of *nature*, and cry all naturall *affection* down, let them be *Andirons* for the injurious world to work a *Heate* upon ; let them finde shoulders to receive the painefull *stripes* of peevish

Mortalls, and to beare the *wrongs* of daring insolence; let them be drawn like Calves prepar'd for slaughter, and bow their servile necks to sharpe *destruction*; let them submit their slavish *bosomes* to be trod and trampled under foot at every ones pleasure: My *Eagle spirit* flies a higher pitch, and like ambitious *Phaeton* climbs into the *fiery Chariot*, and drawn with fury, scorne, revenge, and honor, rambles through all the Spheres, and brings with it *confusion* and *combustion*; my reeking Sword shall vindicate my *reputation*, and rectifie the injuries of my *honorable name*, and quench it selfe in plenteous *streames* of blood. Come tell not me of Charity, Conscience, or Transgression; My *Charity* reflects upon my selfe, begins at home, and guided by the *justice* of my *passion*, is bound to labour for an *honorable satisfaction*; My *conscience* is blood-prooffe, and I can broach a life with my illustrious weapon, with as little *reluctation* as kill a Flea that sucks my blood without *Commission*, and I can drink a *health* in blood upon my bended Knee, to *Reputation*.

BUt hark my soule, I heare a languishing, a dying voyce cry up to Heaven for vengeance; It cries aloud, and thunders in my startling eare, I tremble, and my shivering bones are fill'd with horror; It cries against mee, and heare what Heaven replies,

All that take up the Sword shall perish by the Sword, Matth. 26. 52.

Levit.

Levit. 19. 18.

Thou shalt not avenge, or beare any grudge, against the Children of my people, but thou shalt love thy neighbour as thy self: I am the Lord.

Deut. 32. 35.

To me belongeth Vengeance and Recompence.

Ezek. 25. 12, 13.

Because that Edom hath dealt against the house of Iudah, by taking vengeance, and hath greatly offended, and reveng'd himself upon them:

Therefore thus saith the Lord God, I will also stretch out mine hand upon Edom, and will cut off man and beast from it.

Matth. 5. 39.

Resist not evill, but whosoever shall smite thee on the right cheek, turne to him the other also.

Tertull.

What's the difference between one that doth an injury, and another that outrageously suffers it, except that the one is first, and the other second in the offence? but both are guilty of mutuall injury in the sight of God, who forbids every sin, and condemnes the offender.

Tertull.

How can we honour God, if we revenge ourselves?

Gloss.

Every man is a murderer, and shall be punished as Cain was, if he doe (as Cain did) either assault his brother with violence, or pursue him with hatred.

REvence is an Act of the *Ira/cible* affections, deliberated with *malice*, and executed without *mercy* : How often O my soule hast thou cursed thy selfe in the perfectest of *Prayers* ? How often hast thou turn'd the spirituall *body* of thy Saviour into thy *damnation* ? Can the *Sunne* rise to thy *comfort*, that hath so often set in thy *wrath* ? So long as thy wrath is kindled against thy brother, so long is the *wrath* of God burning against thee. O, wouldst thou offer a pleasing *sacrifice* to Heaven ? Goe first and be *reconciled* to thy brother. I, but who shall right thy *honour* then ? Is thy *honour* wrong'd ? *Forgive*, and it is vindicated. I, but this kinde of heart-swelling can brooke no *Powtesse* but revenge. Take heed, my soule, the *remedy* is worse than the disease : If thy intricate *distemper* transcend thy power, make choyce of a *Physitian* that can purge that *humor* that fomentes thy *malady*. Rely upon him ; submit thy *will* to his directions ; he hath a tender heart, a skilfull hand, a watchfull eye, that makes thy *welfare* the price of all thy *paines*, expecting no reward, no *fee*, but *prayses*, and Thanksgiving.

His

O God, that art the God of Peace and the lover of unity and concord, that dost command all those that seeke forgiveness, to *forgive*; that hatest the *froward* heart, but shewest mercy to the *mecke* in spirit; With what a face can I appeare before thy mercy-seate, or with what countenance can I lift up these hands thus stained with my *brothers blood*? How can my lippes, that daily breath *revenge* against my *brother*, presume to own thee as my *Father*, or expect fro thee thy blessing, as thy *child*? If thou forgive my *trespasses* O God, as I forgive my *trespassers*, in what a miserable estate am I, that in my very prayers condemne my selfe, and do not onely limit thy compassion by my *uncharitable*ness, but draw thy judgements on my head for my *Rebellion*? That heart O God which thou requirest as a holy present, is become a spring of *malice*; These hands which I advance, are ready instruments of base *revenge*; My thoughts, that should be sanctified, are full of *blood*, and how to compass evill against my brother is my continuall meditation. The course of all my life is wilfull disobedience, and my whole pleasure, Lord, is to displease thee. My conscience hath accused me, and the voyce of *blood* hath cryed against mee: But Lord, the *blood* of Iesus cries louder than the *blood* of *Abel*, and thy mercy is far more infinite than my sin. The *blood* that was shed by me
cries

cries for vengeance, but the *blood* that was shed for me sues for mercy; Lord heare the language of this blood, and by the merits of this voyce be reconciled unto me. That time which cannot be recalled, O give me power to redeeme, and in the meane time a setled resolution to reforme. Suppress the *violence* of my headlong passion, and establish a *meeke* spirit within me. Let the sight of my own vilenesse take from me the sense of all disgrace, and let the Crowne of my reputation be thy honour. Possesse my heart with a desire of *unity* and concord, and give me *patience* to endure what my *impenitence* hath deserved. Breath into my soule the spirit of *love*, and direct my affections to their right object; turne all my *anger* against that sin that hath provoked thee, and give me *holy revenge*, that I may exercise it against my selfe. Grant that I may love thee for thy selfe, my selfe in thee, and my neighbour as my selfe. Assist me O God, that I may subdue all evill in my self, and suffer patiently all evill as a punishment from thee. Give me a *mercifull* heart, O God; make it slow to *wrath*, and ready to *forgive*; Preserve me from the act of evill, that I may be delivered from the feare of evill; that living here in *charity*, with men, I may receive that sentence of, *Come ye blessed*, in the Kingdom of glory.

Tha

The Secure mans Triumph.

SO, now my soule thy happinesse is en-
staild, and thy illustrious name shall live
 in thy *succeeding* Generations ; Thy dwell-
 ing is establish'd in the *fat* of all the land ;
 thou hast what mortall *heart can wish*, and
 wantest nothing but *immortality* : The best
 of all the land is thine, and thou art planted
 in the best of *Lands* ; A land whose *Consti-
 tutions* make the best of Government, which
Government is strengthned with the best of
Laws, which *Laws* are executed by the best
 of Princes, whose *Prince*, whose *Laws*,
 whose *Government*, whose *land* makes us the
happiest of all subjects, makes us the *happiest*
 of all people. A land of strength, of plen-
 ty, and a land of peace, where every soule
 may sit beneath his *Vine*, unfrighted at the
 horrid language of the hoarse *Trumpet*, un-
 startled at the warlike summons of the
 roaring *Cannon* ; A land whose *beauty* hath
 surpriz'd the ambitious hearts of forraigne
 Princes, and taught them by their *martiall*
Oratory to make their vaine attempts. A
 Land whose strength reads vanity in the
 deceived hopes of *Conquerours*, and crowns
 their enterprizes with a *shamefull overbrow*.
 A land whose native plenty makes her the
 worlds *Exchange*, supplying others, able
 to subsist *without supply* from forraigne
 Kingdomes ; in it selfe happy, and abroad
 benorable. A land that hath no *vanity*, but
 what

what by accident proceeds and issues from the sweetest of all blessings, *peace*, and *plenty*; that hath no *mifery* but what is propagated from that blindnesse which cannot see her own *felicity*. A land that flowes with *Milke* and *Hony*, and in brieft wants nothing to deserve the title of a *Paradise*; The *Curbe* of *Spaine*, the *pride* of *Germany*, the *ayde* of *Belgia*, the *scourge* of *France*, the *Emperesse* of the *World*, and *Queene* of *Nations*. She is begirt with *walls*, whose builder was the hand of *Heaven*, whereon there daily rides a *Navy-Royall*, whose unconquerable power proclames her Prince *invincible*, and whispers sad despaire into the *fainting* hearts of *forraigne* Majesty: She is compact within her selfe, in *unity*, not apt to *civill* discords or *intestine* broyles; The *envy* of all *Nations*; the *ambition* of all *Princes*; the *terror* of all *enemies*; the *security* of all neighboring *States*. Let timorous *Pulpits* threaten ruine, let prophesying *Church-men* doe, til I believe: How often, and how long have these loud *Sons* of *Thunder* fals-prophefied her desolation? and yet she stands the *glory* of the world: Can *Pride* demolish the *Towers* that defend her? Can drunkennes dry up the *Sea* that walls her? Can flames of lust dissolve the *Ordinance* that protect her?

BE well advis'd my soule; there is a *voyce* from *Heaven* roares louder than those *Ordinances*, which saith,

*Thus saith the Lord, The whole Land shall be
desolate, Jer. 4. 27.*

Esay

Esay 14. 7.

The whole Earth is at rest, and at quiet, they
breake forth into singing.

Yea the Fir-trees rejoyce at thee, and the Cedars
of Lebanon sing, &c.

Yet shalt thou be brought down to Hell, to the
sides of the Pit.

Jer. 5. 12.

They have belied the Lord, and said, It is not
be, neither shall evill come upon us, neither shall
we see Sword, or Famine.

I Cor. 10. 12.

Let him that standeth take heed lest he fall.

Luke 17 26.

They did eate and drink, and they married wives
and were given in marriage, untill the flood
came and destroyed them all.

S. August.

Whilst Lot was exercised in suffering re-
proach and violence, he continued holy and pure,
even in the filth of Sodom: but in the mount,
being in peace and safety, he was surpris'd by
sensuall security, and defiled himselfe with his
own daughters.

Greg. Mag.

Our prosperous and happy state is often the occa-
sion of more miserable ruin, a long peace hath
made many men both carelesse and cowardly;
and that's the most fatall blow when an un-
expected enemy surpriseth us in a deepe sleepe
of peace and security.

Secu-

Security is an *improvident carelesnesse*,
 Casting out all feare of approaching dan-
 ger; It is like a great *Calme* at Sea, that
 fore-runs a *storme*; How is this verified O
 my sad soule in this our *bleeding Nation*!
 Wert thou not but now for many yeares
 even nuzzl'd in the bosome of habituall
peace? Didst thou foresee this *danger*? Or
 could'st thou have contrived a way to be
 thus *miserable*? Didst thou not laugh in-
 vasion to scorne? or didst thou not lesse
 feare a *Civill war*? Was not the *Title* of
 the *Crowne* unquestionable? And was not
 our mixt *government* unapt to fall into dis-
 eases? Did we want good *Lawes*? or did
 our *Lawes* want *execution*? Did not our
 Prophets give *lawfull warning*? or were we
 moved at the sound of *Judgements*? How
 hast thou liv'd O my uncarefull soule to
 see these prophecies fulfill'd, and to behold
 the *vialls* of thy angry God pour'd forth!
 Since *Mercies* O my soule could not *allure*
 thee, yet let these *judgements* now at length
 enforce thee to a true *Repentance*. Quench
 the *Fireband* which thou hast kindled;
 turne thy mirth to a right *mourning*, and thy
 feasts of joy to *humiliation*.

O God by whom Kings raigne, & Kingdoms flourish, that settest up where none can batter down, and pullest downe where none can countermand, I a most humble Suter at the Throne of Grace, acknowledge my self unworthy of the least of all thy mercies, nay worthy of the greatest of all thy judgements: I have sinned against thee the Author of my being, I have sinned against my conscience, which thou hast made my accuser, I have sinned against the peace of this Kingdome, whereof thou hast made me a member, If all should do O God as I have done, *Sodom* would appeare as righteous, and *Gomorrhah* would be a president to thy wrath upon this sinfull Nation. But Lord thy *mercy* is *inscrutable*, or else my *misery* were *unspeakable*, for that *mercy* sake be gracious to me in the free pardoning of all my offences. Blot them out of thy remembrance for his sake in whom thou art well pleased. Make my head a fountaine of teares to quench that brand my sins have kindled towards the destruction of this flourishing Kingdome Blessè this Kingdom O God; Establish it in piety, honour, peace, and plenty. Forgive all her crying sins, and remove thy judgements far from her. Blessè, Blessè her governour, thy servant, our dread Sovereigne: Endue his soule with all religious, civill, and princely vertues, Preserve his royall person in health, safety and prof-

prosperity; prolong his dayes in honour, peace or victory, and crowne his death with everlasting glory. Blesse him in his royall Consort; unite their hearts in love and true Religion. Blesse him in his Princely issue; Season their youth with the feare of thy Name. Direct thy Church in doctrine and in discipline, and let her enemies be converted, or confounded; Purge her of all superstition and heresie, and root out from her, whatsoever thy hand hath not planted. Blesse the Nobility of this Land; endue their hearts with truth, loyalty, and true policy. Blesse the Tribe of *Levi*, with piety, learning, and humility. Blesse the Magistrates of this Kingdome; give them religious and upright hearts, hating covetousnesse. Blesse the Gentry with sincerity, charity, and a good conscience. Blesse the Commonalty with loyall hearts, painefull hands, and plentifull encrease. Blesse the two great Seminaries of this Kingdome; make them fruitfull and faithfull nurseries both to the Church and Common-wealth. Blesse all thy Saints every where, especially those that stood in the gap betwixt this Kingdom, and thy judgements; that being all members of that Body, whereof thou Christ art head, we may all joyne in humiliation for our sins, and in the propagation of thy honor here, and be made partakers of thy glory in the Kingdome of glory hereafter.

The Presumptuous mans Felicitie.

TELL bauling Babes of *Bugbeares*, to fright them into quietnesse ; or terrifie youth with *old wives Fables*, to keepe their wild affections in awe ; Such *Toyes* may work upon their timorous apprehensions, when wholesome *precepts* faile, and finde no audience in their youthfull eares : Tell not me of Hell, Devills, or of damned soules to enforce me from those *pleasures* which they *pickname* sin. What tell yet me of *Iaw* ? My soule is sensible of *Evangelisall precepts* without the needlesse, and uncorrected thunder of the *killing Letter*, or the terrible periphrase of some roaring *Bomarges*, the readiounesse of whose language still determines in *damnation* ; wherein I apprehend God far more *mercifull* than his *Ministers*. Tis true, I have *not* led my life according to the *Pharisaicall squire* of their *opinions*, neither have I found judgements according to their *prophecies*, whereby I must conclude that God is wonderfully *mercifull*, or they wonderfully *mistaken*. How often have they thundred *torment* against my *voluptuous life* ? And yet I feele no *paine*. How bitterly have they threatned *shame* against the *vaints* of my *vaine-glory* ? Yet finde I *honor*. How fiercely have they preach'd *destruction* against my *cruelty* ? and yet I *live*. What *Plagues* against my *swearing* ? yet not *infected* ; What *diseases* against
me

my drunkenness? and yet sound; What danger
gainst *procrastination*? yet how often hath
God been found upon the deathbed? What
damnation to *Hypocrites*? yet who more safe?
What stripes to the ignorant? yet who more
scot-free? What poverty to the sloathfull? yet
themselves prosper; What falls to the proud?
yet stand they surest. What curses to the
Covetous? yet who Richer? What judge-
ments to the lascivious? yet who more pica-
sure? What vengeance to the prophane, the
censorious, the revengefull? yet none live
more unscourg'd: Who deeper branded than
the Lye? yet who more favor'd? Who
more threatned than the presumptuous? yet
who lesse punished? Thus are we foold and
kept in awe with the strict fancies of those
Pulpit-men, whose opinions have no ground
but what they gaine from popularity:
Thus are we frighted from the liberty of
Nature by the pollicke Chimeras of Religi-
on; whereby we are necessitated to the ob-
serving of those Laws, whereof we finde a
greater necessity of breaking.

BUt stay, my soule, there is a voyce that
darts into my troubled thoughts, which
saith,

*Because thou hast not kept my Lawes, all the
curses in this booke shall overtake thee, till
thou be destroyed, Deut. 29.*

Deut.

Deut. 29. 27.

And the anger of the Lord was kindled against the land, to bring upon it all the Curses that are written in this book.

2 Chron. 34. 24.

Thus saith the Lord, Behold I will bring evill upon this place, and upon the inhabitants thereof, even all the curses that are written in the book.

Deut. 28. 15.

But if thou wilt not hearken unto the voyce of the Lord thy God to observe and doe all his Commandements, and his Statutes which I command thee this day, all these curses shall come upon thee, and overtake thee.

Bernard.

It is certaine thou must die, and uncertaine when, how, or where; seeing death is alwayes at thy heeles, Thou must (if thou be wise) alwayes be ready to die.

Bernard.

To commit a sin is an humane frailty, to persist in it is a devillish obstinacy.

Bernard.

There are some who hope in the Lord, but yet in vaine, because they onely smooth and flatter themselves that God is mercifull, but repent not of their sin; such confidence is vaine and foolish, and leads to destruction.

Pre-

Presumption is a sinne, whereby we depend upon Gods *mercies* without any warrant from Gods *Word*: It is as great a sin, O my soule, to *hope* for Gods *mercy*, without *Repentance*, as to *distrust* Gods *mercy* upon *Repentance*; In the first thou wrongst his *Iustice*; In the last, his *mercy*. O my presumptuous soule, let not thy *prosperity* in *sinning* encourage thee to sin; lest, climbing *without Warrant* into his mercy, thou fall *without mercy* into his judgement. Be not deceived, a long *Peace* makes a bloody *War*, and the abuse of continued *mercies* makes a sharpe judgement. Patience, when slighted, turnes to *fury*, but ill-requited, starts to *vengeance*. Thinke not, that thy unpunisht sin is *bidden* from the eye of Heaven, or that Gods judgements will *delay* for ever; The stalled Oxe that wallowes in his *plenty*, and waxes wanton with *ease*, is not farre from *slaughter*; The *Epbot* O my desperate soule, is long a filling, but once being full, the leaden cover must goe on, and then, it hurries on the wings of the wind: Advise thee then, and whilst the *Lampe* of thy prosperity lasts, provide thee for the *evill day*, which being come *Repentance* will be *out of date*, and all thy *Prayers* will finde no care.

His

GRatious God, whose mercy is unsearchable, and whose goodnesse is unspeakable, I the unthankfull object of thy *continued favours*, and therefore the miserable subject of thy *continuall wrath*, humbly present my selfe-made misery before thy sacred Majesty; Lord when I looke upon the horridnesse of my sinne, shame strikes me dumbe; but when I turne mine eye upon the infinitnesse of thy mercy, I am emboldned to poure forth my soule before thee, as in the one finding matter for confusion, so in the other, Arguments for compassion. Lord I have *sinned grievously*, but my Saviour hath *satisfied abundantly*; I have trespassed *continually*, but he hath suffered *once for all*; Thou hast numbred my transgressions by the haire of my head, but his mercies are innumerable like the starres of the skie; My sins in greatnesse are like the mountaines of the Earth, but his mercy is greater than the Heavens: Oh if his mercy were not greater than my sins, my sins were impardonable; for his therefore and thy mercies sake cover my sins, and pardon my transgressions; make my head a fountaine of teares, and accept my contrition O thou Well-spring of all mercy; strengthen my resolution, that for the time to come I may detest all sin; Encrease a holy anger in me that I may revenge my selfe upon my selfe for displeasing so gracious

a Father ; Fill my heart with a *fear* of thy judgements, and sweeten my thoughts with the *meditation* of thy mercies. Goe forwards O my God, and perfect thy own worke in me, and take the glory of thy own free goodnesse ; furnish my mouth with the prayles of thy name, and replenish my tongue with continuall thanksgiving. Thou hast promised pardon to those that repent ; behold I repent ; Lord quicken my Repentance. Thou mightst have made me a terrible example of thy justice, and struck me into Hell in the height of my presumption ; but thou hast made me capable of thy mercies, and an object of thy commiseration ; for thou art a gracious God, of long-suffering, and slow to anger, thy name is wonderfull, and thy mercies incomprehensible. Thou art onely worthy to be praised : Let all the people praise thee O God, O let all the people praise thee ; Let Angels and Archangels praise thee, Let the Congregations of Saints praise thee, Let thy works praise thee, Let every thing that breathes praise thee for ever, and for ever. *Amen.*

FINIS.



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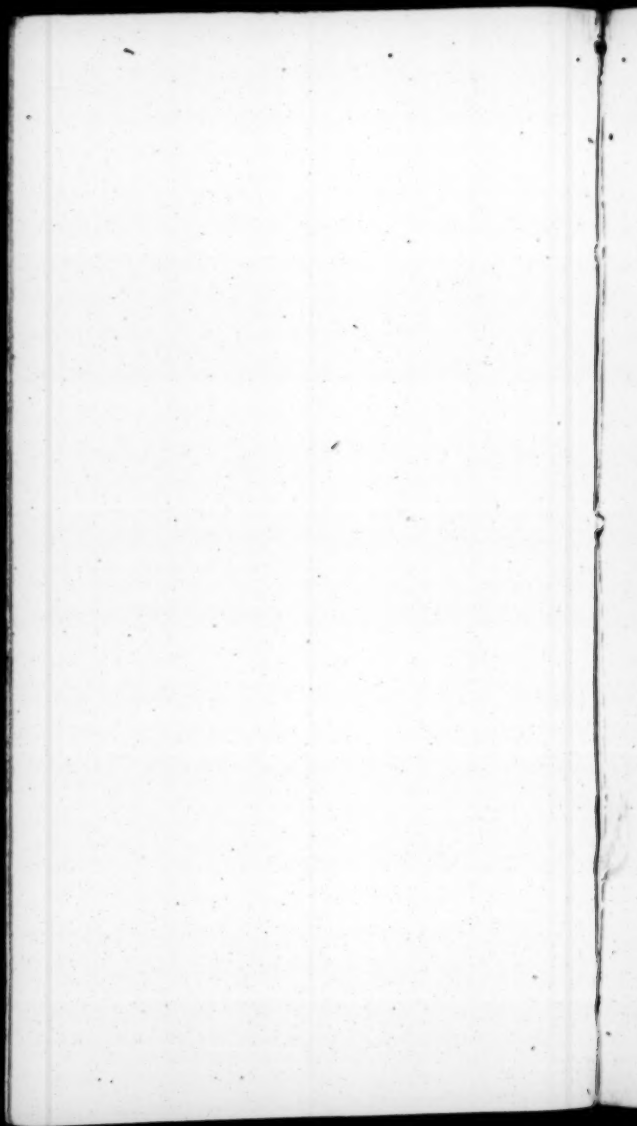
BARNABAS,
OR,
The Compassionate
SAMARITAN,
Powring Oyle into Wounded
SPIRITS.

The Second Part:

BY
FRA. QUARLES.

The Third Edition.

LONDON,
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THE PREFACE.

AS the Authour hath in the first part of this Book, ingenuously applied Himselfe to the detection, conviction and instruction of those severall kinds of Wicked and prophane Persons, wherewith as all Ages have abounded, so this may seeme to abound more than all before it (considering the plentifull meanes of Grace we have for a long time enjoyed, and doe yet enjoy :) So in this second part he doth represent unto thee in particulars the usuall and common miseries of men, proposing withall comforts to the Afflicted, drawne from (the best and indeed only true Fountain of comfort in affliction,) the Word of God, suitable to their severall sorrowes, whereby the pious Soul being supported and encouraged, is directed how to addresse it selfe in Prayer to the Father of mercies and God of all consolation for
G 3 relief

The Preface.

relief of its present miserable condition. Now as the evils and afflictions of this life are of two sorts, spirituall and corporall, both derived from (that common spring of all misery, whether Angelick or Humane) sin; (The former affecting the Soul, The latter the Body; The former arising from the sense and conscience of naturall corruption, of voluntary and personall transgressions, and of that extreme poverty and spirituall nakednesse which the enlightned Soul discovers in it selfe, whereby it is filled with Sorrow, Vexation, Feare, Shame, Horrour and Astonishment in respect of its wretched and deplorable case; The latter proceeding from the weak, frayle, and crazy constitution of the Body, whereby it is continually obnoxious to Weaknes, sicknes, hunger, &c. and lastly to death, which we feele as well in our friends oft-times, as in our selves) This small Treatise presents us with comforts apposite, and proper for Both, especially for the first. And indeed it is much to be desired, and happy it were, if men had in themselves such impressions

The Preface.

sions of their spirituall misery, as the Authour hath endeavoured to make upon their hardned hearts, that they might bee capable of the Comforts. But it is greatly to be feared that men generally now goe on in a senselesse stupidity and carnall security in respect of their Soules both present and future condition, saying (in themselves at least) (as the Angel of the Church of the Laodiceans) that They are rich, and increased with goods, and have need of nothing: and know not that they are wretched, and miserable, and poore, and blind and naked. Apoc. 3. 7.

But such men unlesse they timely embrace the counsell which followeth in the next, v. 18. Buy of Christ gold, &c. and anoint their eyes With eye-salve that they may see, may happily perceive their misery too late, When they have scarce time to implore divine Mercy; or dying in this lamentable state Without sense or remorse, may then see their poverty and wretchednes, When there is no time or place to seek and sue for the Riches of Gods Grace. If therfore
thou

The Preface.

thou dost peruse this second part, endeavour to apply that Portion to thy selfe, which best suites with the present state and condition of thy Soul. And if thy suffering be outward respecting thy Body, Estate or Friends, Thou mayest meet with such a Portion of comfort here also which fitly answers thy calamity or Crosse. But if thou hast enough in thy conceit from thine owne store, blesse the Lord for it, and neither vilify the most commendable Industry and Paines of the Authour in this Booke, which he seriously intended for thy use and benefit, especially considering that he hath now rested from his
Apoc. 14
13. Labours, and his Workes do follow him: nor discourage any that are willing to reape good from it. And so I bid thee farwell in the Lord,

Thine in all Christian
duty.

J. M.



The Weary mans Burthen.

GOD, who in himselfe is the fulnesse
and perfection of all Glory, who
needed no Tongue to praise it, no
Pen to expresse it, no Worke to magnifie it,
created a World for his own pleasure, fur-
nished it of his own goodnesse, made *Man*
out of his own mere motion, appointed him
his *Lieutenant* here upon earth, and as a wit-
nesse and an *instrument* of his Glory, the sole
end of his *Creation*: But *Man* grew proud,
transgressed against his *first Commandement*,
and *fell*, and by his *fall* destroyed his then
unborn *posterity*: *Sinne* entred the world,
and *death* by sinne, and I poore miserable
creature, borne in sinne, have turned his
glory to *dishonour*, my due obedience to
Rebellion, and my happinesse into eternall
death. How intollerable is the *Burthen* of
this *sinne*! how insufferable is the *weight* of
my *offences*! If I but *thinke* of *Heaven*, it
clogs my *contemplations*; If I but *pray* to
Heaven, it presses down my *devotion*: I
H have

have lost the *favour* of my God, I have frustrated the *end* of my *creation*, I have broke the peace of my *conscience*, I have clipt the wings of my *faith*, I have dasht the comfort of my *hopes*: Good Angels have *forsaken* me, my conscience hath *accused* me, Gods *Prophets* have condemned me, and *Hell* gapes for me. What shall I do? Or whither shall I *flie*? shall I seeke to *Angels*? Alas, I have turned them away displeased: They will not *beare* me, or if they would, they cannot *helpe* me. Shall I *flie* to my own *Conscience*? alas that will *flie* on me. Shall I trust to my own *Merits*? alas they are false *Lights*, and will light me to my own *Ruine*: Or shall I take the wings of the *Morning*, and *flie* to the utmost parts of the Earth? alas, my sins will *follow* me, my sins will *hauent* me wheresoever I go; Poore miserable man that I am, who shall deliver me from this *Burthen*? Poore miserable man that I am, who shall release me from this *Bondage*? Is there no *Comfort* for a poore distressed Soule? Is there no *ease* for a poore disconsolate Sinner? Is there no *Balsome* for a wounded Heart? no *Refuge* for a guilty Penitent?

O My soule, why art thou so sad? and why is thy spirit so disquieted within thee? Put thy trust in God who hath said,

*Come unto me all you that are beavyladen,
and I will give you rest, Mat. 11. 28.*

Jer.

Jer. 6. 16.

Thus saith the Lord : Stand ye in the old wayes,
and see and ask for the old paths, where is the
good way, and walk therein, and ye shall find
rest for your souls.

Isaiah 51. 11.

The redeemed of the Lord shall returne, and
come with singing unto Sion, and everlasting
joy shall be upon their heads : They shall ob-
taine gladnesse and joy ; and sorrow and
mourning shall flie away.

Matth. 11. 29.

Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me, for I
am meeke and lowly in heart, and ye shall
have rest unto your souls.

Hierom. in Epist.

Dost thou feare poverty ? Christ calls the poore
man blessed ; Art thou afraid of labour ?
paines are the parents of a Crown ; Art thou
hungry ? Faith fears no famine : God the
Generalissimo of the world, with his Militia
of Angels, beholds thy Combate, and pre-
pares for thy laborious victory a crown of
everlasting rest.

Aug. de Virgin.

Sow thy heart with divers seeds, with Fasting,
Prayer, Reading, Alms, that the end of thy
labour may be the harvest of thy rest.

TRue, my soul, if thou shouldst only cast an eye upon the *letter* of the *Law*, that letter would soon cast thee and condemne thee; or if thy only object were the base *corruptions* of thy sinful *heart*, there were sufficient cause to justifie that condemnation; or hadst thou nothing else to trust to but thine own *abilities*, thy case were too too miserable for expression; or shouldst thou seriously consider that glorious *Majesty* thou hast *offended*, there were no hopes for consolation: But, O my soul, there is a *Gospel* to mitigate the rigour of that *Letter*; There is a *Chaucery* to moderate the severity of that *Law*; There is a *Saviour* to moderate betwixt that *God* and thy *Offences*. Art thou in *bondage*? O my soul, here is *freedom*; Art thou *dejected*? here is *comfort*; Art thou *pursued*? here is a *Refuge*; Art thou *overburdened*? here is *rest*; Art thou *condemned*? here is a *pardon*. Appeal therefore from the Throne of *Justice* to the seat of *Mercy*; from the *justice* of *Jehovah* to the *mercy* of thy *Iesus*; *deny* thy self, and he will *own* thee; *empty* thy self, and he will *fill* thee. Let not thy *sins* afright thee, he hath *satisfied*; Let not *Hell* dismay thee, he hath *suffered*; Let not the *first death* trouble thee, he hath *sweetned* it; Let not the *second death* terrifie thee, he hath *conquered* it: Fear not to *come* to him, for he hath *called* thee; Fear not to *pray* to him, for he will *bear* thee.

O God, whose perfect glory needed not the helpe of *Man*, yet madest him for thy *Glory*, wherein consisted his eternall *Happinesse*; I a poore *sonne* of *Adam*, fallen by his *Sinne*, and wallowing in my own *corruptions*, lie prostrate here before the foot-stoole of thy *Mercy seate*, acknowledging my grievous *Sinnes*, and humbly begging *pardon* for my manifold *transgressions*. How infinite is thy *Mercy*, O God, that hast not spared thy onely *Sonne*, but made his precious *Bloud* a Ransome to redeeme me from the jawes of *Death*! I have made my selfe a great *Delinquent*, and thou hast appointed *Him* my gracious *Advocate*; I have made my selfe a *Sinner*, and hee hath given himselfe to be my *Saviour*: To thee therefore O my blessed *Iesus* whose *death* is my *Deliverance*. I flie; Before thee (who art more *mercifull*, than I am *miserable*) I fall: Thy *Mercies* have invired mee, thy *Meri* have emboldened mee, to present my *groves* before thy gracious *Eares*, and to lay my *Burthen* upon thy dying *Shoulders*: O Lambe of God which takest away the *finnes* of the *world*, have mercy upon me; O Lambe of God that takest away the *Burthen* of my *finnes*, have mercy upon mee, and grant me thy *Rest*; O thou that tookest my *flesh* upon thee, grant me thy

Spirit ; Sanctifie my *thoughts* , Be merciful to my *finnes* , Be gracious to my *Prayers* . Let the *Intercession* of thy *merits* restore me to the *favour* of my *God* . Let the *freewill* of thy *mercy* release me from the *burthen* of my *Conscience* . Wean me from my *selfe* , Direct me in thy *Ways* : Be thou my *Rest* , Be thou my *Refuge* . Fix thou my *wavering faith* , Recall my *wandring Hopes* : Give thy *Angels* charge over me , whom I have so oft sent *grieved away* . Establish me with a free *Spirit* , and restore me to the *joy* of thy *Salvation* . Let that *power* that calls me , enable me to come , and let my coming be rewarded in thy *Promise* . Let thy *word* comfort me , Let thy *Truth* conduct me , and let thy *Spirit* counsell me , that being relieved by the bounty of thy *Grace* , released from the *Burthen* of my *finnes* , and redeemed by the virtue of thy *Bloud* , I may come to thee with the *Confidence* of a sonne , and be received of thee in the *Compassion* of a Father ; and after this life of *Grace* , live with thee in thy *Kingdom of Glory* .

The Sinners Sentence.

O The *miserable* condition of *Man-kind*! What loads of self-made *mifery* is fallen upon the *fonnes of men* ! Man that had once a power *not to fall*, hath not now the will to *stand* ; and being *fallen* by his ambitious *will*, hath lost the power to *rise*. He was created *good* ; but not content with such a goodnesse, grew covetous to increase it by the knowledge of that which (being known) deprived him of that goodnesse. *Evill* he desired to know ; and not knowing the misery of that knowledge, by that knowledge became miserable : That God, the sweetnesse of whose *presence* was the *perfection* of mans *felicity*, he rebelliously declined ; And, being the *Favourite* of Heaven, made himselfe a *Firebrand* of Hell, and I his miserable child, am made more miserable by my *own offences*. What *mercy* can I expect from this just God, whose *Justice* I have so oft offended ? What *judgement* may I now suspect from that mercifull God, whose *Mercy* I have so oft abused ? Is not the practise of my life, *Sinne* ? Are not the wages of my sinne, *death* ? If *one sinne* destroyed a world of men, shall not a *World of finnes* destroy one Man ? I that have not feared to provoke his *Justice*, am now afraid to thinke him *Just* ; I that have sleighted his *mercy*, have now no warrant to hope him *mercifull* : He that made the eye, can

he choose but *see* ? He that sees all things, beholds he not my *sinne* ? Can he behold my sinne, and not *punish* ? Can he punish, and I not *confounded* ? What am I poore dust and ashes to stand before so great an *Enemy* ? Did hee not create me for his *service*, and shall not his hand destroy me for my *Rebellion* ? What *Advocate* shall plead my cause ? What *Sanctuary* shall secure me ? Shall that *Bloud* save me which I have spilt ? Will that *judge* quit me, which I have crucified ? Shall I present my prayers to Heaven ? Alas my very prayers will returne like *Thunderbolts* upon my head : Shall I lay my sinnes before the eye of Heaven ? Ah mee ! I dare not, lest they draw down vengeance into my bosome.

BE not afraid, my soule, Gods *mercy* farre transcends thy *misery*. Cheare up, where *sinne* abounds, there *grace* abounds much more. O now my soule depart in *peace*, for thine eyes shall see thy *salvation*. Open thine ears and heare what the spirit saith,

He that believeth in me shall never die,
John 11.16.

Rom. 1. 17.

The just shall live by Faith.

John 3. 16.

God so loved the world, that he gave his onely begotten Sonne, that whosoever believeth in him, shall not perish, but have everlasting life.

Acts 16. 31.

Believe on the Lord Iesus, and thou shalt be saved, and thy household.

John 5. 24.

Verily, verily, I say unto you, He that heareth my word, and believeth on him that sent me, hath everlasting life, and shall not come into condemnation: but is passed from death unto life.

*Chrysost.**The faith of the true Catholick Religion is the light of the soule, the gate of life, and the foundation of eternall happinesse.**Cassiod.**Man enjoyes all things in himselfe, that enjoyes himselfe; but he onely enjoyes himselfe, that enjoyes his God: and he alone enjoyes his God, that believes in him.**August.**No greater treasure than the true Catholick faith: It gives to the blind, light; to the sick, health; to sinners, Repentance; to the penitent, salvation.*

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But

BUt is thy *mifery*, O my soule, greater than his *mercy*? 'Tis true, the pra^{cti}se of thy life is *Sinne*, but the pra^{cti}se of his Mercy is *pardon*: The wages of thy sinne is *death*, but the merits of his death is *life*. Art thou afraid to think the God of Vengeance, *just*? and well thou mayst, if thou deny the God of Mercy to be *mercifull*: Old *Adam* hath runne thee in *debt*, and *young Adam* hath paid the *score*, and wilt thou not acknowledge it? O my distrustfull soule, darken not the Sun-shine of his power, with the clouds of thy *Infidelity*; Eclipse not the illustrious body of his Mercy, with the interposition of thy *despaire*: Think not thy great *Creator* is thine enemy, when thy gracious *Redeemer* is thy friend. Hast thou sinned against thy *Creation*? thou art absolved by thy *Redemption*. Art thou penitent for thy *Rebellion*? thy peace is made by thy *Redeemer*. But thou hast shed thy Saviours *Bloud*? Take comfort, that very bloud which thou hast spilt, will *save* thee. But thou hast crucified the Lord of glory: the Lord of glory whom thou hast crucified, hath crucified thy *sins*. Fear not the, my soul, to flie to such a *Friend*, whose arms are open to *embrace* thee, whose eys are open to *behold* thee, whose lips are open to *plead* for thee, whose wounds are open to ease thy *pains*, whose ears are open to hear thy *Prayers*.

O God, that madest all things to serve man, that man might the more chearfully serve thee; that gavest him power to continue in that perfect state thou madest him, and a will to use that power to thy glory and his own comfort: I the *unhappy* sonne of my unhappy parents, made *more unhappy* by mine own transgressions, do here in all humility and contrition, acknowledge my selfe the *miserable subject* of thy utter *wrath*. Lord, I have lost the power to do what thou commandest, and am onely left to suffer what thy displeasure shall lay upon me: But yet, O God, thy mercy is no lesse infinite than thy justice, and far more infinite than my sinnes, and hast promised life to all believers. Give therefore dust and ashes leave, O Lord, to claim this gracious *Promise*, and what thou hast commanded to be done, O give me power to do. Enter not into judgement with thy servant, O Lord, for in thy sight shall no flesh be justified: Looke not upon thy servant, O God, but through the Bloud of thy *Sonne*; and let the *merits* of a *Saviour*, out-cry the *demerits* of a *Sinner*. Remember not what I a sinner have *done*, but call to thy remembrance what he my Saviour hath *suffered*: O let his bloody *sweat* anoint my bleeding wounds, and accept his *death* as the full wages of my offences. Lord I am sick,
I

I flie to him as my *Physician* ; I am a trespasser , I flie to him my *Advocate* ; I am a suiter , I flie to him my *Mediatour* ; I am a Delinquent , I flie to him my *Sanctuary* ; I am a Sinner , I flie to him my *Saviour* ; Let the shamefulnesse of his *death* expiate the sinfulnessse of my *life* ; and let the willingnesse of his *Obedience*, satisfie for the wilfulnessse of my *Rebellion* : Let my sinnes , that cry louder than the sinnes of *Cain* , be washt in *his bloud* which speaks better things than the bloud of *Abel*. Remember thy *Promises* to those that believe : Lord I believe, Lord helpe my unbeliefe : Quicken my soule with *faith* , Inflame my affections with *love*, and fill my mouth with *prayers* , that knowing him, I may believe in him ; and believing in him , I may love him ; and loving him, I may praise him with *Hosannas* here in the Church-militant , and *Hallelujahs* hereafter in the Church Triumphant.

The Poore mans Want.

GOd that created all things for mans
 use, created man for his service, who
 by the accommodation of all the *Creatures*
 might be enabled the better to doe service
 to his *Creatour*: But when the proud disloy-
 alty of man *Rebelled*, the *Creature* that
 knew not how to serve man on such con-
 ditions, returned to his first *Creatour*,
 to be a new disposed of by him according
 to his pleasure. How dare I then pre-
 sume to expect from his hands what I have
 disinherited my selfe of by my *Rebellion*?
 Or how can I a *dog* claim any interest in
 the *Childens bread*? How dare I a *finner*
 intrude into the *portion* of the righteous?
 And if the righteous onely shall inherit the
 Land, in what quarter lyes mine inheri-
 tance? If *blessings* be the proper dues of
sonnes, what is due to me the greatest of all
sinners? I am no *Sonne*, and therefore no
Heir, that insomuch what I possesse I en-
 joy not by *right*, but *usurpation*. What
 have I that I can call mine owne? Or
 wherein can my *title* prove a *right*? I am
 wretched, for I am a *finner*; I am *poore*,
 for I want the thing I have; I am *blind*,
 for I cannot see my wants; I am *naked*,
 for I cannot hide my shame. I can challenge
 nothing but my sin, my sorrow, my punish-
 ment, my shame; I can see nothing but that I
 am wretched, & poor, and blind, and naked; I
 can

can expect nothing but what I first must receive ; I can receive nothing , but what must first be given ; Nothing can be given but by *Prayer* ; prayer hath no virtue but by *Faith* , and whatsoever is not of faith is *sinne*. How then shall I supply this *emptinesse* ? By what means shall I relieve my *wants* ? By what *Art* shall I clear this *blindnesse* ? What clothes shall hide my *nakednesse* ? If I pray for what I want, I feare I shall not want what I deserve : I am a *Prodigall*, and have spent my *talents* ; I have divorced my presence from my angry *Father* ; I am not worthy to be called his *sonne*, and he too worthy to be called my *Father* ; I have forsaken my God, and his *blessings* have forsaken me ; I that have banisht my selfe from my *fathers* bounteous table, am now marshalled among *swine*.

Return, return thee O my soule into thy fathers arms ; Confesse thy wants, and his mercy will relieve thee, who saith,

Whatsoever ye shall ask my Father in my name, he shall give it unto you , John 16.23.

I John 5.14,15.

And this is the confidence we have in him : if we ask any thing according to his will, he heareth us ; if we know he heareth us, whatsoever we ask, we know we have the petitions we desire of him.

John 14.13.

Whatsoever ye aske in my name, that will I do, that the Father may be glorified in the Sonne ; If ye ask any thing in my name, I will do it.

Matth. 7.7.

Ask, and it shall be given you ; seek, and you shall find ; knock and it shall be opened to you.

Psal. 21.4.

He asked life of thee , and thou gavest it him, even length of dayes for ever and ever.

Isidor.

He that obeyes not the Law of God, obtains not the thing he desires of God ; but if we faithfully perform what he commands, we shall doubtlesse receive what we desire.

Ambrose.

We have all things in Christ , and Christ is all things in us ; If we are sick, he is a Physician ; if we fear death, he is life ; if in darknesse, he is light ; if in want, he is abundance ; if hungry, he is food ; if thirsty, he is drink ; if miserable, he is mercy ; if covetous of Heaven, he is the way.

His

IF thy own Righteousnesse onely interest thee in Heaven, or hadst thou no better title to the blessing of earth than from thy selfe, how vain were the *merits* of a *Saviour*, and how poore were the *estate* of a *Sinner*? But having no righteousness but in *him*, thou hast no interest in any blessing but by *him*. Art thou poore in estate, O my soul? finde him, and thou art *rich*. Art thou wretched? seek him, and thou hast *happinesse*. Blinded with error? seek him, and thou art enlightned with *truth*. Naked? find him, and thou shalt be clothed with *Robes*. Challenge nothing but thy *sin*, and thou shalt enjoy all things by thy *Repentance*. Be sensible of thy *miserie*, and thou art capable of his *mercy*. Hast thou wasted thy portion with the Prodigall? return to thy *Father*, like the Prodigall. Acknowledge thy own *unworthinesse*, and thy fathers *indulgence* will embrace thee. Let not the sense of thy owne *wretchednesse* discourage thee, nor the feare of his *displeasure* dishearten thee: Can an earthly mother forget her *child*? and canst thou distrust the mercies of a *heavenly Father*? Go then my soule: Flie into his bosome by *contrition*, grone thy sorrowes in his care by penitent *confession*; Hee that hath called thee will *accept* thee; He that hath commanded thee to pray, will heare thy *Prayer*.

O God, that art the Creatour and giver of all good things, by which we are either made the more serviceable to thee, or the more inexcusable in neglecting thy service, I a poore off-cast among the sons of *Adam*, who like the *Prodigall* have mis-pent thy precious blessings, doe here return from *bushes* and *Harlots*, and the lewd concupiscence of my affections; to thee my gracious God, to thee O my offended Father; I have usurp'd thy favours, intruded into thy blessings, and like a *Dogge* devoured the childrens bread. O God, my wants are great; nay, what I have, I want, in wanting thee, that art all goodness, *All in All*: But yet thy gracious promise hath invited me to call on thee in my necessities: Be it therefore, O God, according to thy word; Thy Word is *Truth*; Thy truth is *everlasting*: Lord, as thou hast made me sensible of my wants, so make me capable of thy reliefe. Remove my wretchednesse by thy *Mercy*; Relieve my poverty by thy all-sufficient *Grace*; Recover my blindness by thy *Light*: Cover my nakednesse with thy *Robe*; Be thou my *Portion*, O God, and let thy *Laws* be mine inheritance. Heare the needy when hee calls upon thee, and helpe the poore that hath no helper. Thou art my hope, O God, thou art my trust even from my mothers wombe.

Wombe, Make me sufficient for thy Grace, and thy Grace shall be sufficient for me. Provoke in my soule a thirst after Righteousnesse, that I may take and drinke the Cup of thy saluation. Teach me to *ask* according to thy *pleasure*, and grant my Requests according to thy *promise*. Strengthen my Faith in all my *Supplications*, and give me *Patience* to expect thy leasure. What I possesse, O God, let me enjoy in Thee, and Thee in it; Relieve my *necessities* according to thy will, and let thy pleasure limit my desires: In my *Prosperity* let me not forget thee, and in my *Adversity* let me not forsake thee. With *Jacobs* wealth, Lord give me *Jacobs* blessing; With *Lazars* want, O give me *Lazars* reward; Both in want and wealth give me a *contented mind*: both in prosperity and adversity, give me a *thankfull heart*. Lord heare my prayer for thy mercy sake, for my miseries sake, for thy promise sake, for my Jesus sake, to whom be glory and praise for ever and ever.

The Forgetfull mans Complaint.

VVE are Gods *husbandry*, our hearts are the *soil*, whereof some is more *fruitfull*, some more *barren*, and both *unprofitable*; His holy Word is the *seed*, which sometimes falls upon a *lean ground*, sometimes upon a *stony*, sometimes upon a *good ground*; The *cares* of the world are like *thorns* that spring up and choke it; *Persecutions*, like a *sowletry summer*, scorch it; The *lusts* of the flesh, like the *fowls* of the *Aire*, which waite upon the *Plough*, and licensed by the Prince of the aire devoure it. How many dis-advantages, O God, attend upon thy *Husbandry*? how many losses lessen thy *increase*? how many accidents make thy *soil* unfruitfull, and thy *Harvest* easie and unprofitable? To what purpose do I till my *land*? To what advantage do I stir my *fallowes*? I have no sooner sowed my willing ground, but the seed is stoln away. I bring into the *Sanctuary* a *prepared heart*; I heare *glad tidings* with a *cheerfull care*, and then repose them in a *joyfull breast*: But when I looke into my hopefull *Magazine*, behold there's nothing there but *emptinesse* and *vanity*. The joyes of what I *gaind* were swallowed with the grief of what I *lost*. No sooner had I set my portalls open to let in the *King of Glory*; but lo, the flightnesse of my *entertainment* turn'd him out againe. I hid my

my *Saviour* in the Sepulcher of my soule, and they have taken away my Lord, and I know not where they have laid him. My Beloved withdrew himselfe, and is gone, and I have sought him, but I could not finde him. O treacherous *Memory*, how hast thou betrayed my *rest*? how hast thou lost the *balsome* of thy Soule! How art thou heedlesse in *preserving* what my poore soule was so earnest in *pursuing*? How canst thou choose but feele the stroke of *death*, having thus lost the Word of *life*? What shall now comfort thee in thy *Afflictions*, O what shall strengthen thee in thy *Temptation*? or what shall wind up the plummetts of thy soule in *Desperation*?

CHeare up, my soule, the *Pearle* which thou hast lost, is hidden in thy *field*, and time shall bring it forth; when sharpe *Afflictions* shall plough up the fallows of thy heart, this Pearle shall then appear and comfort thee. Turne and read what the Spirit saith,

The holy Spirit shall bring to your remembrance whatsoever I have said unto you,
John 14. 26.

John

John 15.26.

When the Comforter shall come, whom I will send from the Father; even the Spirit of truth which proceedeth from the Father, he shall testify of me.

1 John 2.27.

The anointing which yee have received of him abides in you, and yee need not that any man teach you, but as the same anointing teacheth you of all things, and is truth, and is no lie, and even as it hath taught you, ye shall abide in him.

Greg. in Moral.

After what manner works the holy Spirit in us? It instructs, it moves, it admonishes; it instructs the Reason, it moves the Will, in admonishes the Memory.

Bede.

There is no dulnesse where the holy Spirit is Teacher, no forgetfulnesse where the holy Spirit is Remembrauer.

Greg.

The holy Spirit is an antidote against seven poysons; It is wisdom against folly, quicknesse of apprehension against dulnesse, faithfulness of memory against forgetfulness, fortitude against feare, knowledge against ignorance, piety against profanenes, humblity against pride.

The

THe strongest City (when force without, and treachery within assails it) must yield; and canst thou expect, O my soul, to be impregnable? Hast thou the Devil and the world without thee, and so many Regiments of lusts within thee, yet thinkest thou to sustain no losse? Art thou so unexperienced in the Christian war, to thinke thy Magazine safe upon so strong a siege? Thou storest thy heart with plenty of the bread of life, and canst thou hope to keep it from the ravenous hand of thy own corruptions? Thou sowest thy ground with liberall seed, and thinkest thou that the Fowls of the aire (being *Lucifers* own regiment) will not rob thee of a share? Thou fillest thy Treasury with summes of wealth, and canst thou hope the Troops within thee will not plunder thee? Vex not thy selfe my soule, what's taken from thee with too strong an arm, shall be no losse to thee; Consent not, but continue loyall, and thy compulsions shall never wrong thee; If thy domestick Rebels sequester th. whole estate, thy loyalty shall preserve thee. Cheer thee, O then, my soule, the Comforter will come, and then thy Faith shall be repayed, thy wrongs shall be repaired; till then, thy sufferings shall be remembered, and then thy Petitions shall be regarded.

His

O God, without whose special blessing and successe, *Paul* plants in vaine, and *Appollo* waters to no purpose; that with the influence of thy holy *Spirit*, enrichest all those hearts from whom thy patience shall expect encrease; I, the worst piece of all thy Husbandry, doe here acknowledge and confesse mine own barrennesse, as most unworthy of thy pains. Lord, thou hast often ploughed my heart with *trialls* and *afflictions*, manured it with the presence of thy Heavenly *Grace*, and sowed it with thy pure *Seed*; yet such is the base condition of my unfruitfull heart, that either the coldnesse of the soile starves it, or the cares of the world choke it, or the malice of the Devill robs it, that it cannot bring forth encrease worthy of thy pains or expectation. Lord, I am thy Husbandry, continue thy carefull hand upon mee, and supply my weaknesse with thy strength, and make me fruitfull for thy glory: And thou, O God, that hast given thy Word for a *Lampe* unto my feet, and a *light* unto my paths, so open mine eyes, that I may behold the frailty of my *flesh*; so cleare my sight, that I may avoid the vanities of the *World*, and the snares of *Satan*. Be thou my *Screen*, to preserve this *Lampe*: Be thou my *Lanterne*, to protect this *Light*, that the corruptions of my *flesh* may not obscure it, that the vanities
of

of the *World* may not eclipse it, that the suggestions of *Sathan* may not consume it. Unlock mine *eares*, that I may heare what thou commandest; Lock thou my *memory*, that I may retaine what I heare; Enlarge my *heart*, that I may practice what I retaine; and open thou my *lips*, that I may prayse thee in my practice. Consider, O God, how I love thy *Precepts*, and quicken mee according to thy loving kindnesse. Hide thy *Word* in my heart, that my wayes may be directed to keepe thy *Statutes*. Remember thy word to thy servant, upon which thou hast caused mee to hope. Behold I am weake, be thou my *helper*: Behold I am comfortlesse, be thou my *Comforter*. Restraine his malice that steals thy word from out thy ground, that when the time commeth, thy *Harvest* may be fruitfull, and I thy *servant* being found faithfull may enter into my Masters joy, and be received into eternall Glory.

The Widows Distresse.

SO vain, so momentary are the pleasures
 of this world ; so transitory is the hap-
 pineffe of mankinde , that what with the
expectation that goes before it , and the
cares that go with it , and the *griefs* that
 follow it , we are not more unhappy in the
 wanting it , than miserable in the enjoy-
 ing it : The greatest of all worldly joyes are
 but *bubbles* full of air , that break with the
 fulnesse of their own vanity , and but at
 best like *Jonahs* Gourd , which please us
 while they last , and vex us in the losse :
Past and *future* happineffe are the *miseries*
 of the time *present* ; and *present* happineffe
 is but the *passage* to approaching *misery* ;
 which being *transitory* , and meeting with
 a transitory *possessour* , perish in the very
 using ; what was mine *yesterday* in the
 blessednesse of a full fruition , *to day* hath
 nothing left of it but a sad remembrance,
 it *was* mine : The more I call to mind
 the *joyes* I *had* , the more sensible I am of
 the *misery* I *have*. My *Sunne* is set , my
glory is darkned , and not one *star* appears
 in the *Firmament* of my little world. Hee
 from whose loyns I came , is taken from
 me ; He to whose bosome I returned , is
 taken from me : My *Blessings* in the one,
 my *Comforts* in the other , are taken from
 me : And what is left to me but a poore
 third part of my selfe to bewaile the losse
 I
 of

of the other two. I that was owned by the tender name of a *Child*, am now known by the off-cast title of an *Orphan* ; I that was respected by the honourable title of a *wife* , am now rejected by the despicable name of a *widow* ; I that flourisht like a fruitfull *vine* upon the house top , am now neglected and trodden under foot ; Hee that like a strong *wall* supported my tender *Branches* , is fallen, and left my *Clusters* to the spoile of ravenous *swine*. The *Spring-sides* of my *Plenty* are spent , and I am gravelled on the low *ebbes* of all *wants* ; The *Sonnets* of my mirth , are turned to *Elegies* of mourning ; My *Glory* is put out, and my *honour* grovels on the *dust* : I call to my *friends* , and they neglect mee : I spread forth my hands, and there is none to *helpe* mee : My beauty is departed from me, and all my joyes are swallowed up.

BUt stay my soule , plunge not too far ;
 Shall not he take, that gave ? Cannot
 he that tooke , restore ? The Lord is thy
 portion, who saith,

*I will be an Husband to the widow , and a
 Father to the fatherlesse, Psal. 68. 5.*

Exod.

Exod. 22. 22, 23, 24.

Thou shalt not afflict any widow, or fatherlesse child.

If thou afflict them in any wise, and they cry at all unto me, I will surely heare their cry.

And my wrath shall wax hot, and I will kill you with the Sword, and your wives shall be widows, and your children fatherlesse.

Mal. 3. 5.

I will be a swift witnesse against those that oppresse the widow and the fatherlesse.

James 1. 27.

Pure Religion and undefiled before God and the Father is this, to visit the fatherlesse and Widow in their affliction.

August.

God is all things to thee; Art thou hungry? he is bread; Art thou thirsty? he is water; Art thou in darknesse? he is light; Art thou naked? he is a Robe of eternity; Art thou a Widow? he is thy Husband; Art thou an Orphan? he is thy Father.

August.

Whatsoever is not God, is not desirable: Whatsoever my God bestows upon me, let him deprive me of, so as he leave himselfe: Let him take away his gift, so he give me the giver.

How hath the *Sun-shine* of Truth discovered what appeared not by the *Candlelight* of Nature! How many *Atoms* in thy soule hath this *light* descried, which in thy naturall *Twilight* were not visible? Excessive sadness for so great a *losse* can want no Arguments from *flesh* and *blood*, which Arguments can want no weight, if weighed in the partiall *ballance* of Nature. A husband is thy selfe, *divided*; Thy children thy selfe, *multiplied*; for whom (when snatcht away) God allows some *grains* to thy affections; but when they exceede the allowance, they will not passe in Heavens account but must be coin'd againe. Couldst thou so often offend thy God without a teare; and cannot he, my soule, displease thee once without so many? Doth the want of spirituall *graces* not trouble thee, and shall a *temporall losse* so much torment thee? Is thy husband taken away, and art thou *cast down*? Hath thy God promised to be thy husband, and art thou not *comforted*? True symptomes of more *flesh* than *spirit*: Thy husband was the *gift*; thy God, the *giver*; and wilt thou more disprize the *giver* than the *gift*? Be wise, my soule, if thou hast lost a *man*, thou hast found a *God*; having therefore wet thy wings in natures *shower*, go and dry them in the God of Natures *Sun-shine*.

O God, in the knowledge of whom is the perfection of all joy, at whose right hand *pleasures* are evermore; that makest the *Comforts* of this life momentary, that we may not overprize them, and yet hast made them requisite, that we may not undervalue them; I a late *sharer* in this worldly happinesse, but a sad *witnesse* of its vanity, do here addresse my selfe to thee the only *crown* of all my joyes, in whom there is no *variablenesse*, nor shadow of *change*. Lord thou didst give me what my unthankfulnesse hath taken from me, but thou hast taken from mee what thy goodnesse hath promised to supply: Thou hast given and thou hast taken, blessed be thy name for ever. Thou then O God, who art not lesse able to perform, than willing to promise, whose *mercy* is more ready to bestow, than my misery is to beg, strengthen my *faith*, that I may believe thy *promise*. Encourage my *hopes*, that I may expect thy *performance*. Quicken my affections, that I may love the Promiser. Be thou *All* in *all* to me, that am nothing at all without thee. Sweeten my misery with the sense of thy mercy, and lighten my darknesse with the Sunne of thy *glory*. Seal in my heart the assurance of adoption, that I may with boldnesse call thee my Father. Sanctifie my actions with the Spirit of *meeknesse*, that my conversation

may testifie that I am thy child. Weane my heart from worldly sorrow, lest I mourne like them that have no hope. Be thou my Bridegroom, and let our marriage Chamber be my heart. Own mee as thy Bride, and purifie mee with the odours of thy Spirit : Prevent me with thy blessings ; Protect me by thy Grace ; Preserve me for thy selfe : Prepare me for thy Kingdome. Bee thou a Father, to blesse me : Be thou a husband to comfort mee. In the midst of my want, be thou my plenty : In the depth of my mourning, be thou my mirth. Raise my glory from the dust, and then my dust shall shew forth thy praise. Be thou a wall to support my Vine, and let my branches twine about thee : Let them flourish in the Sunne-shine of thy Grace, that they may bring forth fruit to the glory of thy Name.

The Afflicted mans Tronble.

V V Hich way soever I turne mine eyes, I see nothing but spectacles of *mifery*, and emblemes of *mortality*; if I looke up, there I behold an *angry God*, and I am troubled: Looke downwards, there I see a prepared *Hell*, and I am terrified. Looke on my right hand, and there prosperity emboldens me to a secure *presumption*: Looke on my left hand, and there aduersity enforces mee to a sad *despaire*. Looke about mee, and there I finde legions of *temptations* beleaguering mee; Looke within mee, and there I see a guilty *conscience* accusing me; In all which, I perceive nothing but *mifery*, nothing but *man*, and in that misery, the *periphrase* of man. Man that is born of a woman, hath but a short time to live, and is full of trouble. Were not mans time short, man were the miserablest of all creatures, and I the miserablest of all men. I am still haunted with three Enemies, the *World*, the *Flesh*, and the *Devil*. The *World* troubles mee with her *cares*: The *Flesh* troubles mee with *infirmities*: The *Devil* troubles me with *temptations*: If I am rich, I am troubled with *fearres* to lose: If poore, I am troubled with cares to get: If single, troubled to seeke a wife: If married, troubled to please a wife: If I have Children, every Child is a new

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trouble;

trouble : If childnesse, I am as much troubled for an heire : If sick, troubled with *distempers* and *drugs* ; If sound, troubled with *lust* or *labour* : If in my businesse, troubled with *vexation* ; If in my devotion, troubled with *distraction*. Man that is born of a woman, hath but a short time, and is full of trouble. Where shall I turne mee to avoid this *toil* ? What steps shall I tread to escape this trouble ? Shall I encline my heart to *mirth* ? Mirth is but madnesse, therefore *trouble*. Shall I quicken my spirits with plenteous *wine* ? In much wine is much distraction, therefore *trouble*. Or shall my wiser heart search out the bounds of *knowledge* ? In much wisdome, is much grieve ; and who encreaseth knowledge encreaseth trouble. Whom shall I call to aid ? To whom shall I addresse my sad complaints ? Call to my *kindred*, they disclaim me : Call to my *friends*, and they deride me : O that I had the wings of a Dove, that I may flie away and be at *rest*. But whither wouldst thou flie ?

FLie from thy selfe, my soule, and haste thee to that voyce that sayes, *Call upon me in the time of trouble, and I will beare thee.*

Psal.

Psal. 91. 15.

He shall call upon me, and I will answer him ;
I will be with him in trouble, I will deliver
him and honour him.

Psal. 54. 7.

He hath delivered me out of all my troubles, and
mine eyes have scene their desire upon mine
enemies.

2 Cor. 1. 4.

He comforteth us in all our tribulations , that
we may be able to comfort them that are in
any trouble, by the comfort whereby we our
selves are comforted of God.

Psal. 81. 7.

Thou calledst to me in trouble, and I delivered
thee, I answered thee in the secret place of
thunder.

Greg.

It is the worke and providence of Gods secret
counsell, that the dayes of the Elect should be
troubled in their pilgrimage. This present
life is the way to our long home ; God there-
fore in his secret wisdom afflict's our travell
with continuall trouble , lest the delight of
our journey might take away the desire of our
journeys end.


Bernard.

This life is replenisht with so many evils , that
death is rather a remedy than a punishment ;
God therefore hath made it short, that seeing
the troubles thereof cannot be removed from
us , we may the sooner be removed from
them.

I. 5

Be

BE wise, my soule, and what thou canst not remedy, *endure*. Doth the *World* trouble thee ? Cling close to him that hath overcome the World ; Doth the *flesh* trouble thee ? *Mortifie* the flesh in thy members ; Doth the *Devil* trouble thee ? *Resist* the Devil, and hee will flie from thee. Art thou troubled with cares in thy *Abundance* ? Be not too carefull for *to morrow* ; Art thou troubled with wants in thy *Adversity* ? Be contented with the Bread of *to day*. Doth *sicknesse* trouble thee ? Make use of it, and *submit* ; Doth strength of constitution trouble thee with *concupiscence* ? *Fast and pray*. In thy *vocation* art thou troubled with vexation ? Let those *vexations* weane thee from the World ; Is thy *devotion* troubled with distractions ? Let those *distractions* bring thee closer to thy God. Do losses trouble thee ? Make *godlinesse* thy gaine. Do Crosses trouble thee ? Make the *Crosse* thy Meditation. Thus whilst thou strugglest against the *streame* of Nature, thou shalt be carried with a *gale* of Grace, and when thy strength shall faile thee, a stronger arm shall strengthen thee ; He that brings thee on with courage, will fetch thee off with conquest : Do what thou canst, and pray for what thou canst not.



O God that art the searcher of all hearts, the Revenger of all iniquities, the comfort of all true penitents, whose wayes are inscrutable, whose judgements are intolerable, whose mercy is incomprehensible; I thy *afflicted* suppliant, sensible of thy displeasure, bewaile the multitude of my offences, and am convinced by my owne Conscience, and thy *fatherly corrections*; which way soever I looke I see nothing but sinne and death, nothing but misery: But Lord, so infinite is thy mercy above my sinne, and so little pleasure takest thou in the destruction of a sinner, that thou hast commanded me to call upon thee in my *trouble*, and hast promised to heare me. In due obedience therefore to thy sweet command, and in firme confidence of thy gracious Promise, my bended Knees, O God, present thee with a broken heart. Thy sacrifices, O God, are a contrite spirit; a broken heart, O Lord, thou wilt not despise. Lord, I am weake, strengthen me with thy Grace; Mine enemies are strong, weaken them with thy power; Suppress the cares of the World that so *oppresse* me; Subdue the exorbitances of the flesh that so *molest* me; Curb the insolencies of the Devill, that so *afflict* mee; Endue my arme with power, and arme my heart with *patience*: Make haste, O God, to heare me, make speed,

O

O Lord, to helpe mee. Breake not thy Covenant with thy servant, O God, nor alter what thy lips have uttered; Remember thy promise to the sonne of thy Handmaid, for it is my *comfort* in all my *trouble*; I call to thee in the time of my *distresse*, deliver mee, O God, according to thy Word. Consider O Lord, I am but dust, O magnifie thy power in my weaknesse. Remember, O God, that I have beene long *afflicted*, O magnifie thy mercy in my *deliverance*: For in death there is no remembrance of thee, and in the Grave what tongue can praise thee? My bones are *vexed*, and my soule is *troubled*, but thou, O Lord, how long? how long? Behold my *griefs*, for they are great; Regard my *troubles*, for they are many: Quicken my soule for thy Names sake, and bring me out of all my *troubles*; then shall my soule rejoyce in thy salvation, and magnifie thy Name for ever and ever.

The Deserted mans Misery.

VWhen I consider but the goodness of my God, in offering his gracious favours to mee, and my owne vilenesse in refusing of such gracious offers, I cannot choose but wonder at his mercy, in that I *live*, and am not snatcht away from the possibility of *Repentance*. But ah! what comfort is a *life* that is branded with the *marke* of death? And what happinesse is this *possibility* of Repentance, which hath no strength to *assuare* it, but thy own? My soule, in what a case art thou? Into what a miserable state art thou reduced? Thou hast forsaken thy God, and I feare thy God hath *forsaken* thee. Me thinks I want the glory of that *Sunne* that once revived mee; Me thinks I lack the Comfort of those *beams* that once refreshed me; Me thinks I *feare*, where no feare is; and were I most should *fear*, I find my selfe no whit afraid. Those heavenly *Raptures*, which heretofore surprized my ravisht soule, have now no relish in my drowzie eare; Those *heart-confounding judgements*, whose very whispers in former times would split my soule in sunder, now move not if they thunder; Those sinnefull *thoughts* that prest my soule like Mil-stones, can now be acted, and re-acted without a sigh; Those heavenly *Prophets*, whose presence filled mee with delight,

delight, now trouble not my patience with their absence. My heart is a lump of *dead flesh*, my soule is stricken with a *dead Pulse*, my affections with a *Lethargy*. My *zeale* is frozen, my *Faith* is bed-rid, my *charity* is dead, and my greatest griefe is, that I cannot grieve. The *marke* of *Cain* is upon mee, and I feare that every *beast* that meets mee will devoure me. O my soule, what *comfort* can remaine with thee, when the God of comfort hath forsaken thee? What *safety* canst thou finde, when thou hast lost the God of peace? What would I not forgo, that I might re-obtain my God! what pleasure would I not abjure, that I might regaine his gracious pleasure.

CHeare up, my soule; who gives thee a *heart* to desire, will likewise give thee thy *heart's desire*. Let not his seeming absence dismay thee: The sense of his absence, is the *Symptome* of his presence: Let his Word be an *Antidote* for thy despaire, which saith,

For a small moment have I forsaken, but with great mercies will I gather thee,
Isaiah 54.7.

Deut.

Deut. 4. 31.

The Lord thy God is a mercifull God ; he will not forsake thee , neither destroy thee, nor forget the Covenant of thy fathers, which he swore unto them.

2 Cor. 4. 9.

We are persecuted, but not forsaken.

Joshua 1. 5.

I will not faile thee nor forsake thee.

Nehemiah 9. 31.

For thy great name sake thou didst not utterly consume them nor forsake them, for thou art a gracious and a mercifull God.

Ambrose.

*Let no man despaire ; Let none conscious of his old finnes make himself incapable of di-
vine grace; For God knows how to change
his sentence, if man endeavours to forsake his
sinne.*

Bernard.

*When ever thou feelest the burthen of Tem-
tation too heavy upon thee, call him that is
thy helper, invoke thy keeper, and thy aid in
all extremities ; and say, Lord save us, for
we perish : This keeper never sleeps nor slum-
ber ; though for a time he seemes a far off,
feare not, He will not leave thee nor forsake
thee.*

IF thy *breath*, O my soule, faile thee but a minute, thou dyest ; If thy *health* forsake thee a while, thou languishest ; If thy *sleep* leave thee, thou art distempered ; No wonder if thy *God* withdraws, that thou art troubled : Deject not, O my soule, nor let thy thoughts despaire. Stay thee with his *Promises*, and comfort thee with his *Mercies*. Dost thou mourn for him ? Thou shalt be *comforted* in him ; Dost thou thirst after him ? Thou shalt be *filled* with him ; He that suffers not a *cup* of cold *water* for his sake to go unrewarded, will not permit a *Tear* for his love to be unregarded. Hee withdraws to *sharpen* thy desire, He seemes lost to *enflame* the seeker ; He forsakes thee a while, that hee may be thine for *ever*. Thou wantest him, because thou desirest him ; Thou desirest him, because thou lovest him ; Thou couldst not love him, had hee not first loved thee ; and whom hee loves, he loves to the end. If thy neglect hath sent him *from thee*, let thy diligence draw him *to thee* : If thou hast lost him by thy sinnes, *seeke* him by true *Repentance* : and if thou finde him by thy Prayers, entertaine him with thy *thanksgiving*.

O God, without the *San-shine* of whose gracious eye, the creature sits in *darknesse*, and the shadow of *death*; whose presence is the very *life*, and true *delight* of those that love thee; Cast downe thine eyes of pittie upon a *lost sheepe* of *Israel*, which hath wandred from thy *Fold*, into the *Desart* of his owne *lusts*: What dangers can I choose but meete, that have runne my selfe out of thy *protection*? What *Sanctuary* can secure mee, that have left the *Couert* of thy wings? What *comfort* can I expect, O God, that have forsaken thee the God of comfort and consolation? Returne thee, O great *Shepherd* of my soule, and with thy *Crooke* reduce mee to thy *Fold*: Thou art my *way*, conduct mee; Thou art my *light*, direct mee; Thou art my *life*, quicken mee: Disperse these *Clouds* of finnes that stand betwixt thy angry face, and my be-nighted soule. Remove that cursed *barre* which my *Rebellion* hath set betwixt thy deafned Eare and my confused Prayers; and let thy comfortable *beames* reflect upon mee. Leave mee not, O God, unto my selfe; O Lord, forsake mee not too long: for in mee dwells nothing but despaire, and the terrours of Hell have taken hold of me. Cast me not away from thy presence, and take not thy holy Spirit from me. Remove
his

this heart of stone, and give mee, O good God, a heart of flesh, that it may be capable of thy mercies, and sensible of thy judgements: Plant in my heart a feare of thy name, and deliver my soule from carnall security. Order my affections according to thy will, that I may love what thou lovest, and hate what thou hatest: Kindle my zeale with a coale from thine Altar, and increase my faith by the assurance of thy love. O holy fire, that alwayes burnest and never goest out, kindle mee; O sacred light, that alwayes shinest and art never darke, illuminate mee; O sweet Jesus, pierce the marrow of my soule with the shafts of thy love, that it may burne and melt, and languish with the onely desire of thee: Let it alwayes desire thee, and seeke thee, and finde thee, and sweetly rest in thee. Bee thou in all my thoughts, in all my words, in all my actions, that both my thoughts, my words, and my actions being sanctified by thee here, I may be glorified by thee hereafter.

The Humble mans Depression.

HOW more than happy are those
 Sonnes of men, that measure no fur-
 ther ground than from the sacred *Font* unto
 their peacefull *Grave* ! How blessed are
 those Infants, which never lived to taste
 those dear-bought *peny-worths* of deceitfull
 earth ? Alas, there is nothing here but
 bitter *Pills* of pleasure-guilded *griefe* ;
 Here is nothing but substantiall *sorrowes*,
 clothed in the shades of false delight : Look
 where I list, there is nothing can appeare
 before mine eye but *sorrow*, the lamen-
 table object of my misery ; Contemplate
 where I list, here is nothing can present
 before my thoughts but *Misery*, the ob-
 ject of my mourning. My soule is a
 sparkle of *divine fire*, but quencht with
lust ; an *Image* of my glorious Creatour,
 but blurr'd with *sinne* ; a parcell of mor-
 tall *immortality*, reserv'd for *death*. My
understanding is darkned with *errour* ; my
judgements is perverted with *partiality* ; my
will is diverted with *sensuality* ; my *me-*
memory like a sieve, retaines the *Bran*, and
 lets the *flower* passe : my *affections* are
 aguish to good, and feverish to *evill* : my
faith wavers ; my *hope* tyres ; my *charity*
 freezes : my *thoughts* are *vaine*, my *words*
 are idle, my *actions* sinfull : My *body* is
 a *Tabernacle* of *griefe*, an *Hospitall* of
Diseases, a tenement of *death*, a sepulchre
 of

of a sinfull Soule. O my Soule, how canst thou owne thy selfe without *dejection*, that canst not view thy selfe without *corruption*? How art thou enclosed in walls of dust, tempered with a few tears: a lump of Earth, quickened with a span of life. Thy life is short and evill, truly *miserable*, because evill; onely *happy*, because short. When thou endeavourest *good*, thy heart faints: When thou strugglest with *evill*, thy strength failes. For this my soule is *humbled*, and my spirits are *deprest*: For this I *loathe* my selfe, and view my misery with *indignation*.

BUt cheare up my soule, and let not thy thoughts be overprest. The *Ball* that is throwne against the ground, rebounds. Humility is the *Harbinger* of Grace: Art thou humbled? feare not: Dost thou feare? despaire not: Dost thou despaire? persist not: Hearke what the God of truth hath said,

*He that is humble shall be exalted, Luke
14.11.*

Prov.

Prov. 29. 23.

A Mans pride shall bring him low, but honour shall uphold the humble in spirit.

1 Pet. 5. 6.

Humble your selves under the mighty Hand of God, that he may exalt you in due time.

Prov. 15. 33.

Before honour is humility.

Job 22. 29.

*When Men are cast down, then thou shalt say,
There is lifting up, and God shall save the
humble person.*

Cassid.

*By humility, the Members of Christ know
how to overcome the pride of the Devill.
By this the faithfull command; By this ty-
ranny is conquered; By this the Martyrs are
crowned: Neither can there be a perfecti-
on of vertue, where there is a defect of
humility.*

August.

*The Kingdome is glorious, the way to it lies
low: Wilt thou desire thy journeys end, and
yet refuse the way?*

Ambr.

*Humility, by not seeking, obtains what it
contemns.*

All

AL L virtues, as well *Theologicall* as *Morall*, are besieged with two vices; *Humility*, the fundamentall of all virtues is not exempted. Some puffed up with their own lowlinesse, grow proud, because humble, being high-minded by an *Antiperistasis*; this is *spirituall pride*: Others, taking too single a view of their own corruptions, and more sensible of the disease than of the *remedy*, are cast into despondency of mind, and this is called *dejection*; the first froths up into *presumption*; the second settles down into a *despaire*. How canst thou, O my soule, in this Tempest, escape this *Scylla*, or avoid that *Carybdis*? Dost thou feare the tossing waves? Contract thy *sayles*: Fearest thou the *Quick-sands*? use thy *Compass*: He that stills the waves will assist thee; he that commands the *Sea* will advise thee: Looke not onely on thy *Loadstone*, for then thou wilt not see thy *danger*; nor onely on thy *miserie*, for then thou wilt not be sensible of thy *deliverance*. If thy *humility* puffe thee up, thou art not fit for *mercy*. If *Dejection* knock thee down, *mercy* is not fit for thee. Looke up, O my soule, to Gods *mercy*, so as thou mayst be *sensible* of thy owne *miserie*; and so looke down on thine owne *miserie*, as thou maist be *capable* of Gods *mercy*.

ETernall God, who scatterest the *proud* in the Imagination of their hearts, and givest Grace to the *umble* and contrite *spirit*, bow downe thy gracious eare to mee vile dust and ashes, whose misery thus casts it selfe before thy mercy. Lord, I am ashamed of mine owne corruptions, and utterly loath mine own condition : I am not an object for mine owne eyes without disdain, nor a subject for mine own thoughts without contempt ; yet am I bold to prostrate my vile selfe before thy glorious eyes, and to present my sinfull prayers before thy gracious eares. Lord, if thy mercy exceeded not my misery, I could looke for no compassion ; and if thy grace transcended not my sinne, I could expect nothing but confusion. O thou that madest me of nothing, renew me, that have made my selfe farre lesse than nothing : Revive those sparkles in my soule, which lust hath quencht ; Cleanse thine image in mee, which my sinne hath blurr'd. Enlighten my understanding with thy Truth : Rectifie my judgement with thy word : Direct my will with thy Spirit : Strengthen my memory to retaine good things : Order my affections, that I may love thee above all things. Encrease my faith ; Encourage my hope ; Quicken my charity. Sweeten my thoughts with thy Grace ; Season my words with thy Spirit ; Sanctifie

Sanctifie my actions with thy Wisdome. Subdue the Insolence of my rebellious flesh ; Restraine the fury of my unbridled passions ; Reforme the frailty of my corrupted nature : Encline my heart to desire what is good , and blesse my endeavours that I may doe what I desire. Give mee a true knowledge of my selfe , and make me sensible of mine owne infirmities. Let not the sense of those mercies which I enjoy, blot out of my remembrance those miseries which I deserve ; that I may bee truly thankfull for the one , and humbly penitent for the other. In all my afflictions keepe mee from despaire , in all my deliverances preserve me from ingratitude, that being timely quickned with the sense of thy goodnesse , and truly *bumbled* by the sight of mine own weaknesse, I may be here *exalted* by the vertue of thy grace , and hereafter *advanced* to the Kingdome of thy glory.

The

The Sinners Conflict.

WHen *finne* entred into the World, death followed. The Scripture tells me of two deaths, the first and the second, this *spirituall*, that *naturall*; the first, a *separation* of the body and the soule, and is *temporall*; the second, a *separation* of the body and the soule from the favour of God, and is *eternall*; the first is *terrible*, the second, *intolerable*. If the first death so terrified the Lord of *life*, how terrible will the second be to me the child of *death*? If every triviall grief disturbs my thoughts, if every petty sicknesse distempers my body, if the very thought of death dismayes my soule, how horrible will *death* it selfe appeare? O when the silver *Cord* shall be dissolved, the golden *Bowl* demolished, the *Pitcher* at the Fountaine broke, the *Cistern* wheels stopt, how will the whole *universe* of my afflicted body be perplexed! Yet were I to endure for every man that hath been, is, and shall be, a death as oft repeated as the Sea shore hath sands; all this were nothing to a minutes torment of the *second* death. O treacherous and soule-destroying *finne*, how hast thou thus betrayed mee to *eternall* death, by thy false, momentary, and deceitfull *pleasures*? How hast thou bewitched me with flattering *smiles*, and with thy counterfeited delights thus *tinkled* mee to death!

K

Thou

Thou hast not onely deprived mee of a transitory *life*, but led me into the hideous jawes of an everlasting *death*: Thou hast not onely divorced my miserable soule from her beloved *body*, but separated both soule and body from the *favours* of my *God*, and left them to the insufferable *torments* of *eternity*. O my soule, can thy *life* be lesse than miserable, which being ended, is transported to so infinite a misery? How can thy *death* be lesse than *terrible*, which opens the Gates to such *eternall* torments? What wilt thou do? Or whicher wilt thou flie? Thy *actions* cannot save thee, nor thy *flight* secure thee. *Death* is thy enemy, who taking advantage of thy *lusts*, hath strengthened it selfe through thy *weaknesse*.

Repaire to thy colours, O my soule, the Lord of *life* is thy *Generall*, Hee hath foild thy enemy and disarm'd him. Stand fast: He is conquered, if thou strive to conquer. Hearke what thy *Generall* saith,

He that overcometh; shall not be hurt of the second death, Rev. 2, 11.

Rev.

Rev. 2. 7.

To him that overcometh I will give to eat of the Tree of Life, which is in the midst of the Paradise of God.

Rev. 3. 21.

To him that overcometh I will grant to sit with me in my Throne, even as I also overcame, and am set down with my Father in his Throne.

Rev. 2. 17.

To him that overcometh I will give to eat of the hidden Manna, and will give him a white stone, and in the stone a new name written, which no man knoweth, saving he that receiveth it.

Greg. lib. 8. Moral.

The valour of a just man is to conquer the flesh, to contradict his own will, to quench the delights of this present life, to endure and love the miseries of this World, for the reward of a better; to condemn the flatteries of prosperity, and inwardly to overcome the feares of adversity.

Hieron. in Epist.

No labour is hard, no time is long, wherein the glory of eternity is the marke wee level at.

Savanar.

If there be no enemy, no fight; if no fight, no victory; if no victory, no crown.

O Ur life is a *warrefare* ; and every Christian is two *Souldiers*. The Army consists of good and *evill motions* ; These under the conduct of the *flesh* ; Those under the command of the *spirit*. The two *Generalls*, God, and the Devill ; The *field* the heart. The word ; on the one side, *Glory* ; on the other side, *Pleasure*. The reward of both *Eternity* ; on that side, of *Happinesse* ; on this side, of *Torment*. How is thy heart, O my soule, like *Rebecca's wombe* ? How do two *Nations* strive within thee ? Cheare up ; take courage in the *Reward* that is set before thee : So fight, that thou mayst *conquer* ; so runne, that thou maist *obtaine*. Let not the *policy* of the Enemy dismay thee ; nor thy owne *fewnesse* disanimate thee : *Advance* therefore, O my dull soule ; *fear* nor the fiery *darts* of Sathan, nor be afraid of his Arrow that flies by night : Presse towards the great *Reward*, and let thy Spirit resist to *Bloud*. Take courage from thy *Cause*, thou fightest for thy *Prince*, thy *God*, and takest up Arms against his Enemy, and thy rebellious *Lusts*. Is thy Enemy too potent ? *fear* not ; Art thou besieged ? *faint* not ; Art thou routed ? *fly* not : Call aid, and thou shalt be *strengthened* ; Petition, and thou shalt be *relieved* ; Pray, and thou shalt be *recruted*.

O God, to whom belong the issues of death, at whose terrible Name the very Foundation of my soule trembles, I a poore convicted sinner, accused by my own conscience, and ready to be condemned by thy justice, doe here in the very wounding of my heart, confesse my selfe a miserable creature; I have nothing to plead, O God, but mercy, and where shall I finde that mercy, but in my mercifull Redeemer? Blessed Redeemer, that hast promised victory to those that *strive*, and life to those that *overcome*; teach thou my hands to war, and my fingers to fight: Give me a loyall heart, that the inticements of the World may not seduce it; Give mee a constant spirit, that the pleasures of the flesh may not entice it; Give mee a wise fore-cast, that the subtilty of the Devill may not entrap me. Let not the multitude of mine enemies *discourage* mee, nor the greatnesse of their powers dismay me, nor the weaknesse my arme *dishearten* me. Thou that gavest little *Israel* victory against great *Pharaoh*, strengthen mee; Thou that gavest little *David* the day against the great *Goliath*, succour mee; Thou that gavest single *Sampson* conquest against the numerous *Philistians*, save mee. Lord fight against them that fight against my soule: Arise, O God, and let thine enemies be confounded. Lord shield mee from the fury of my own

corruptions for they are many : Deliver me from the imaginations of my owne heart, for they are evill, and that continually. Let not the frailty of my youth beset mee, and keepe mee from the danger of my secret finnes. Double my watchfulnesse upon my *Dalilah*, that is so apt to kisse mee, and betray mee. Without thy grace I have no will to *strive*, no power to *stand*, no hope to *conquer* : Sustaine mee, that I may not *faint* ; Second mee, that I may not *flie* ; Strengthen mee, that I may not yield. Gird my loins with truth, and let my breast-plate be thy Righteousnesse ; that putting on the Helmet of salvation, I may fight a good *fight*, and receive a *Crowne* of glory ; that having past the terrors of the first death, I may escape the torments of the *second*, and triumph with thee in the Kingdome of glory.

Sions Decay.

DOest aske mee, why so sad? Or can my sorrow be thy wonder? Canst thou, O: can thine eye expect a *Sun shine* where the greater *Lampe* of Heaven is *eclips'd*? or can my heart be *frolick* when the *Vineyard* of my soule is *blasted*? Can the *children* of the *Bride-chamber* choose but hang their heads, to see the *Bride-groone* *sleighted*, and the *Brides* lovely cheeks *profaned* with every peasants hand? Can poore affrighted *Lambs* wanton, and frisk upon the pleasant plains, when as their worried *Mothers* tremble at the *Quest* of every *Cur*? What *member* cay rejoyce, when as the *body* is dismembred? *Sion* the *glory* of Heaven is darkned, and her *bright* beams obscured; *Sion* the *Vineyard* of our soules is blasted, and her *clusters* are growne *sowre*; *Sion*, the *Bride* of my Redeemer is defiled, her *bloud* washt *Robes* are soild and slubbered; *Sion*, the *Mistresse* of our Flocks is overpowred, and her tender *Lambs* have no protection; *Sion*, the *Mother* of us all, is barren, and her uberous *breasts* are dry; *Sion*, the glorious *Co-poration* of the *Elect* is factious in it selte, and her *Members* are disjoynted. Ah how can my distressed soule finde *rest*, when *Sion* the *rest* of my distressed soule is opprest. How many of her dearest children are now tugging

at the slavish oar of *Infidels*? How many, roaring under the imperious hand of the daughter of *Babylon*? How many banished from their *native soyls*, and driven from their usurped *possessions*. This Vine which Heavens right hand hath planted, is decayed; her Fences broken; her hedge trodden down: her body torn by *Shismatics*, cankered with *Hcreticks*, blasted with *fiery spirits*; her branches rent with the wilde *Bore*; her Grapes devoured with the wily *Fox*. Her *Shepherds* are turned *Wolves*, and have devoured her *Flocks*. Confusion is within her *walls*, and desolation is neare unto her *gates*. O *Jernsalem*, if I forget to mourn for thee, let my right hand forget her cunning; and if I prize not thee above my greatest joy, let my tongue cleave to my roof.

BUt heark, I heare, a heavenly voyce whispering glad tidings in my care, which saith,

I the Lord do keepe it, and will water it,
Isaiah 27. 3.

Pfal.

Her Proofs.

201

Psal. 60. 35.

The Lord will save Sion, and will build the Cities of Judah, that they may dwell there, and have it in possession.

Psal. 87. 5.

Of Sion it shall be said, This and that man was borne in her, and the highest himselfe shall establish her.

Isa. 14. 30.

The Lord hath founded Sion, and the power of his people shall trust in it.

Isa. 12. 6.

Cry out, and shout, thou inhabitant of Zion, for great is the holy One of Israel in the midst of thee.

Orig. Hom. 10. in divers.

O holy Lord, how happy are they that trust in thee! It is a most certaine truth, that thou lovest all those that love thee, and never forsakest those that trust in thee. For behold, thy Love sought thee, and undoubtedly found thee: She trusted in thee, and she is not forsaken of thee, but hath obtained more by thee, than she expected from thee.

Bernard.

He will give his Angels charge over thee. O what reverence, what love, what confidence deserveth so sweet a saying? For their presence, reverence; for their good will, love; for their tuition, confidence.

K s

Who

VVHo is not interested in the *mi-*
series of *Sion*? What sadnesse may
 not be justified in her *calamity*? O my
 soule, thou maist here spend thy selfe in
 holy passion, and dissolve thy selfe in
 tears: But yet be wisely sad; let not thy
 tears exceed thy *confidence*, nor let thy grief
 exclude thy *hope*: Mourn not for the *Bride*,
 as if the *Bridegroom* were not; or being,
 had no *power*; or having power, wanted
will; or having will, were like thy selfe
forgetfull: No, no, my soule, hee that
 suffers her to suffer, will *sustaine* her in her
 sufferance, and *crown* her sufferings: When
 shee is persecuted, shee *prosper*s; when shee
 is oppress'd, shee *flourisheth*; in her con-
 tempt, shee gains *honour*; in her wounds,
victories; in her reproch, *credit*; in her
 patience, a *Crown*; and with her crown of
 thornes, a *Crown of glory*: Can shee be
 more like her Bridegroom than in *affliction*?
 Can shee more resemble her husband than
 in *persecution*? Remember, O my soule,
 shee is a plant of his right hands planting,
 and who can pluck it up? Feare not, this
Vine must prosper in spite of *opposition*:
 Yet know, my soule, thou shalt not pro-
 sper, nor see good dayes, unlesse thou wish
prosperity to *Jerusalem*, and pray for *Peace* in
Sion.

O God, that art the beauty of *Sion*, and the glory of thy *Jerusalem*, and the joy of thine elect, behold the mangled body of thy distressed Church. Relieve the miseries of her distempered members: She is our *Lamp*, illuminate her with thy glory; She is thy *Vine*, O fructifie her with thy grace; She is thy *Bride*, embrace her in thy love; She is thy *Flock*, protect her by thy power; She is our *Body*, rectifie her with thy health: Wee are her *members*, sanctifie us with thy righteousness. Let not the malice of Sathan discourage her: Let not the counsels of the wicked disturb her: Let not the gates of Hell prevaile against her. Give her verity in her doctrine, unity in her selfe, uniformity in her discipline, universality in her progresse: Repair her broken Fences, and weaken the power of the wild Bore. Blessè all such as love her; and as for her enemies, either convert them in thy mercy, or confound them in thy justice. Let her appeare to be thy daughter, and let the Kings daughter be all glorious within. Let her be knowne to be thy Arke, and let Dagon fall downe before her. Purge her from error, heresie, ignorance, and superstition; and being purged, O take thou pleasure in her beauty. Behold her Branches which suffer for thy name, and give them deliverance or patience. Let
no

no weapon that is formed against thy Church prosper , and let all tongues that speake against her be confounded. Let her gates be alwayes open , and glorifie the house of thy glory. Let thy hand be upon the man of thy right hand , that hee may guard this Plant which thy right hand hath planted. Give thy justice to the King, and thy righteousness to the Kings sonne. Season thy Seminaries with thy truth ; and blesse the house of *Levi* , and blesse the house of *Aaron*. Turn thy countenance to thy first love , the *Jews* , and take not thy Candlestick from thy chosen, the *Gentiles* ; that having one Shepherd , we may be one *Flock* ; and having one faith , wee may be one *Church* ; and having one heart to please thee , wee may have one voice to praise thee here *militant* in the Kingdome of *Grace* , and hereafter *triumphant* in the Kingdome of *Glory*.

The Mourners Calamity.

FOR Stoicisme to rejoyce at *Funerals*, and lament at *Births* of men, is more absonant to *Nature* than to *Reason*. Too selfe-indulgent *Nature* would preserve her selfe on any tearmes; but well-instructed *Reason* holds a *Being* but an ill penny-worth purchased on condition of so long a *misery*. Who knows himselfe a *Man*, needs seeke no further for a cause to mourne: For what is man but a Sampler of *weaknesse*, the spoile of *time*, the May-game of *Fortune*, the image of *Inconstancy*, the balance of *Calamity*, and what besides, but *Phlegme* and *Choler*? His *Birth* is a painfull coming into the World; His *life* a sinnefull continuance in the World; His *death* a dreadfull going out of the World. His *Birth* brings him into the shop of sinne; his *Childhood* binds him *Apprentice* to sinne; his *youth* makes him *free* in sinne; his *full Age* trades in sinne; his *old Age* breakes him; his *last Sicknesse* arrests him, and *Death* casts him into Prison. The *pleasures* hee takes is to displease his God; his *businessse* is to disturbe his Neighbour; his *study* is to destroy himselfe: his best labour is but *vanity*, and the fruits of that labour is *vexation of spirit*. His mirth is a *short madnesse*; his sorrow a long torment; his recreation is a formall *Antick*; his

his devotion an *antick formality* ; his course of life is a *Quotidian Ague* , whose cold fits are *sloth* and *charity* , whose hot fits are *wrath* and *coucupifence* ; his *pleasures* are but *airy shadows* to beguile him ; his *honours* are but *forthy pleasures* to betray him : his *profit* is but *golden fetters* to beflave him ; the effect whereof is *finne* , the end whereof is *death*. In brieft, hee that would learne to be a *Mourner* , let him remember that hee is a *Man*. O my soule , is this the *pleasure* that this *World* promises ? Is this that *happinesse* that this great *promiser* affords ? Had man no hopes of greater *happinesse* than *Earth* can give , how more unhappy were hee than a *beast* ! What *happinesse* can 'counterpoize his *sorrow* ? What *mirth* can countervaille his *miscry* ? What *comfort* is there in this *House of Mourning* ? Where then shall I repose my *trust* ? On whom shall my *crusht* hopes rely ?

Darest thou believe the word of Truth ?
 hearken what the word of Truth hath
 said,

*Blessed are they that mourne , for they shall
 be comforted, Mat. 5.4.*

Pfal. 119. 50.

*This is my comfort in my affliction, for thy word
hath quickned me.*

Isai. 61. 2.

*Proclaim the acceptable yeare of the Lord, and
the day of vengeance to comfort all that
mourn.*

Jer. 31. 13.

*I will turne their mourning into joy, and will
comfort them, and make them rejoyce from
their sorrow.*

Pfal. 71. 20, 21.

*Thou which hast shewed me great and sore
troubles, shalt quicken me againe, and shalt
bring me up againe from the depth of the
Earth; Thou shalt encrease my greatnesse,
and comfort me on every side.*

Aug. Soliloq. cap. 13.

*There was a great darke cloud of calamity
before mine eyes, so that I could not see the
Sun of Justice, and the light of Truth: But
Lord, thou art my God, who hast led mee
from darknesse and the shadow of death;
hast called me into this glorious light, and
behold, I see.*

Kemp. lib. 3. cap. 50.

*There is none under Heaven that can comfort
me, but thou my Lord God, the Heavenly
Physicion of souls, that striketh and bealest,
bringest into Hell and drawest out again.*

Misery

Misery is the badge of *mortality*, and mortality the *lot* of man: Hee that views himselfe impartially, needs seeke no subject for a teare; yet, O my soule, hadst thou not seene thine owne *mifery*, how more miserable hadst thou beene! Hadst thou beene hoodwinkt to thy *corruptions*, hadst thou beene blind to thine *Infirmities*, had thy filth beene painted over with *vanity*, how had the way to thy redresse been blockt up! How hadst thou stumbled at thy *selfe*, and fallen at thine own *destruction*! O my soule, it is a great part of *safety*, to see a danger: a good step towards *health*, to discover the disease: a faire progresse towards *happinesse*, to behold thine owne misery: But evils *discovered*, and no more, grow *sharper* by the discovery: Hee onely *uses* a *foreseen* danger, that endeavours to *avoid* it: Hee *profits* by a *discovered* disease that labours to *amend* it: Hee takes *benefit* by *previſed* misery, that strives to *eschew* it. Being fairly *warn'd*, my soule, be thou as strongly *arm'd*. Doeſt thou plead *weaknesse*? be courageous, and thou shalt be *victorious*: Does *ſadneſſe* coole thy courage? be patient, and thou shalt be *comforted*: remember thou art militant. Doeſt thou find thy ſelfe *ſimorous*? ſtrengthen thy ſelfe with *reſolution*: Doeſt thou finde thy ſelfe *ſpent*? fortifie thy ſelfe by *Prayer*.

O God that hearest the *sighing* of a contrite heart, and bottlest up the *teares* of a repentant eye, bow down thy gracious eare and heare the torments of a *grieved* breast: Looke on my *tears*, and reade in them what my closed lips are even ashamed to utter. Thou mad'st mee free, but I have lost my freedome by my rebellion: Thou mad'st me like thy selfe, but I have blurr'd thine Image by my sin: Thou mad'st me clean and holy, but I have wallowed in the mire of my own corruptions: Thou mad'st me for thy glory, but I have lived to thy dishonour: Thou mad'st me a Man, but I have made my selfe a worm and no man. Lord I see the *misery* of my owne condition, and without thy mercy I am worse than nothing: But thou art gracious, and of great compassion, and thy Truth endures from Generation to Generation. Lord, thou hast promised joy to those that *grieve*, and *comfort* to them that *mourne*; In full assurance of thy gracious promise, upon my bended knees, I humbly sue for thy seasonable performances: Strengthen mee, that I may endure this *nights sorrow*, and let the joy of thy good Spirit *cheer* me in the *morning*: Let mee not *grieve* like those that go into the pit, nor let my *mourning* be like theirs that have no *hope*. Let not the vain comforts of the world please me, nor the dead pleasures of the earth rejoyce me: Make me a
willing

willing Prisoner to my *grief*, untill thou please to shew thy selfe the God of *consolation*. Sanctifie my *sorrows* to me, and direct my *mourning* to the right object. Open the flood-gates of mine eyes, that I may *weepe* bitterly for my *offences*; Dissolve my head into a tide of *tears*, that thou maist wash away the *filth* of my *corruptions*: Let nothing stop the current but the assurance of thy *love*; and let my furrowed cheeks be dried in the Sun-shine of thy *favour*. Accept, O God, of this wet sacrifice of *tears*, and let my *groaning* be a peace-offering for my trespasses. Look at thy right hand, and for his sake that sits there, grant these my petitions, firmly grounded on thy promise and his merits, that my *sad* soule being relieved by thy mercy, may receive *endlesse comfort*, and thy Name *eternall Glory*.

The

The Serpents Subtilty.

VWhat *miserable* dignity belongs unto the *honorable* name of *man* ! What *sad* Prerogatives pertain to that *unhappy* Generation of *Mankinde* ! Ah, what is man but a polluted lump of *living clay*, a little heape of selfe corrupted *earth* ? created to *happinesse*, borne to *sorrow* : And what is *Mankinde*, but a transitory succession of *Miscry*, on whom *Mortality* is generally entaild from Generation to Generation ? Each particular man is the *short* and *sad* story of *Mankinde*, written by his owne deare experience, in a more favourable style, wherein every one is naturally inclined to spare himselfe, and hide his *nakednesse* among the *shades* ; where, being lost, hee seekes himselfe *unfound*, or findes himselfe *unknowne*, or knows himselfe most *miserable* : The Devil appeared not as a *Lyon* ; strength could not constraine an *upright* soule : Hee appeared not as a *Dragon* ; feare could not compell a *dauntlesse* spirit : But hee appeared a *Serpent*, to insinuate and creepe into the bosome of his soft affections. How often is this story acted by mee the *miserablest* of *Adams* sonnes ? Behold how the *forbidden Tree* of *vaine delights* stands laden with her pleasant *fruites* : See how the *Serpent* twists and winds, and tempts the *weaker vessell* of my *body*, which having yielded,

yielded, tastes and tempts my *better part* !
 Which done, what *nakednesse*, what shame
 presents before my guilty eyes ? What
 slight excuses, (*patcht* like leaves together)
 I frame to hide my *nakednesse*, my shame ?
 And when, the *voyce* of my crying *conscience*
 calls mee in the *cool* of my lusts ; O how
 I start, and tremble, and seeke for *cover*
 among the *Trees* ? where being found at
 last, and question'd, my soule accuses the
infirmity of my *body* ; my body accuses that
Serpentine temptation ; so that all three being
 partners in *sinne*, are sad partakers of the
punishment. Thus every minure, O my
 soule, art thou *surprized* ; Thus every
 moment doth this twisting *serpent* tempt
 and overcome thy *frailty* : Thus every minure
 are eternall deaths still multiplied upon
 thee. What hopes hast thou in thy *collapsed*
 estate to overcome that *Serpent*, which *Adam*
 in his *perfection* did not conquer ?

CHeare up, my soule, there is a *Champion*
 found shall curb this *Serpents* power,
 and Heaven hath spoke it,

*The seed of the woman shall breake the
 Serpents head, Gen. 3. 15.*

Rom.

Rom. 16. 20.

And the God of Peace shall bruiſe Satan under your feet ſhortly.

1 John 3. 8.

For this purpoſe the Sonne of God was maniſeſted, that hee might deſtroy the works of the Devil.

Rev. 17. 14.

He ſhall make war with the Lambe, and the Lambe ſhall overcome him.

Ephes. 6. 16.

Above all things take the ſhield of Faith, wherewith yee ſhall be able to quench the fiery darts of Satan.

Chryſoſt. ſuper Matth.

He forced him not; hee touched him not; onely ſaid, Caſt thy ſelfe down; that we may know, whoſoever obeyeth the Devill, caſteth himſelfe down: for the Devill may ſuggeſt, compell he cannot.

Bern. in Serm.

It is the Devils part to ſuggeſt; Ours, not to conſent. As oft as we reſiſt him, ſo oft we overcome him; ſo often as we overcome him, ſo often we bring joy to the Angels, and glory to God; who propoſeth us, that we may contend and aſſiſteth us, that wee may conquer.

Man

MAN by the power of the transcendent *Good*, was created *good*, with a power to continue *good* : Man through disobedience lost this power, and that arbitrary *goodnesse* is turned to necessary *evill*. The whole *Masse* is *corrupted*, and lies in the same condition it made it selfe ; but *God* out of an unsearchable love to his *Creature*, out of his infinite wisdom (not violating his Justice) found a way to exercise his *mercy*, drawing what handfulls hee pleased (not for the dignity of the matter) out of this *lump*, the rest hee left to it selfe : As it had been no *injustice* in *God* to leave the whole in the perdition it had cast it selfe ; so, it was an inscrutable *mercy* to draw out some part out of that selfe-made *perdition*. This *Redemption*, O my soule, was a *Legacy* given at the death of thy *Redeemer* ; and thy businette is to search the *Will*, and in it thy *interest* : But where is that *Will* ? Search the *Scriptures* ; But how shall it *appeare* by searching ? By the *fruit* thou shalt know the *Tree* : Examine thy heart ; Dost thou finde there a *love* to *God* for his *own sake*, and a *love* to thy *Neighbour* for *Gods sake* ? and to both for *obedience sake* ? Go thy wayes, thou art in the *Will* ; and the *seed* of the woman hath broke the *Serpents head*.

O God, that didst create mankinde for the *glory* of thy holy Name, and redeemedst Man, being lost, with the *bloud* of thy onely Sonne; and hast preserved him by thy free mercy, and continuall *providence*: I a poore sonne of miserable *Adam*, do here acknowledge my selfe unworthy of the least of all thy mercies. Lord what am I that thou shouldst looke upon me? and what is the sonne of thy handmaid, that thou shouldst thinke upon him? I know the best of all my actions are *uncleane*, and these my very prayers are abomination in thy sight; My thoughts, my words, nay the whole course of my life is *sinne*, and there is nothing in mee which deserves not *death*: Yet, Lord, even for the altars sake on which I offer up this sinfull sacrifice, loath not the prayers of my polluted lips, nor stop thy ears against my said complaints. Lord, I am as vile as *sinne* can make me, and deserve what curse thy *wrath* can lay upon mee; I brought *corruption* from the wombe, and suckt *Rebellion* from the very breast; My life is nothing but a *Trade* of sinne, wherein I houely heape unto my selfe wrath against the day of wrath; that insomuch wert thou not more mercifull than I am or can be to my selfe, I had beene now roaring under thy *justice*, that am here begging for thy *mercy*: Lord, I
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am nothing but *infirmity*, and daily wallow in my own *corruptions*: That *old Serpent* continually *besieges* me, and the feebleness of my *old man* cannot *resist* him. Arise, O God, and crush thy enemy and mine, whose fury through my confusion aims at thy dishonour. Let the *seed of the woman* quicken in my soule, and strengthen my weakness to encounter with temptation: Let it, O let it, *breake the Serpents head*, that I may conquer for the time to come, and give thou me a broken heart, that I may *grieve* for the time past; give mee water from the spring of life, that it may *quench* the fiery darts of death: Strengthen the *new man* in me, and let the power of the *old man* languish daily, that being confident in thy *promise*, I may be sensible of thy *performance*; and being freed by thy *power*, I may be filled with thy *praise*, and glorifie thy Name for ever and for ever.

The Sinners Poverty.

VHerein doth this my *naturall* State excell a beast? In what one thing? Am I not worse? Their outward senses are *more perfect*, my inward senses are *lesse pure*. Their *naturall Instinct* desires good, and chooseth it; but my *perverted Will* sees good, and yet declines it. They eat, being satisfied with *moderation*; perchance I *want*, or *surfeit*. They sleepe secure from *fears* and *cares*, when I am kept awake with both. They cry to heaven, and are fed by *Providence*; I trusting to my selfe, want through my *Improvvidence*. The worthlesse *Sparrows* are lodg'd in their downy feathers; the silly *Sheepe* reposed in their warme fleeces; but I have nothing to cover my *nakednesse*, nothing to hide my *shame*. Naked I was borne into the world, and have nothing in the world which I may call my owne; or if I have, it is lost with the desire of having. I looke into my *soule*, and can find nothing there, but the *absence* of what I had, or the *defect* of what I want. I pry into my *Understanding*, and there I find nothing but *darknesse*; I search into my *Will*, and there I find nothing but *perversenesse*; I examine my *affectiōs*, and there I find nothing but *disorder*; I view my *disposition* and there I find nothing but *distemper*. What I had, I have not, and

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what I want I cannot gaine. If I have obtained any thing that is good, I quickly lose it, for want of *knowledge* how to prize it. If I find any good which I had lost; I keep it not, for want of *wisdome* how to use it. When I call my *conscience* to account, mine owne soule is brib'd against me; and when I call my *course of life* to question, my frailties flatter me. If the sense of misery should force me to my forgotten prayers, I falter, and my *distraction* denies me utterance; Or if my hopesfull thoughts permit my small lips to recommend my griefs to heaven, my *guilt* despaires of entrance; Or if a flash of *zeale* should wing my prayers, and dart them up unto the Almightyes eares, my unrepented *sinnes* forbids them audience. Heavens gates are lockt against me, and the *keyes* are lost by my neglect: My *sighs* want strength to shoot the lock, nor can my stronger *groanes* enforce the portalls open.

CHeare up, my sonle, the keyes are in a faithfull hand, nor is the keeper far; Call him, and thou shalt heare him say,

Ask, and thou shalt have; seek, and thou shalt find; knock, and it shall be opened to thee, Luke 11.9.

Marth.

Matth. 7. 11.

If you being evil, know how to give good things unto your children, how much more shall your Father which is in heaven, give good things unto them that ask them;

John 11. 22.

But I know that even now whatsoever thou wilt aske of God, God will give it unto thee.

Matth. 21. 22.

All things whatsoever ye shall aske by prayer, beleeving ye shall receive.

James 1. 5.

If any of you lack wisdom, let him aske it of God that giveth to all men liberally, and upbraided not, and it shall be given him.

Bernard.

Is it easier that Heaven and Earth should passe, than if thou seeke God; not to find him; or than if thou aske, not to receive; or if thou knock, not to be opened unto.

Chryl. hom. 5. in epist. ad Rom.

In having nothing, I have all things, because I have Christ; having therefore all things in him, I seeke no other reward, for he is the universall reward.

Canst thou, O my soul, wonder at thy wants, when thou wantest *Him* that is the onely *supplier* of all *wants*? The *beast* performs his duty, and (made for thy service) *serves* thee; and wanting food, in his own language craves it, and obtaines it. The *Fowls* of the aire (being pinched with hunger) caroll forth their sweet *Hosannas*, and are filled, and then returne Musically *Hallelujahs*. Canst thou, my soul, expect *supplies* like them, and use lesse means than they? Come, thou art worth many *Sparrows* (were not five sold for a farthing?) The blood of Jesus is thy *price*, and for his sake all things are thine. Shall *beasts* for their owne sakes be *supplied*, and shalt thou in the *Name* of Jesus be *denied*? Can a *Mother* pity the trickling tears of her unfed Infant, and can the God of *mercies* be obdure to thee? Art thou commanded to *ask*, *seek*, and *knock* in vain? I, but my tongue is slow; Was not *Moses* the man of God so? When I *seek*, my *lust* diverts me, and I am lost; Is not the great Shepherd come to reduce his lost sheep? But alas, I *knock* at the *wrong* doore; fear not when thou knock'st with a *right* heart; He that is every where will be *found*; He that made the eare will *heare* thee.

O God, that art the perfection of all good, and the giver of all good things, that better knowest what to give, than I to ask, and with-holdest no good thing from him that seeks thee with an upright heart, I a poore suter at thy Throne of Grace, being truly sensible of mine own defects, and timorously conscious of my evil deserts, do here even cast my self on thy gracious providence. And since, **O Lord**, thou hast commanded me to ask of thee the things I *want*, bow down thine eare, and heare the Prayers, which a poore sinner emboldned by thy promise, presents before thee; by whose free favour I have received whatsoever I have obtained, and by mine own folly lost whatsoever I have received. Give me a cleare sight of my own *poverty*; shew me the poverty of mine own *relief*, that so I may forsake the broken reed of mine own *power*, and strengthen my weaknesse in the comfort of thy *promise*. **Lord**, thou hast commanded me to *ask*, but my finnes cry lowder than my sutes; Thou hast commanded me to *seek*, but mine own guilt leads me the wrong way; Thou hast commanded me to knock, but Sathan holds my hands. **Lord** let the Bloud of my blessed Saviour stop the mouth of my *crying finnes*; Let his full satisfaction take away my *guilt*: Bind him in chains

that captivates my power: Teach me to *ask*, that hast commanded me to ask; Thou that hast commanded me to *seek*, direct me, and let my *knocking* be guided by thy hand: Give me knowledge, that I may *ask* what I should; Grant me prudence, that I may *seek* where I should; Give me providence, that I may *knock* when I should: Let not my faintnesse in *asking* teach thee to deny: Let not my foolishnesse in *seeking* tempt me to desist: Let not my unreasonablenesse in *knocking* strike me with despaire: Give me a Feruent Faith, that I may *ask* with confidence: a constant hope, that I may *seek* with courage: an unwearied patience, that I may *knock* with constancie: Let me *ask* like the importunate woman, till I obtaine thee: Let me *seek* like thy blessed Mother, till I find thee: Let me *knock* like the sinfull Publican, till thou open to me, that having found thee here by grace, in the company of Saints, I may *live* with thee in glory, with the Society of Angels.

The Faithfull mans Fear.

DO *this and live* : Some comfort yet remaines, though *life* be not absolutely granted, yet *death* is but conditionally threatned, *Do this and live*. But what is the *work* that may deserve such *wages* ? Give perfect obedience to thy God, and perfect love to thy Neighbour. But will not the utmost of my power do ? Will not the best of my endeavour serve ? No, he that's perfect made thee perfect, and requires a perfection. Alas, if life depend upon such terms, what flesh can live ? Thy inability for the *work*, prophesies the impossibility of the reward. My soule, thou art become a legall debter, and the utmost *saribing* is expected : Thou canst neither pay the debt, nor hide thee from thy Creditour : What wilt thou doe ? Wilt thou plead *immunity* ? Thy owne hand will condemne thee. Wilt thou plead *payment* ? Thy owne poverty will implead thee. Wilt thou plead *Mercy* ? Thy owne rebellion will dismay thee. My soul, what *security* wilt thou put in ? O to what *Sanctuary* wilt thou flie ? O flatter not thy selfe, and put not the *evill day* from thee. Thou hast not onely not done what thou *shouldest*, but thou hast done what thou *shouldest not*. Thou hast sinned against thy *Creation*, by dis-obeying thy Creatour : Thou hast sinned against

thy *redemption*, by crucifying thy Redeemer: Thou hast sinned against thy *sanctification*, by quenching of the Spirit: Thou hast sinned against Gods *judgements*, by thy presumption: Thou hast sinned against his *mercies*, by thy despaire: Thou hast sinned against thy *conscience*, by thy rebellion: Thou hast sinned against *Providence*, by thy distrust. Every day brings in an *Inventory* of thy *sinnes*, and every sinne brings in a *Faggot* to thy *execution*. O my soul, behold the *misery* of thy estate, and tremble: behold the *Mercies* of thy God, and wonder: Tremble, for he is a God to *punish* thine *iniquities*: Wonder, for he is become a *Man* to *bear* thy *iniquities*: Tremble for thou art not able to doe his *Commands*: Wonder, for he is willing to accept what thou *canst doe*. Will not the frailty of thy flesh permit thee to *do*? let the faithfulnessse of thy heart encline thee to *desire*: *Do* what thou *canst*, and *believe* what thou *canst* not.

CHeare up my sad soul, for he that hath considered the frailty of thy hands, hath freely accepted the faithfulnessse of thy heart; who saith,

Be thou faithfull unto death, and I will give thee the crowne of life, Rev. 2. 10.

Matth.

Matth. 25. 21.

Well done good and faithfull servant, thou hast been faithfull over a few things, I will make thee Ruler over many things : Enter into the joy of thy Lord.

Gal. 3. 9.

So then, they that be of faith, are blessed with the faithfull Abraham.

2 Tim. 4. 8.

Henceforth there is laid up for me a Crown of Righteousnesse, which the Lord, the righteous Judge shall give me at that day.

James 1. 12.

Blessed is the man that endureth temptation, for when he is tryed he shall receive the Crown of life, which the Lord hath promised to them that love him.

Bernard.

O onely safe fight, which for and with Christ is undertaken ; in which the Christian Souldier neither wounded, nor overbrowne, nor trodden under foot, no nor slain, can lose the victory, if he manfully stand to it, and do not betake himself to a shamefull flight.

Aug. in Senten.

Whatsoever rageth against the Name of Christ is tollerable if it may be overcome ; and if it cannot, it hastneth the receiving of our glorious reward ; for the faithfull man in the end of his temporall evils, passeth into the fruition of his eternall good.

STand not, O my soul, upon the *legges* of a sinner, but flie into the *Armes* of thy Saviour, and what thou canst not purchase by thy endeavour, endeavour to believe: Acknowledge thou thy *debt*, and thy Jesus will justifie thy payment: Trust not in thy selfe, lest thou be deceived by thy selfe. Dost thou, O my soule, desire faith? *Renounce* thy self. Wouldest thou preserve thy faith? Condemn thy selfe: The way to faith is *from* thy self: Is thy soul *darke*? Faith *enlightens* it: Is the gate of Heaven shut? Faith *unlocks* it: Is the way *dangerous*? Faith *secures* it: Is thy heart timorous? Faith *emboldens* it: Is death terrible? Faith *conquers* it: Is the Crowne of life difficult? Faith *obtaines* it: *Be thou faithfull unto death, and I will give thee the Crowne of life.* Fear not thy weaknesse, O my soul, it shall not be to thee according to thy workes, but faith: If thy good works cannot save thee before *faith*, then evill works cannot damn thee after *Repentance*. As he that crownes thy good works, crowns his own *gifts*, so he that pardons thy evil works, magnifies his own *mercy*. Cast *Anchor* here my soul, and if the waves of thy *corruptions* overwhelm thee, pump them out by true *Repentance*.

Most

Most glorious God, in respect of whom the very Angels are impure; before whom the Cherubims do vaile their blushing faces, I the wretched off-spring of presumptuous flesh and blood fall downe before the footstool of thy gracious presence, and humbly present thee with my sinnefull prayers: If thou should'st weigh my actions with thy righteous ballance, or try me with the touchstone of thy sacred Laws, the vialls of thy wrath would poure upon me, and thy justice would be magnified in my confusion. But Lord, thou delightest not in the death of a sinner, nor takest pleasure in the destruction of thy creature. Lord thy Commandments are most just, and my performance is most imperfect; the best of all my works deserve not the least of all thy mercies; and the purest of all my actions, nay my very prayers are sinne. I have sinned against my Creation, and yet, Lord, thou hast redeemed mee: I have sinned against my Redemption, and yet O God, thou hast in some measure sanctified me; I have sinned against my sanctification, and yet, O God, thou hast not forsaken mee; I have sinned against the continuance of thy Mercies, yet hast thou not confounded me: The whole practise of my life is nothing but Rebellion, and the imaginations of my heart are evill and that continually: wherefore I wholly renounce

renounce my selfe O God, and utterly disclaim the workes of mine owne hands : In thy goodnesse , O Lord, I build my confidence, and in thy mercy I seeke for refuge : Grant me the power to do what thou commandest, and then command mee what thou pleasest. Crucifie the flesh within me, and deliver my soule from the spirit of bondage : Free me , O Lord, from the oldnesse of the letter, that I may serve thee hereafter in the newnesse of the spirit. Let the Rebellions of old *Adam* be lost in thy Remembrance , and let the obedience of the new *Adam* be ever in thy sight. Purge from my heart the dregs of unbelieve , and kindle in my soule the fire of devotion : Quicken my spirit with a lively faith ; Lord, I believe, Lord , help my unbelief, that so being faithfull to the death, according to thy command , I may receive the Crown of life according to thy promise.

The

The Fearfull mans Conflict.

HOW potent are the infirmities of flesh and bloud ! How weake is *Natures* strength ! How strong her weaknesse ! How is my easie *faith* abus'd by my deceitfull sense ! How is my *Understanding* blinded with deluding *Error* ! How is my *Will* perverted with apparent *good* ! If reall good present it selfe, how publinde is mine *eye* to view it ! if viewd, how dull is my *understanding* to apprehend it ! if apprehended, how heartlesse is my *judgement* to allow it ! if allowed, how unwilling is my *will* to choose it ! if chosen, how fickle are my *resolutions* to retain it ! No sooner are my resolutions fixt upon a course of *Grace*, but *Nature* checks at my *Resolves* ; no sooner checkt, but straight my *will* repents her *choice*, my *judgement* recalls her *sentence*, my *understanding* mistrusts her *light* ; and then my *Sense* calls *Flesh* and *Bloud* to counsell, which wants no *arguments* to breake mee off. The difficulty of the *Journey* daunts mee ; the straitnesse of the *Gate* dismayes mee ; the doubt of the *Reward* diverts mee ; the losse of worldly pleasure here deterres mee ; the losse of earthly honour there dissuades me ; here the strictnesse of *Religion* damps mee, there the worlds *contempt* disheartens mee ; here the feare of my *preferment* discourages me : Thus is my yielding sense assaulted

assaulted with my conquering *doubts* : Thus are my militant *hopes* made captive to my prevailing *feares* : whence it happily ransom'd by some good *motion*, the Devill presents mee with a beadroll of my *Offences* : The flesh suggests the necessity of my sin, the World objects the foulness of my shame ; where, if I plead the mercy and goodness of my God, the *abuse* of his mercy weakens my trust, the *fighting* of his goodness hardens my heart against my hopes. With what an *host* of enemies art thou besieged, my soule ! How, how art thou beleagured with continuall fears ! How doth the guilt of thy *unworthinesse* cry down the hopes of all *compassion* ! Thy confidence of mercy is conquered by the consciousness of thy own demerits, and thou art taken prisoner, and bound in the horrid chains of sad despaire.

But cheate up, my soule, and turn thy fears to wonder and thanksgiving ; trust in him that saith,

*Fear not little flock, for it is your fathers
good pleasure to give you a Kingdome,
Luke 12.32.*

Col. 1. 13.

He hath delivered us from the power of darknesse, and translated us into the Kingdome of his deare Son.

Acts 14. 22.

Exhort them to continue in the faith, and that we must through many tribulations enter into the Kingdome of God.

James 2. 5.

Hath not God chosen the poore of this world; that they should be rich in faith, and heirs of the Kingdome which he promised to them that love him?

Luke 22. 29.

I appoint you a Kingdome, as my Father appointed me.

August.

Though we labour in a boisterous Sea, yet thou, Lord, art our Pilot, and steereſt our course betwene Scylla and Charybdis; so that both dangers escaped, we shall at length arrive at our Port secure.

Macar.

Let us suffer with those that suffer, and be crucified with those that are crucified, that we may be glorified with those that are glorified.

Hieron.

Miserable is his felicity, who was never thought worthy to wrestle with miseries, by which contention honour is obtained.

Hast

HAST thou crucified the Lord of *Glory*,
 O my soule, and hast thou so much
 boldnesse to expect his *Kingdome*? Consult
 with *Reason*, and review thy *Merits*; which
 done, behold that *Iesus* whom thou cruci-
 fiedst even making *Intercession* for thee, and
 offering thee a *Crown* of *Glory*. Behold the
greatnesse of thy Creatour veild with the
goodnesse of thy Redeemer; the justice of a
first person qualified by the mercy of a *se-*
cond; the purity of the *Divine* nature uni-
 ting it selfe with the *Humane* in one *Emma-*
nuel; a perfect *Man* to suffer, a perfect *God*
 to pardon; and both God and Man in
 one *person*, at the same instant, able and
 willing to *give*, and *take* a perfect *satisfac-*
tion for thee. O my soule, a *wonder* above
 wonders! an *incomprehensibility* above all
 admiration! a *depth* past finding out! Un-
 der this shadow, O my soule, refresh thy
 selfe: If thy sins feare the hand of justice,
 behold thy *Sanctuary*; If thy offences
 tremble before the Judge, behold thy *Ad-*
vocate; If thy creditour threaten a prison,
 behold thy bail; Behold the *Lambe* of God
 that hath taken thy sinnes from thee: Be-
 hold the *blessed* of Heaven and Earth that
 hath prepared a *Kingdome* for thee. Be ra-
 visht, O my soule; O blesse the name of
Elohim; O blesse the name of our *Emma-*
nuel, with praises and eternall Halelujahs.

Great

Great Shepherd of my soule, whose life was not too deare to rescue mee, the meanest of thy little flock; cast downe thy gracious eye upon the weaknesse of my nature, and behold it in the strength of thy compassion: open mine eyes that I may see that object which flesh cannot behold; Enlighten mine understanding, that I may clearly discern that Truth which my ignorance cannot apprehend; Rectifie my judgement, that I may confidently resolve those doubts, which my understanding cannot determine; Sanctifie my will, that I may wisely choose that good, which my deceived heart cannot desire; Fortifie my resolution, that I may constantly embrace that choice, which my inconstancy cannot hold; Weaken the strength of my corrupted nature, that I may struggle with my lusts, and strive against the base rebellions of my flesh; Strengthen the weaknesse of my dejected spirit, that I may conquer my selfe, and still withstand the assaults of mine owne corruption; Moderate my delight in the things of this World, and keepe my desires within the limits of thy will; Let the point of my thoughts be directed to thee, and let my hopes rest in the assurance of thy favour; Let not the feare of wordly losse dismay mee, nor let the losse of the worlds
favour

favour daunt mee : Let my joy in thee exceed all worldly griefe , and let the love of thee expell all carnall feare : Let the multitudes of my offences be hid in the multitude of thy compassions , and let the reprochfulnesse of that death which thy sonne suffered for my sake , enable me to suffer all reproch for his sake : Let not my sinne against thy mercies , remove thy mercies from my sinne ; and let the necessity of my offences be swallowed up in the all-sufficiency of his merits : Let not the foulnesse of my transgressions lead me to distrust, nor let the distrust of thy pardon leave me in despaire. Fix in my heart a filiall love, that I may love thee as a father, and remove all servile feare from me , that thou mayst behold me as a sonne. Be thou my all in all, and let mee feare nothing but to displease thee ; That being freed from the feare of thy wrath, I may live in the comfort of thy promise, die in the fulnesse of thy favour, and rise to the inheritance of an everlasting Kingdome.

*The Plague-affrighted mans
Danger.*

HOW is the *language* of death heard in every street, which by continuall *Pas-fug-bells* proclaims mortality in every eare ! How many , at this instant lie groning in their sick beds, and mark'd for death, whilst others that lived yesterday are now laid out for evening buriall ! How many that are now strong, and healthfull , and laying up for many years, are destined for the enlargement of the next weekes *Bill* ! How many are now preparing to secure their lives by flight, who whilst they runne from the *tyranny* of their feares, flie into the very bosome of danger ! What *aire* ? what *diet* ? what *antidote* can promise safety ? What shield can guard the angry Angels blow ? What *Rhetorick* can perswade the heaven-commanded Messenger to slake the fury of his resolute arm ? It is an *arrow* that flies by day ; yet who can see it ? It is a *terroure* that strikes by night ; and who can escape it ? It is the Pestilence that walketh in darknesse ; and who can shun it ? The strength of *youth* is no privilege against it ; The soundnesse of a *constitution* is no exemption from it ; The sovereignty of *drugs* cannot resist it ; Where it lists, it wounds ; and whom it wounds, it kills. It is Gods *Artillery*, and like himselfe , respects no persons. The rich mans *coffers* cannot bribe it : The skil-

skilfull *artist* cannot prescribe against it ;
 The black *Magician* cannot charme it. My
 soul, into what a calamity art thou plung'd!
 With what an *enemy* art thou beleaguered !
 What opposition canst thou make ? what
Auxiliaries canst thou call in ? How many
 sad *copies* of thy destruction are daily set
 before thee ? How continually is thy death
 acted by others to thee ? What comfort
 hast thou in that life , which every minute
 threatens ? What pleasure tak'st thou in
 that breath, which draws and whiffs per-
 petuall fears ? What art thou other but a
 man condemn'd , expecting execution ?
 And how is the bitterness of thy death mul-
 tiplied by the quality of thy fears ? Were it
 a sicknesse, whose distraction tooke not a-
 way thy means of preparation , it were an
 easie *calamity* ; were it a sicknesse, whose
 contagion dissolv'd not the comfortable
 bands of sweet society, it were but halfe a
 misery ; But as it is, sudden, solitary, incu-
 rable, what so terrible ? what so comfort-
 lesse ?

SInke not beneath thy fears , my soule ;
 Thy deliverance is Gods *royalty*, and
 under his wings is thy salvation , in the
 midst of danger no danger shall befall thee,

*Neither shall the Plague come nigh thy dwel-
 ing. Psal. 91. 10.*

Psal.

Psal. 91. 1, 3, 4, 5.

Whoſo dwelleth in the ſecret of the moſt High,
ſhall abide in the ſhadow of the Almighty :
Surely he will deliver thee from the ſnare
of the hunter, and from the noyſome Pe-
ſtilence; He will cover thee under his wings,
and thou ſhalt be ſure under his feathers :
His truth ſhall be thy ſhield and thy back-
ler.

Thou ſhalt not be afraid of the Arrow
that flieth by day, nor of the Plague that
deſtroyeth at noone day. A thouſand ſhall
fall at thy ſide, and ten thouſand at thy
right Hand, but it ſhall not come neere
thee.

Giſten.in cap. 2. Cant.Expoſ.

O happy ſickneſſe, where the infirmity is not
to death, but to life, that God may be glori-
fied by it ! O happy Fever, that proceedeth
not from a conſuming, but a calcining fire !
O happy diſtemper, wherein the ſoule reliſh-
eth no earthly things, but onely ſavourerth di-
vine nourishment !

Greg.in Paſtoral.

O wiſdome, with how ſweete an Art doth
thy Wine and Oyle reſtore health to my
healtheſſe ſoule ! How powerfully mercifull,
how mercifully powerfull, art thou ! power-
full for me, mercifull to me.

And

ANd can the noyse of death, O my soul, so fright thee in the street, and the *cause* of death not move thee in thy bosome? Shall *passing bells* tolling, for dying men afflict thee, and not the judgements of the living God affright thee? Shall the weekly *Bills* of a silly Parishclark more move thee, than the sacred *Oracles* of a holy Minister? Shall the *Plague* inflicted upon others, more startle thee, than many plagues denounced upon thy selfe? Be wise, my soul, avoid the *Cause*, and thou shalt prevent the effect; Be afraid of *sinne*, and thou needest not feare the punishment. Fearest thou the infection? Flie from it; But whither? Under the wings of the Almighty: But thy finnes deny protection there; Then naile them to thy Saviours *Crosse*: Fearest thou yet? O my soul, hast thou so long, hast thou so long subsisted under thine own *protection*, and darest thou not venture under his! Can there be a Sanctuary more secure? A protection more safe? Fearest thou death under the *wings* of the God of life? Or danger, under the *shadow* of the Almighty? But the suddenesse of that death denies preparation: His wings continually prepare thee. It banishes all my friends, and in them my comfort: When thou hast God to thy friend, what comfort canst thou want that may be found by Prayer?

Lord

LOrd, in whose hand are the keyes of life and death, in whom I live, move, and have my being, graciously incline thy tender care, and mercifully heare the supplications of thy servant who hath no hope but in thy goodnesse, and no comfort but in thy promises. My hainous sins, O God, have provoked thy heavy indignation, and I am humbly sensible of thy sore displeasure: Thy judgements are come abroad amongst us, and the vials of thy consuming wrath are poured out upon us: The finnes of our Nation have cried to thee for vengeance, and thou hast visited us with great mortality: Thy people are poured out like water, and our land is become a land of mourning. Turn us, O Lord, that we may be turned, and magnifie thy mercy in our deliverance. Accept the sorrow and contrition of thy servants, and say unto thine Angel, It is enough. Be thou my refuge, and my fortresse, O God, and give mee confidence to repose under the shadow of the Almighty. Cover me, O Lord, with the feathers of thy wings, and let thy truth be my buckler and my shield. Defend mee from the Pestilence that walketh in darknesse: Deliver me from destruction that wasteth at noon day. Give thy Angels charge over mee, to protect and guide me in all thy wayes. Prepare me, O Lord, against the houre of death, and strengthen my

my soule in the assurance of thy Mercy ;
Humble my heart with the true sense of my
transgressions , and work in my soule an
unfeigned Repentance : Enlarge mine
eyes that I may weepe day and night, for
grieving and offending so gracious a Father:
Wean mee from the trust of all transitory
things , and let the worlds vanity daily die
in me. Take from me the immoderat feare
of death, and train me, O God, for the day
of my dissolution : Instruct and rectifie my
vaine desires, that all my wishes may stand
with thy will. In life be thou my Gover-
nour, in death be thou my comfort , that
living or dying I may be thine. Teach
me by thy judgements to hate sinne, and
let thy mercies breed in me a filiall love.
Be gracious to those whom thou hast mark'd
for death, and seale in their hearts the assu-
rance of thy favour, that being members of
one body , we may rejoyce in one head ;
that having numbred our dayes in wisdom,
wee may be numbred with thy Saints in
glory everlasting.

The Persecuted mans Misery.

ARe these the gains of godlineſſe ? Are these the *wages* of a holy life ? Hath the ungratefull world no other thanks for him that honours his *Creatour*, but *ſcorn*, *contempt*, and *persecution* ? Whileſt I priz'd the *World*, I wanted nothing that the *World* calls *good*; neglected *honour* followed mee; unsought for *pleasure* covered me; unpurchased *fortunes* fell upon mee: I could not wiſh that *happineſſe* I had not; I could not want the *happineſſe* earth had: Nothing was too *deare*, Nothing was too *precious*. Thus whil'ſt I priz'd the *World*, the *World* priz'd mee: If I were ſad, her mirthfull *ſmiles* would cheare mee; If ſick, her mournfull ſonnes would *viſit* me; If weary, her wanton *lap* would dandle me; where rockt into a *ſlumber*, I dreamt, all this was but a *dream*; and waking, found it ſo: Not willing to be ſed with *ſhadows*, I changed my thoughts, and my affections altered; and finding earth too *ſt* *air* for my deſires, I caſt mine eye to *Heaven*, and after many conflicts betwixt my *members* and my *minde*, even there I fixt. The jealous earth grew angry, frownd, and called mee ſoole; withdrew her *honours*, with-held her *pleaſures*, recalled her *favours*; and now I live deſpiſed, contemned, and poore. O

sad condition of *mankinde* ! How plausible are his wayes to death ! and how unpleasant are his paths to *life* ! No sooner had I made a *Covenant* with my God , but the world made a *Covenant* against me, scandal'd my *name*, slandered my *actions*, derided my *simplicity*, despised my *integrity* : for my *Professions* sake I have been reproached, and the *Reproaches* of the World have fallen upon mee : If I chastened my soule with *fasting*, it stil'd me with the name of *Hypocrite* ; If I reprove the *vanity* of the times, it derides me with the stile of *Puritan* : I am become a *Stranger* to my brethren, and an *Alien* to my mothers sonne : I go mourning all the day long , and my bosome-friends are estranged from mee : They afflict my body with open *punishment*, and make a *pastime* of my affliction. They that sit in the Gate speake evill of mee, and Drunkards make their Songs against me.

BUt be not thou dismayd, my soule, nor let the arme of flesh discourage thee : Thy *Persecutions* here, are nothing but the prophecies of a *Paradise* hereafter: He that is born of the flesh, inherits the *Pleasures* of the World ; But thou that art borne of the Spirit, heare what the Spirit saith,

Blessed are they that are persecuted for my name sake, for theirs is the Kingdome of Heaven, Mat. 5. 10.

Luke

Luke 6.22.

Blessed are yee when men shall hate you, and separate themselves from you, and shall revile you, and cast out your name as evill, for the Son of mans sake.

1 Pet. 3.14.

If yee suffer for Righteousnesse sake, happy are ye, and be not afraid of their terrour, neither be ye troubled.

Matth 10.22.

Yee shall be hated of all men for my sake, but hee that shall endure unto the end shall be saved.

Matth. 19. 29.

Every one that forsaketh lands, or brother, or sister, or father, or mother, for my sake, shall receive an hundred fold, and shall inherit eternall life.

Chrysost.

We are afflicted by God, that our reward and crown may hereby be increased; and as much as he addeth to our tribulation, so much and more will he adde to our retribution.

Greg. Nyss. de prov.

Our life is a warfare, and this world a place of masteries, wherein the greatest Garlands are allotted to them who sustaine the greatest labours; for by the smart of our stripes is augmented the glory of our reward.

HE that shall weigh the *gaine* of God-
 liness by the *Scales* of the World ;
 or the *pleasures* of the Earth by the *Ballances*
 of the Sanctuary, shall upon a review, find
 a bad *Marker*. Thinkst thou, my soule, to
 be made happy by the *smiles* of earth ? or
 unhappy by her *frowns* ? When shee fawns
 upon thee, shee *deludes* thee ; when shee
 kisses thee, she *betrays* thee : She brings thee
Butter in a Lordly dish, and bears a *ham-*
mer in her deadly hand : Trust not her
flattery, O my soule, nor let her *malice*
 move thee : Her Musick is thy *Magick* ;
 Her swetnesse is thy *snare*. She is the *high-*
way to eternall death ; If thou *love* her, thou
 hast begun thy journey ; If thou *honour*
 her, thou mendst thy pace ; If thou *obey*
 her, thou art at thy journeys end : When
 shee distasts thee, *Christ* relishes in thee ;
 When shee *afflicts* thee, God *instructs* thee :
 when shee locks her *Gates* against thee, hea-
 ven *opens* for thee ; when shee *disdaines* thee,
 God *honours* thee ; when shee *forsakes* thee,
 he owns thee ; when shee *persecutes* thee, he
 crowns thee. Why art thou then disquieted
 my soule, and why is thy spirit troubled
 within thee ? trust thou in him by *Faith*: If
 thou want comfort, flie to him by *Prayer*.

Thou

THou therefore, O most blessed and glorious Spirit, in whose eyes the Saints are precious, who puttest all their teares into thy Bottle, and in the midst of all their sorrowes sendest comfort to thy Elect, behold my sufferings, and regard my sorrowes; Let not thine enemies triumph and make a scorne of him that feares thee: Strengthen me, O God, to maintain thy Cause, lest they that persecute mee, thinke there is no God. Thou knowest my reproach and shame, and how they buffet me a'l the day long. Arise, O God, and plead thy Cause, and let them know that thou art God. Make me to heare the voice of joy and gladnesse, that the bones which they have broken may rejoyce. Let not the wicked have power over mee, but graciously deliver mee for the glory of thy name. Remove this bitter Cup of affliction from mee: But not my will, but thine be done. Give mee patience to endure till thou art pleased to release mee, and courage to beare what thy wisdom shall permit: Let not the vanities of the World deceive mee, nor the corruptions of my flesh disturbe me; Let not the suggestions of Satan deter me, nor the threatnings of man divert me. Preserve my footsteps in the wayes of thy truth, and keep me truly constant to the end. In al my afflictions keep me from murmuring, and let thy Grace be

sufficient for mee. Season my heart with the sense of thy love, and strengthen my Faith in all my Trialls. Give mee an inward thankfulness O God, that thou hast made me worthy to suffer for thy Name. Convert my enemies, if they belong to thee. Be mercifull to them that hate mee, and do good to those that persecute mee; Open their eyes, that they may see thy Truth, and turne their hearts, that they may feare thy Name. In all my tribulations be not thou farre from mee, and sanctifie my great afflictions to me. Lord in the multitude of thy mercies heare me; and in the truth of thy salvation helpe mee; that I confessing thee here before the children of men with undaunted resolution, I may be enroll'd in the Kingdome of Grace, by thy goodnesse, and hereafter reigne in the Kingdome of Glory in thy Eternity.

The Sinners Accompt.

HOW I can flatter my own *destruction*, and with the common streame of frail mortality runne into the *dead Sea* of everlasting death ! How soundly I can sleepe in the wanton lap of treacherous *Security*, untill I wake disarm'd of all my *strength*, and turne a prey to that false *Philistine* that seekes my soule ! When I call to mind the *course* that I have runne, and set to view the *steps* that I have trod, how easily can I excuse my failings, and set them on the score of miserable *Adam* ! But when I seriously consider whose *Law* I have offended, and strictly examine my *actions* by that *Law*, and justly proportion my *punishment* to those actions, O then I stand and tremble, and am swallowed up with *despaire* : O then my sinnes appeare too great for *pardon*, and my punishment too great for *patience*. Which way soever I turne, I turne to my disquiet ; Looke where I will, I view my owne discomfort ; Looke up, I see a dreadfull *God* ; Looke downe, I see a direfull *Devill* : Looke forwards, I see a *Roll* of sinnes ; Looke backwards, I see a roaring *Conscience* : Looke on my right hand, I see my bold *Presumption* ; Looke on my left hand, I see my base *despaire* : Looke within me, I see nothing but *Corruption* ; Looke about mee, I see nothing but *Confusion*. I have sinned upon *ignorance*, igno-

rance will not excuse mee; I have sinned upon *weaknesse*, weaknesse will not plead for mee; I have sinned against my *conscience*, my conscience will accuse me; I have sinned against the *Law*, the Law condemns me. What canst thou say, my soule, that *Sentence* of death shou'd not be given against thee? Can the *voice* of thy sorrow out-cry the *language* of thy sinne? Can the *tears* of thine eye scoure the *stains* of thy soule? Can the *sighs* of a *finite* Creature satisfie for the *offences* against an *infinite* Creatour? Or art thou able to endure the punishments of *Eternity*? Hee that made thee without thee, will not save thee without thee; and what canst thou do towards thy own salvation?

PROstrate thy selfe, my soule: Behold thy *misery*, and bewaile thy selfe; renounce thy selfe, abhor thy selfe, flie to the *Horns* of the *Altar*, and call for the *Promise* of mercy, in which thou maist finde comfort.

*If the wicked shall turne from all his sinnes
that he hath committed, and keepe all my
Statutes, and do that which is lawfull and
right, he shall surely live, he shall not die,
Ezek. 18. 21.*

Acts 3. 19.

Repent yee therefore, and be converted, that your finnes may be blotted out, when the times of refreshing shall come from the presence of the Lord.

2 Pet. 3. 9.

The Lord is long-suffering toward us, not willing that any should perish, but that all should come to repentance.

Ezek. 33. 11.

As I live, saith the Lord, I have no pleasure in the death of the wicked, but that the wicked turne from his way, and live: Turne yee, turne yee from your euill wayes, for why will ye die, O house of Israel.

August.

Lord, though I have done that for which thou mightest justly damne me, yet thou canst not lose that whereby thou mayst save me: Thou wilt not sweare Jesus, so much remember thy justice against the sinner, as thy benignity towards thy creature: Thou canst forget the insolence of the provoker, and wilt in mercy behold the misery of the invoker; for what is Jesus but a Saviour?

Aniēlm.

My sins plead against me, but my Saviour is my Advocate: It is much that my rebellions have deserved, but it is more that my Redeemer hath merited: so that though my flesh hath provoked thee to vengeance, yet the flesh of Christ can move thee to mercy.

AN humble *Confidence* is the Mean betwixt the two *Extremes*, Presumption and Despair: That usurps Gods *mercy* upon false grounds; This excludes it, and all means to it: The first takes away the sense of sinne, the last blocks up the way to pardon: Take heed, O my dejected soule; Plunge not thy selfe in that sad gulph, lest (wanting bottom) thou sink for ever; Swim not without bladders, lest thou tire. Having fastned one eye upon the ugliness of thy sinne, fix the other upon the merits of a Saviour; so when thou discoverest the disease, thy disease will discover a *remedy*. When the *fiery* Serpent hath stung thee, the *brazen* Serpent must heal thee: Nothing, O my soul, makes thy sinne too great for mercy, but *despair*; this onely excludes *Repentance*, and impenitence alone makes thee incapable of *Pardon*. He that hath promised forgiveness at thy *Repentance*, hath not promised repentance at thy pleasure. Haste therefore, O my soul, and reconcile thee to thy God *to day*, lest it should prove too late *to morrow*. Turn thy hand from thy *present* sinne, and God will turn his eyes from thy *past* sinne: Cry aloud, and spare not, lest thy sinne cry aloud, and he spare not: Let thy *Confession* find a tongue, and his *Compassion* will find an eare.

O God, that art in thy selfe most glorious, but in thy Sonne most gracious; to the rebellious, terrible; but to the penitent, mercifull: I the work of thine own hands, but wholly disfram'd by mine own corruptions, humbly prostrate my sinfull selfe before the footstool of thy Mercy-seat, totally miserable through my sinnes, but truly penitent for my offences. Lord, if thou shouldest proceed against me in thy justice, my portion would be no lesse than eternall death. But thy delight is rather to extend thy mercy in the conversion of a soul, than exercise thy justice in the confusion of a Sinner: Bow down therefore thy gracious eare to a poore wretch that stands trembling before the bar of thy Justice, & from thence presumes to appeal to the seat of thy mercy; I know, O God, mine iniquities are greater than my knowledge, but yet thy mercie is greater than mine iniquities: I know moreover that thou art most just, but in shewing thy mercy thy Justice will be no loser. Lord, I am miserable, therefore a fit object for thy mercy; Lord, I am penitent, and therefore a proper subject for thy pity; for I know thou art a gracious God, of long sufferance, and slow to anger, else had I now been roaring under thy Justice, that am here suing for thy mercy. Lord, I acknowledge my transgressions, and my sinne
is

is ever before mee ; the number of them is innumerable, and the burthen of them is intollerable ; I have sinned against a just God , I have sinned against a gracious Father ; I therefore flie from thee as a sharp revenger, and to thee as a sweet Redeemer. Remember not thy justice towards a Sinner , but thinke upon thy benignity towards thy Creature. Have respect to what thy Sonne hath done for mee, and forget what my sins have done against me : Wash my guiltinesse in his bloud, and in the multitude of thy compassions behold the multitude of my transgressions. Pardon what is past , and arme mee for the time to come , that being purged from my sinnes, and cleansed from my offences , I may be clothed here with the robes of grace, and crowned hereafter with a crowne of glory.

The

The Sinners Thirst.

LO, I that like the *Prodigall* had once the freedom of my Fathers *Table*, could now be satisfied with the *crumbs* beneath it: I that could cloth mee with change of Garments from my Fathers *Ward robe*, could now be thankfull but for *rags* to hide my nakednesse: I that forsooke him like a disobedient sonne, would hold it now a happinesse to bee his meanest *servant*. What shall I doe? Or whither shall I goe? By whose charity shall I subsist? My *weaknesse* will not give me leave to worke; My *unworthinesse* will not suffer mee to appeare, nor have I a friend to helpe mee. I that have renounced my *Father*, have made my selfe no *sonne*; and being no sonne, how dare my boldnesse call him *Father*? I have offended him, and who shall reconcile us? I have grieved him, and who shall make my peace? I have forsaken him, and who shall restore me to him? Can I expect a *Blessing* from him I have offended? Can I presume of *favour* from him I have so grieved? Can I deserve a Birth-right from him I have forsaken? O my soule, how! how hast thou beslaved thy selfe, and lost that freedom, without the enjoyment wherof thou art utterly lost? Thou hast lost that Father that was wont to *blesse* thee: Thou hast left that Lord that was pleased to govern

govern thee : Thou hast renounc'd that Saviour that *redeem'd* thee; and only hast reserv'd a God to punish thee, a Judge to *sentence* thee : Thou hast lost those blessings by thy contempt, which thou canst not regain with the price of thy *tears* : Thou hast quencht that Spirit, whereby thou hadst the power to quench the fiery *darts* of Sathan : Thou hast diverted the current of that *Fountain*, whose water satisfied thy full desires. O my sad soul, how ! how wert thou distempered, that couldst not relish that which nourished Angels into *immortality* ! Why didst thou not inebriate thy self with that delicious *sweetnesse*, and ark it up like *Israels Manna*, to remain with thee and the succeeding generations ? O that mine eyes could teach those blessed *streams* to run, which my ungratefulnesse hath stopt ! O that my prayers could like *Elijahs* unlock the gates of Heaven, and bring down those celestially *showers* to slake my thirst ! that I may drink my fill of that immortall *water*.

TAKE comfort, O my soul, thy God hath heard thy prayers, and crown'd them with this promise ;

I will give to him that is athirst, of the fountain of the water of life to drink freely, Rev. 21. 6.

Matth. 5. 6.

Blessed are they that hunger and thirst for
Righteousnesse sake, for they shall be filled.

John 4. 14.

But whosoever drinketh of this water that I
shall give him, shall never be more athirst;
but the water which I shall give him, shall
be in him a water springing up into eternall
life.

John 7. 37.

If any man thirst, let him come unto me and
drink; he that beleeveth in me, out of his
belly shall flow rivers of living water.

Rev. 22. 17.

Let him that is athirst, and whosoever will, let
him take the water of life freely.

August. Soliloq. 35.

O fountain of life, and vein of living waters,
when I shall leave this forsaken, impassible,
and dry earth, and tast the waters of thy
sweetnesse, that I may behold thy virtue, and
thy glory, and slake my thirst with the
streams of thy mercy? Lord, I thirst, thou
art the spring of life, satisfie me: I thirst,
Lord, I thirst after thee the living God.

Cyril. in Joh. cap. 10.

O precious water, which quencheith the noysome
thirst of this world, that scoureth all the
staines of sinners, that watereth the earth of
our soules with Heavenly showres, & bring-
eth back the thirsty heart of man to his onely
God.

IT is lesse danger to want, than to be *un-*
sensible of thy wants : Dost thou want, my
soul ? desire : Dost thou desire ? ask : Dost
thou ask ? thou shalt receive ; and what
thou shalt receive, shall satisfie thee. Be not
troubled : If thy wants cast thee downe, let
thy desires raise thee up. Shall thy naturall
wants be confident of supply from thy na-
turall father, and shall thy spirituall defects
despaire to be repaired by thy spirituall fa-
ther ? How dost thou injure *Providence*,
O my distrustfull soule ! How dost thou
wrong the God of mercy ! How slight the
God of truth ! Hee that heares the cry of
Ravens, and feeds them with a gracious
hand, will he be deaf to thee ? He that robes
the *lillies* of the field, that neither sue nor
care to be apparelled, will he deny thee those
graces hee hath commanded thee to ask ?
Art thou hungry ? hee is the bread of life :
Art thou thirsty ? hee is the water of life :
Art thou naked ? flie to him, and hee will
give thee the *righteousnesse* of his owne Son.
Build upon his *Promise*, who is Truth it
selfe ; Rely on his *Mercy* who is goodnesse
it selfe. Art thou a *Prodigall* ? yet remem-
ber thou art a *Son* : Is he offended ? he will
not forget he is a Father ; Come therefore
with a filiall boldnesse, and he will grant thy
hearts desire.

O God that art the wel-spring of all Grace, and the fountaine of all Goodnesse, whose promises are faithfull, and whose word is truth, who hearest the sighing of a contrite heart, and healest the ruptures of an humble spirit, I here invited by thy mercies and thy gracious commands, prostrate my selfe before thee, and present unto thee the sad petitions of a penitive breast; I have sinned, O Lord, I have sinned against Heaven, and against thee; and am no longer worthy to be called thy Sonne. I have cast off the yoke of my obedience, I have broken the bands of thy Covenant, and cast them farre from mee; I have sinned against thy mercies, and have spurn'd against thy judgements; Thy judgements have neither terrified, nor thy mercies mollified me: But I acknowledge my transgressions, and my sins are ever before me. Remember not the frailties of my youth, O God, nor the follies of my elder dayes. Remember not how I have forgotten thee; Remember not how I have forsaken thee. Close thou thine eyes at my Rebellion, and open thine ears at my repentance; Be mercifull, O God, at my contrition; A broken heart, O God, thou wilt not despise: Renew me according to the abundance of thy mercies, and restore me to the joy of thy salvation; Establish my heart in the love of thy truth, and increate in me a
Spiritua'l

Spirituell Thirst ; Make me to understand the way of thy Precepts, and let thy Testimonies be my whole delight : As the Hart panteth after the water Brookes , so my soule longeth for the Wel-springs of Life. Lord thou hast promised to answer those that call unto thee , to be found by those that seeke unto thee , and to satisfie those that thirst after thee ; Make good thy word , O God , and heare my prayer ; Make good thy promise, Lord, and be not farre from mee : I have sought thee in thy promise , let mee finde thee in thy performance ; I have thirsted for thy Grace , O fill mee with thy goodnesse ; Open thy Wel-springs that I may drinke freely of the waters of life , that my soule being satisfied in the fulnesse of thy pleasures , my mouth may be filled with the sound of thy praises , that here magnifying thy Name in the Kingdome of Grace , I may reign with thee hereafter in the Kingdome of Glory.

The Good mans Distrust.

VWhen I consider the *All-sufficiency* of my God, I dare not question the performance of his *promises* ; but when I behold the *insufficiency* of my selfe, I cannot but feare the promises of his *performance*. When I behold in him the goodnesse of a *Father*, my heart grows confident, and I cannot feare ; But when I finde in me the disobedience of a *Sonne*, my soule grows conscious, and I dare not hope : When I dive into the depth of my owne *Misery*, I search further, and finde a greater depth of his *mercy*, and am secure ; But when I finde the freeness of his *mercy* requited with the wilfulnesse of my *Rebellion*, O then my soule despairs, and thus destroys the *grounds* of all my comfort. He invites my laden soule to come, and offers *rest* ; Alas, I come, and yet my laden soule can finde no *ease* : He promises eternall life to my Beliefe; but yet he gives mee not the power to believe : Hee bids mee in his name propound my wants, with promise of supply ; and yet I sue, and sue, and still I sue in vaine : He promises a Comforter to strengthen my Remembrance ; yet still my treacherous memory failes me : He promises to be a father to the fatherlesse ; yet still my wants perswade mee that I want a father : He promises audience in my time of trouble ; and yet I call unheard,
and

and mourn without redresse : He promises forgiveness to the true repentant ; but who shall give me power to repent ? He promises to gather me in mercy, though a while forsaken ; yet I have long expected, with a frustrate expectation : He promises an exaltation to him that is humbled ; yet my dejected heart is still suppressed : He promised freedom from the second death, to him that conquers ; I strive to overcome, yet feel a hell : His promise was to guard his Vineyard, and to dresse it ; yet Foxes destroy it, & the wild Bore supplants it : He promised comfort to all those that mourn ; and yet I mourn without a comforter : He promised, that the womans seed should break the serpents head ; and yet the Serpent never was more strong : He bid me seek, and I should find ; and yet alas I seek, but can find nothing but my wants : He calls them Blessed that suffer for his name : yet who more miserable ? He promises the Springs of life to him that thirsts ; and yet I thirst to death : My soul, what are his promises to thee, that art not able to perform those hard conditions that gives thee *interest* to those promises ?

C Hear up my soul, and what thou canst not do, endeavour : He that accepts the *will* for the *deed*, is in his promise Yea and Amen.

Heaven and earth shall passe away, but not one tittle of my word, Mark 13.31. 1 King.

1 Kings 8. 56.

Blessed be the Lord, that hath given rest unto his people, according unto all that he hath promised. There hath not failed one word of all his good promises which he hath promised.

2 Cor. 2. 20.

For all the promises of God in him are yea, and in him amen.

2 Kings 10. 10.

Know then, that there shall fall to the ground nothing of the word of the Lord.

Psal. 119. 89.

For ever, O Lord, thy word is settled in heaven.

Autor scalæ Parad. tom. 9. Aug. c. 8.

Feare not, O Bride, nor despaire: think not thy self contemned if thy Bride-groom withdraw his face a while. All things co-operate for the best: both from his absence and his presence thou gainest light. He cometh to thee, and goeth from thee: he cometh to make thee console; he goeth to make thee cautious, lest thy abundant consolation puffe thee up: he cometh that thy languishing soul may be comforted; he goeth, lest his familiarity should be contemned, and being absent to be more desired, and being desired, to be more earnestly sought, and being long sought, to be more acceptably found.

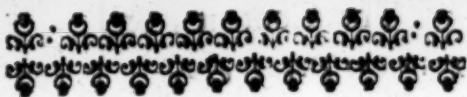
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VWilt thou never, O my distrustfull soul, submit thy will unto his will that made thee? Must his goodnesse be alwayes the *circumference* of thy desires, and thy pleasure stil the *centure*? Is it not enough that *Yea* and *Amen* hath promised the *substance* of thy happinesse, but must thou bind him to thy *circumstances*? Shall the power of an infinite *Creator* be confined to the pleasure of a finite *creature*? Stand not in thine own light my soule; the *Independance* of thy exhorbitant desires, shuts the door upon that *happinesse* thou desirest: Art thou covetous of a *blessing* before thou art qualified to receive it? He that intends thee a *Kingdom*, will first make thee capable of a *Kingdom*: Thou that shalt be a *gainer* by his favour, shalt be no *loser* by his delay. Canst thou hope to be filled with the *water* of life, not first purg'd with the fire of affliction? How often hast thou murmured for that, which if enjoyed had bin thy ruin? God hath promised, but hath delayed performance, to exercise thy *patience*. He hath decreed, but yet forbears, to rectifie thy *faith*. If *faith* be able to remove mountains, endeavour to remove thy infidelity. Endure, hope, believe; and he that comes will come, and will not tarry. O my soul, as nothing hinders the performance of his *promise*, but distrust, so nothing hastens the promise of his performance but thy prayer.

O God, that art all sufficient in thy self, all gracious in thy Son, most absolute in thy purposes, and most faithfull in thy promises; I the miserable object of thy mercy, here humbly present my selfe before thee, the mercifull beholder of my misery: Lord, wherein have I to trust but in thy mercies? and whereupon have I to build but on thy promises? Every sinne is full of death, and every action is full of sin, inso-much that my whole life is nothing but a continued rebellion against thee: But, O my God, thy goodnesse is like thy selfe, infinite; and thy mercy is past my comprehending. Thou knowest that I am evill, and wholly evill, and that continually: Thou knowest I am but dust and ashes, and the very off-spring of corruption, and thy glory is no lesse magnified in my confusion, then in my salvation: But Lord, thou art a gracious God, and takest no pleasure in the death of a distressed sinner. Thy mercy is over all thy workes, and thy goodnesse is from Generation to Generation. When I was in open rebellion against thee, thou reconciledst thy selfe to me; when I was utterly lost, thou redeemedst me with the innocent blood of thy deare Sonne; and being redeemed, thou hast sanctified me with the freeness of thy Spirit: Thou hast raised me by thy power, and strengthened me by thy promises. What shall I returne thee,

thee, O my God, for thy innumerable mercies? or what kinde of recompence can dust and ashes make thee? My tongue shall sing the wonders of thy goodnesse, and praise thy Name for ever and ever. Continue, O Lord, thy mercies to me, and visit me according to thy wonted kindnesse: Give me a wise heart, that I may give respect unto all thy Commandements, and a full confidence in all thy promises: Quicken my hope in the expectation of thy performance, and give mee patience till then: to attend thy leasure. Lord, where I cannot understand, O teach mee to wonder: and what I cannot do, give me power to believe: Let not the apparition of mine owne corruptions plunge mee in despaire, nor yet the sense of thy indulgent love give mee occasion to presume, that living here in the expectation of thy
Truth, my hopes may be perfected
to the glory of thy
Name.

The End.



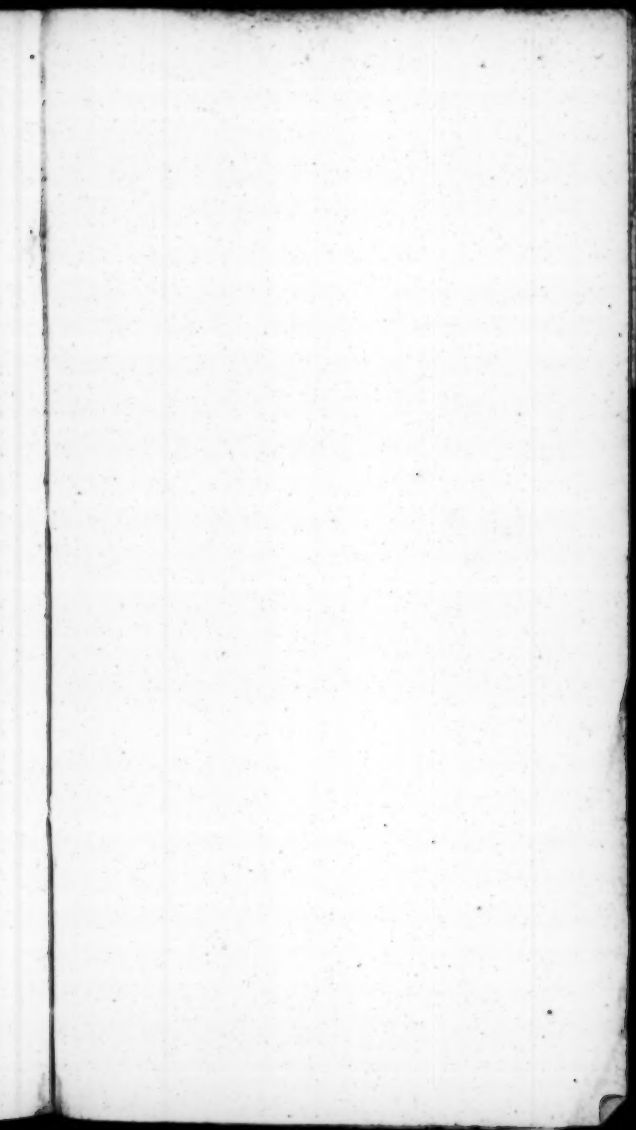
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neq; uim plumis ullam, nec uulnera tergo
hiunt, celeriq; fuga sub sydera lapsæ,
tam prædam, et uestigia fœda relinquunt.
In præcella consedit rupe Celæno
Iuxta uates, rupitq; hanc pectore uocem.
Im etiam pro cæde Boum, stratisq; iuuen-
cedontiada, bellum ne inferre paratis?
Patrio insonteis Harpyas pellere regno?
Ite ergo animis, atq; hæc mea figite dicta,
Phœbo pater omnipotens, mihi Phœbus Apollo
Dixit uobis furiarum ego maxima pando.
Im cursu petitis, uentisq; uocatis,
Italiam, portusq; intrare licebit,
Non ante datam cingetis mœnibus urbem,
Im uos dira fames, nostræq; iniuria cædis
Besas subigat malis absumer mensas.
At, et in syluam pennis ablata refugit.
Quicquid subita gelidus formidine sanguis
Effluit, cecidere animi, nec iam amplius armis,
Precibusq; iubent exposcere pacem,
Deæ, seu sint diræ, obscenæq; uolucres,
Pater Anchises passis de litore palmis
Vina magna uocat, meritosq; indicit honores.
Prohibete minas, Dij talem auertite casum,
Macidi seruate pios, tum litore funem
Impere, excussosq; iubet laxare Rudentes.

AE N E I.

Tendunt uela Noti, fugimus spumantibus undis, reo
 Quà cursum, Ventusq; Gubernatorq; uocabant, erat,
 Iam medio apparet fluctu nemorosa Zacynthos, rebat
 Dulichiumq; Sameq; & Neritos ardua Saxis. tam
 Effugimus Ithacæ scopulos, Laertia regna:
 Et terram altricem sæui execramur Vlyßis.
 Mox & Leucate nimboſa cacumina montis,
 Et formidatus nautis aperitur Apollo.
 Hunc petimus feſſi, & parua ſuccedimus urbi.
 Anchora de prora iacitur, ſtant littore puppes.
 Ergo inſperata tandem tellure potiti,
 Luſtramurq; Ioui, uotisq; incendimus Aras,
 Actiaq; Iliacis celebramus littora ludis,
 Exercent patrias oleo labente palæſtras
 Nudati ſocij, iuuat euaiſſe tot urbes
 Argolicas, mediosq; fugam tenuiſſe per hoſtes.
 Interea magnum Sol circumuoluitur annum,
 Et glacialis hyems Aquilonibus aſperat undas.
 Aere cauo Clypeum, magni geſtamen Abantis,
 Poſtibus aduerſis figo, & rem carmine ſigno.
 Aeneas hæc de Danaïs uictoribus arma.
 Linquere tum portus iubeo, & conſidere Tranſtris, in
 Certatim ſocij feriunt mare, & Aquora uerrunt. ua
 Protinus aërias Phæacum abſcondimus arces,
 Littoraq; Epiri legimus, portuq; ſubimus
 Chaonio, & celſam Butroti aſcendimus urbem. lu
 Hic

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ndts, reo manibus hominum, perijsse iuuabit.
 bant, erat, & ge qua amplexus, genibusq; uolutans
 hos, rebat, qui sit fari, quo sanguine cretus
 is. atamur, quæ dcinde agitet fortuna fateri.
 t pater dextram Anchises, haud multa moratus
 t iuueni, atq; animum præseni pignore firmat.
 hæc deposita tandem formidne fatur.
 n patria ex Ithaca, comes infelicitis Vlyssi,
 i. mine Achæmenides, Troiam genitore Adamaſco
 . pere (mansissetq; utinam fortuna) profectus.
 t me dum trepidi crudelia limina linquunt,
 memores socij uasto Cyclops in antro
 feruere, domos sanie, dapibusq; cruentis.
 us opaca, ingens, ipse arduus, altaq; pulsat
 dera, Dij talem terris auerte pestem,
 t uisu facilis nec dictu affabilis ulli.
 ceribus miseriorum, & sanguine uestitur atro,
 di egomet, duo de numero cum corpora nostro,
 enſa manu magna medio reſupinus in antro
 angeret ad saxum, sanieq; aspersa natarent
 mina, uidi atro cum membra ſluentia tabo
 is anderet, & tepidi tremarent sub dentibus artus.
 ud impune quidem, nec talia paſſus Vlyſſes,
 litus de ſui eſt Ithacus discrimine tanto.
 n ſimul expletus dapibus, uinoq; ſepultus,
 uicem inflexam poſuit, iacuitq; per antrum

Immensum, sanie eructans ac frustra cruento
Per somnum commista mero, nos magna precati
Numina, sortitiq; uices, unà undiq; circum
Fundimur & telo lumen terebramus acuto
Ingens quod torua solum sub fronte latebat,
Argolici Clypei, aut Phœbeæ Lampadis instar,
Et tandem leti sociorum ulciscimur umbras,
Sed fugite ò miseri, fugite atq; ab littore funem
Rumpite.

Nam qualis, quantusq; iauo Polyphemus in antro
Lanigeras claudit pecules, atq; ubera prestat?
Centum alij curua hæc habitant ad littora uulgo
Infandi Cyclopes, & altis montibus errant.
Tertio iam Lunæ se cornua lumine complent,
Cum uitam in syluis, inter deserta feram
Lustra, domusq; traho, uastosq; ab rupe Cyclopas
Prospicio sonitumq; pedum, uocemq; tremisco.
Victum infœlicem Bacca Lapidosaq; Corna
Dant Ramì & uulsis pascunt radicibus herba.
Omnia collustrans, hanc primum ad littora classem
Conspexi uenientem, huic me, quæcunq; fuisset,
Addixi, satis est gentem effugisse nefandam.
Vos animam hanc potius quocunq; absumite leto.
Vix ea fatus erat, summo eum monte uidemus
Ipsam inter pecudes uasta se mole mouentem
Pastorem Polyphemum, & littora nota petentem,

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incredibilis rerum fama occupat aures,
amiden Helenum Graias regnare per urbes,
iugio Aeacidae Pyrrhi sceptrusq; potitum.
patrio Andromachen iterum cecisse marito
cupui, miroq; incensum pectus amore
pellare uirum, & casus cognoscere tantos.
redior portu, classes, & littora linquens
mneis tum forte dapes, & tristia dona,
urbem in Luco falsi Simoentis ad undam
bat cineri Andromache, manesq; uocabat
oreum ad tumulum, uiridi quem cespite inanem
manas causam lachrymis sacrauerat Aras.
conspexit uenientem, & Troia circum
amens uidit, magnis exterrita monstis
uit uisu in medio, calor ossa reliquit,
uit & longo uix tandem tempore satur.
ne te facies, uerus mihi nuncius affers
Dea? uiuis ne? aut si lux alma recessit,
or ubi est: dixit, lachrymasq; effudit: & omnem
uit clamore locum, uix pauca furenti
cio, & raris turbatus uocibus hisco.
equidem, uitamq; extrema per omnia duco.
bita, nam uera uides.
uis te casus deiectam coniuge tanto
at? aut quæ digna satis fortuna reuisit?
is Andromache Pyrrhin, connubia seruas?

AE N E.

Deiecit uultum, & demissa uoce locuta est.
 O felix una ante alias Priamēia Virgo,
 Hostilem ad tumultum Troiæ sub mœnibus altis
 Iussa mori, quæ sortitus non pertulit ullos
 Nec uictoris Heri tetigit captiua cubile.
 Nos patria incensa diuersa per æquora uectæ,
 Stirpis Achilleæ fastus, Iuuenemq; superbum,
 Seruitio enixæ tulimus, qui deinde secutus
 Ledaam Herimionem, Lacedemoniosq; Hymenæos,
 Me famulam, famuloq; Heleno transmisit habenda
 Ast illum, ereptæ magno inflammatus amore
 Coniugis, & scelerum furijs agitatus Orestes,
 Excipit incautum, patriasq; obtruncat ad Aras.
 Morte Neoptolēni, regnorum reddita cedit
 Pars Heleno, qui Chaonios cognomine campos,
 Chaoniamq; omnem Troiano à Chaone dixit,
 Pergamāq; Iliacamq; iugis hanc addidit arcem.
 Sed tibi qui cursum uenti, quæ fata dedere?
 Aut quis te ignarum nostris Deus appulit oris?
 Quid puer Ascanius? superat ne? & uestitur aura
 Quem tibi iam Troia.
 Ecquæ iam puero est amissa cura parentis?
 Ecquid in antiquam uirtutem, animosq; uiriles,
 Et pater Aeneas, & auunculus excitat Hector?
 Talia fundebat lachrymas, longosq; ciebat
 Incassum fletus, cum sese à Mœnibus Heros

L I B. III

in procul è fluctu Trinacria cernitur Aetna,
 emittum ingentem Pelagi, pulsataq; saxa
 imus longe, fractasq; ad littora uoces,
 tantq; uada, atq; aestu miscentur Arenæ.
 ater Anchises. Nimirum hæc illa Charybdis,
 Helenus scopulos, hæc saxa horrenda canebat.
 te o socij, pariterq; insurgite remis.
 minus, ac iussi faciunt primusq; rudentem
 orsit leuas proram Palinurus ad undas,
 cuncta cohors remis, uentisq; petiuit.
 mur in Cælum curuato gurgite, & ijdem
 acta ad manes imos descendimus unda,
 scopuli clamorem inter caua saxa dedere,
 umam elisam, & rorantia uidimus astra.
 a fessos Ventus cum Sole reliquit,
 que uiæ Cyclopum allabimur oris.
 as ab accessu Ventorum immotus, & ingens
 sed horrificis iuxta tonat Aetna ruinis,
 dumq; atram prorumpit ad Aethera Nubem
 ine fumantem piceo, & candente fauilla,
 utq; globos flammarum, & Sydera lambit.
 dum scopulos, auulsaque uiscera montis
 eructans, liquefactaque saxa sub auras
 gemitu glomerat, fundoque exæstuat imo.
 est Enceladi semustum fulmine corpus
 mole hac, ingentemq; insuper Actnam